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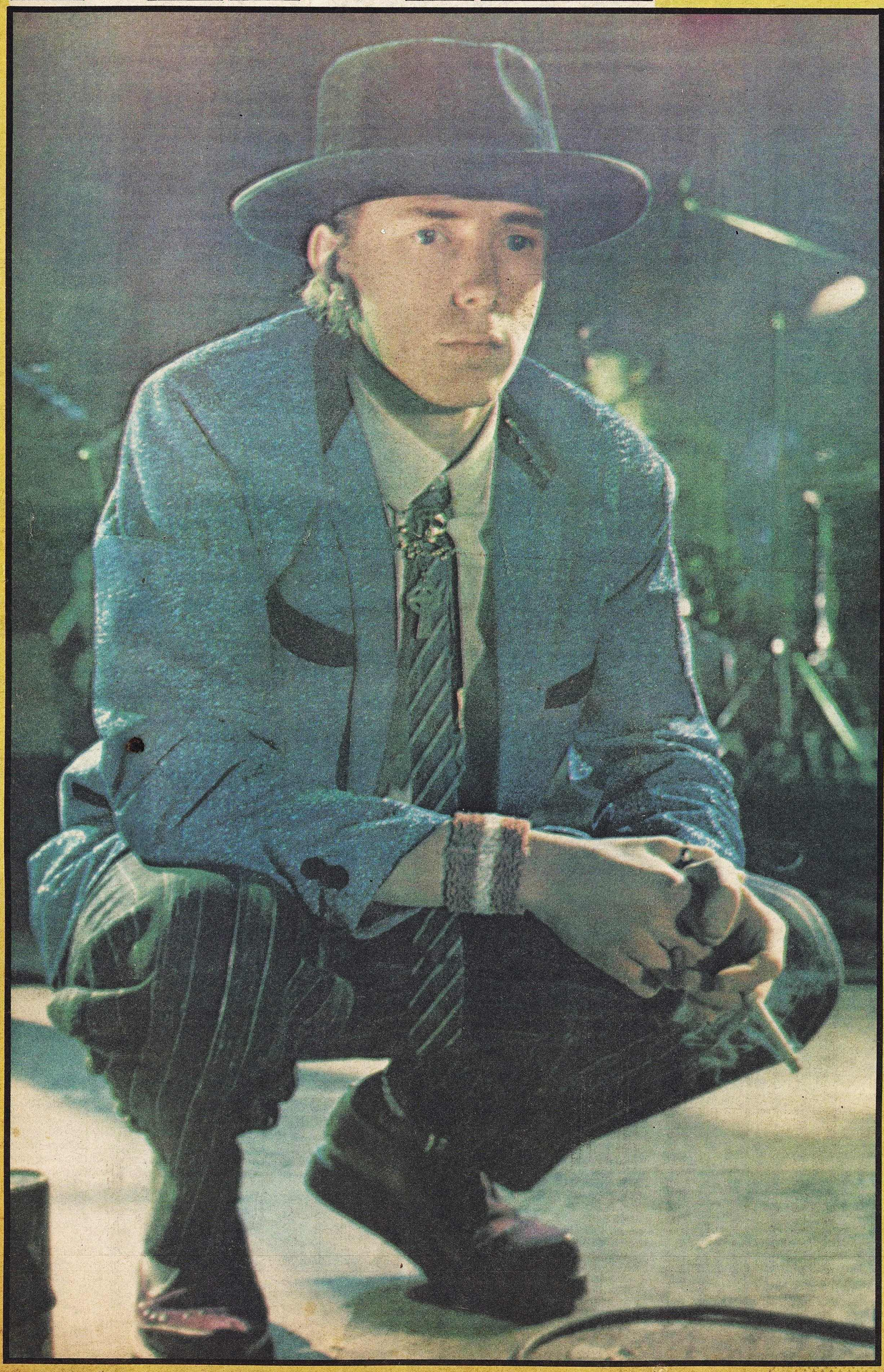

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THE JOHN LYDON INTERVIEW

pages 21-24

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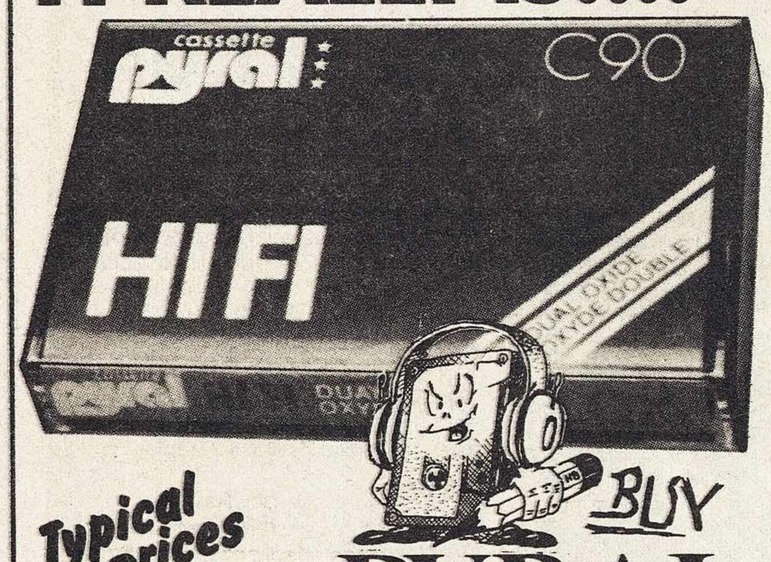

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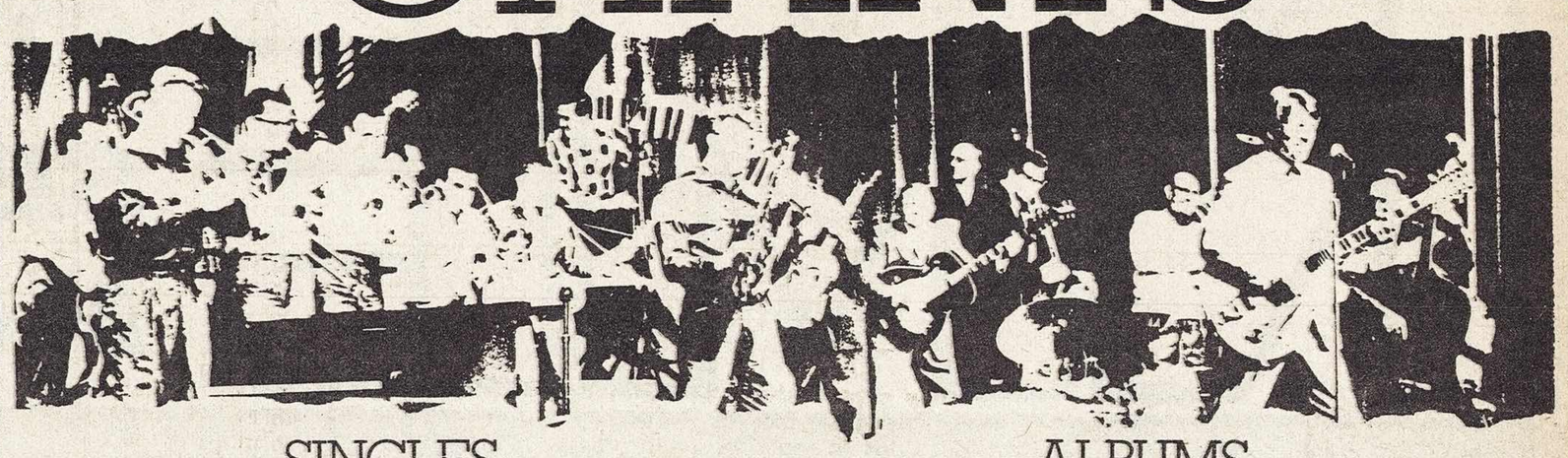


SINGLES

Week ending December 23, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	**MARY'S BOY CHILD**	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	4	1
2	(5)	**Y.M.C.A.**	Village People (Mercury)	4	2
3	(3)	**A TASTE OF AGGRO**	Barron Knights (Epic)	3	3
4	(4)	**TOO MUCH HEAVEN**	Bee Gees (RSO)	4	4
5	(2)	**DO YA THINK I'M SEXY**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	1
6	(14)	**YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS**	Barbra Streisand & Neil Diamond (CBS)	3	6
7	(6)	**I LOST MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER**	Sarah Brightman & Hot Gossip (Ariola Hansa)	5	6
8	(8)	**LE FREAK**	Chic (Atlantic)	5	8
9	(11)	**LAY YOUR LOVE ON ME**	Racey (RAK)	3	9
10	(17)	**SONG FOR GUY**	Elton John (Rocket)	3	10
11	(7)	**ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS**	Heatwave (GTO)	7	7
12	(16)	**GREASED LIGHTNING**	John Travolta (Midsong)	4	12
13	(13)	**DON'T CRY OUT LOUD**	Elkie Brooks (A & M)	4	13
14	(12)	**HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	4
15	(—)	**SHOOTING STAR**	Dollar (Carrere/EMI)	3	15
16	(29)	**I'LL PUT YOU TOGETHER AGAIN**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	3	16
17	(—)	**SEPTEMBER**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	17
18	(21)	**PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	7	5
19	(9)	**RAT TRAP**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	10	1
20	(25)	**HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	2	20
21	(30)	**DR WHO**	Mankind (Pinnacle)	3	21
22	(18)	**TOMMY GUN**	Clash (CBS)	3	17
23	(—)	**PLEASE COME HOME FOR CHRISTMAS**	Eagles (Asylum)	1	23
24	(10)	**IN THE BUSH**	Musique (CBS)	5	10
25	(19)	**DON'T LET IT FADE AWAY**	Darts (Magnet)	5	18
26	(—)	**A LITTLE MORE LOVE**	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	1	26
27	(26)	**I'M EVERY WOMAN**	Chaka Khan (Warner Bros)	3	24
28	(27)	**PART TIME LOVE**	Elton John (Rocket)	6	14
29	(20)	**DARLIN'**	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	10	4
30	(—)	**MY LIFE**	Billy Joel (CBS)	1	30

ALBUMS

Week ending December 23, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(3)	**GREASE**.....	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	24	1
2	(4)	**THE SINGLES 1974-1978**	Carpenters (A & M)	4	2
3	(1)	**NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Neil Diamond (MCA)	6	1
4	(7)	**NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS**	Boney M (Int Hansa)	23	1
5	(2)	**BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	2
6	(6)	**MIDNIGHT HUSTLE**.....	Various (K-Tel)	4	5
7	(10)	**THE AMAZING DARTS**.....	Darts (K-Tel)	7	7
8	(11)	**SHOWADDYWADDY'S GREATEST HITS 1976-1978**.....	(Arista)	3	8
9	(5)	**A SINGLE MAN**	Elton John (Rocket)	8	5
10	(22)	**TONIC FOR THE TROOPS**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	19	4
11	(7)	**EMOTIONS**.....	Various (K-Tel)	8	2
12	(9)	**JAZZ**.....	Queen (EMI)	6	6
12	(25)	**BACKLESS**.....	Eric Clapton (RSO)	2	12
14	(14)	**GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE**.	Clash (CBS)	5	3
15	(15)	**WAR OF THE WORLDS**	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	25	2
16	(20)	**IMAGES**.....	Don Williams (K-Tel)	21	2
17	(—)	**EQUINOXE**	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	1	17
18	(—)	**INCANTATIONS**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1	18
19	(18)	**NIGHT GALLERY**	Barron Knights (Epic)	2	18
20	(—)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Various (RSO)	33	1
21	(—)	**CLASSICAL GOLD VOL 2**	Various (K-Tel)	1	21
22	(—)	**20 SONGS OF JOY**	Harry Secombe (Warwick)	1	22
23	(—)	**WINGS GREATEST**	Wings (Parlophone)	1	23
24	(—)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	16	1
25	(13)	**LIONHEART**.....	Kate Bush (EMI)	5	12
26	(12)	**EVERGREEN**.....	Acker Bilk (Warwick)	5	12
27	(26)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	53	3
28	(—)	**25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM**	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	7	12
29	(—)	**PARALLEL LINES**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	12	7
30	(29)	**DOLLY PARTON**	Dolly Parton (Lotus)	1	29

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
52nd STREET — Billy Joel (CBS); STEELY DAN GREATEST HITS — Steely Dan (ABC); TOTALLY HOT — Olivia Newton-John (EMI).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending December 23, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**LE FREAK**	Chic
2	(3)	**YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS**	Barbra & Neil
3	(5)	**TOO MUCH HEAVEN**	Bee Gees
4	(4)	**SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER**	Dr Hook
5	(7)	**MY LIFE**	Billy Joel
6	(6)	**I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)**	Alicia Bridges
7	(8)	**(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY**	Andy Gibb
8	(10)	**HOLD THE LINE**	Toto
9	(12)	**Y.M.C.A.**	Village People
10	(2)	**I JUST WANNA STOP**	Gino Vannelli
11	(14)	**OOH BABY BABY**	Linda Ronstadt
12	(9)	**MACARTHUR PARK**	Donna Summer
13	(17)	**PART TIME LOVE**	Elton John
14	(11)	**STRANGE WAY**	Firefall
15	(18)	**PROMISES**	Eric Clapton
16	(25)	**SEPTEMBER**	Earth, Wind & Fire
17	(22)	**WE'VE GOT TONITE**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
18	(21)	**HOW YOU GONNA SEE ME NOW**	Alice Cooper
19	(20)	**I'M EVERY WOMAN**	Chaka Khan
20	(24)	**BICYCLE RACE / FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS**	Queen
21	(15)	**SWEET LIFE**	Paul Davis
22	(29)	**EVERY I's A WINNER**	Hot Chocolate
23	(27)	**INSTANT REPLAY**	Dan Hartman
24	(—)	**A LITTLE BIT MORE**	Olivia Newton-John
25	(28)	**NEW YORK GROOVE**	Ace Frehley
26	(16)	**TIME PASSAGES**	Al Stewart
27	(—)	**FIRE**	Pointer Sisters
28	(—)	**LOTTA LOVE**	Nicolette Larson
29	(13)	**HOW MUCH I FEEL**	Ambrosia
30	(19)	**CHANGE OF HEART**	Eric Carmen

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending December 23, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	**BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2**	
2	(1)	**52nd STREET**	Billy Joel
3	(2)	**A WILD & CRAZY GUY**	Steve Martin
4	(6)	**GREATEST HITS**	Barry Manilow
5	(5)	**GREASE**	Various Artists
6	(4)	**LIVE AND MORE**	Donna Summer
7	(8)	**BACKLESS**	Eric Clapton
8	(7)	**DOUBLE VISION**	Foreigner
9	(11)	**JAZZ**	Queen
10	(10)	**LIVE BOOTLEG**	Aerosmith
11	(15)	**C'EST CHIC**	Chic
12	(9)	**LIVING IN THE U.S.A.**	Linda Ronstadt
13	(16)	**THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1**	
14	(12)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones
15	(14)	**PIECES OF EIGHT**	Styx
16	(13)	**WEEKEND WARRIORS**	Ted Nugent
17	(18)	**CRUISIN'**	Village People
18	(19)	**GREATEST HITS**	Steely Dan
19	(—)	**YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS**	Neil Diamond
20	(25)	**TOTO**	Toto
21	(22)	**ELAN**	Firefall
23	(21)	**BROTHER TO BROTHER**	Gino Vannelli
22	(23)	**TWO FOR THE SHOW**	Kansas
24	(30)	**GREATEST HITS 1974-1978**..	Steve Miller Band
25	(20)	**CHAKA**	Chaka Khan
26	(17)	**TIME PASSAGES**	Al Stewart
27	(29)	**ACE FREHLEY**	Ace Frehley
28	(—)	**GREATEST HITS**	Commodores
29	(—)	**WINGS GREATEST**	Wings
30	(—)	**GENE SIMMONS**	Gene Simmons

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending December 18, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
5	1	MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY	Slade (Polydor)
7	2	I WISH IT COULD BE CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY	Wizard (Harvest)
1	3	I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	4	MY COO-CA-CHOO	Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
2	5	YOU WON'T FIND ANOTHER FOOL LIKE ME	New Seekers (Polydor)
4	6	PAPER ROSES	Marie Osmond (MGM)
15	7	THE SHOW MUST GO ON	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
8	8	ROLL AWAY THE STONE	Mott The Hoople (CBS)
6	9	LAMPLIGHT	David Essex (CBS)
9	10	STREET LIFE	Roxy Music (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

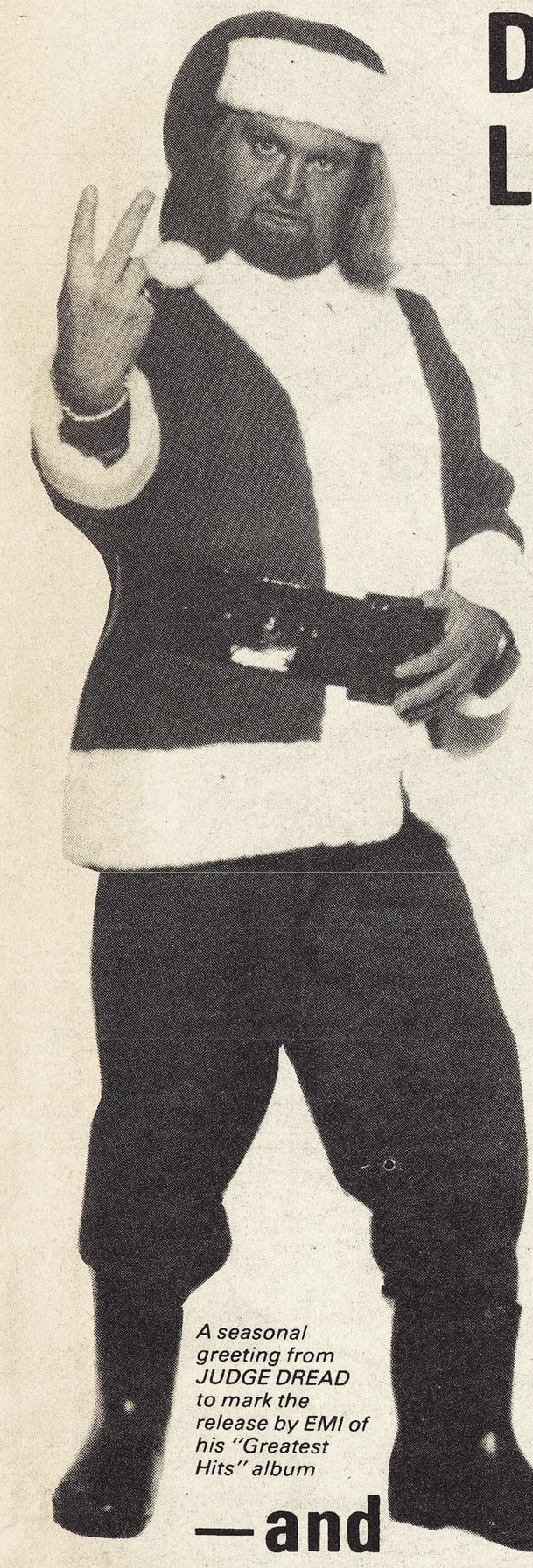
Week ending December 18, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	LILY THE PINK	Scaffold (Parlophone)
3	2	ONE TWO THREE O'LEARY	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
4	3	BUILD ME UP BUTTERCUP	Foundations (Pye)
5	4	AIN'T GOT NO — I GOT LIFE	Nina Simone (RCA)
2	5	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
11	6	URBAN SPACEMAN	Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band (Liberty)
9	7	MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DREAM WITH YOU	Malcolm Roberts (Major Minor)
13	8	SABRE DANCE	Love Sculpture (Parlophone)
7	9	I'M A TIGER	Lulu (Columbia)
6	10	BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE	Bandwagon (Direction)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 20, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	2	GLAD ALL OVER	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
2	2	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	4	SECRET LOVE	Kathy Kirby (Decca)
4	4	YOU WERE MADE FOR ME	Freddie and The Dreamers (Columbia)
7	6	I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
9	7	DOMINIQUE	Singing Nun (Philips)
10	8	TWENTY FOUR HOURS FROM TULSA	Gene Pitney (United Artists)
6	9	DON'T TALK TO HIM	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	10	MARIA ELENA	Los Indios Tabajares (RCA)



A seasonal greeting from JUDGE DREAD to mark the release by EMI of his "Greatest Hits" album

DAMNED ARE NO LONGER DOOMED

THE DOOMED — launched in the early autumn as an occasional band by former members of The Damned — have decided to revert to their original name. Which means that, after splitting up at the beginning of the year, The Damned are now back in business again!

They explain that The Doomed was formed largely as an experiment, but in view of the band's success — both from their own viewpoint and in terms of audience reaction — they've now decided to make the re-formation a permanent venture.

The line-up now comprises Rat Scabies (drums), Dave Vanian (vocals), Captain Sensible (guitar) and Alasdair Ward (bass). Only Vanian and The Captain were in the band at the time of the split, although Scabies was the original drummer — in fact, this is the original Damned line-up, without Brian James, but with ex-Saints bassman Ward coming in.

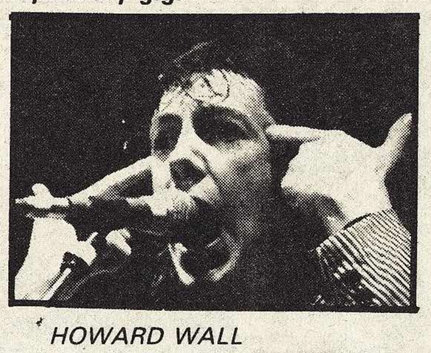
Their first gig as The Damned is at Croydon Greyhound on January 7 (replacing the Christmas Eve date there by The Doomed), when free copies of the single "Love Song" / "Burglar" will be given to the first 250 people entering. Same applies at The Doomed's show at London Electric Ballroom this Saturday (23).

Wall recovers, so Lurkers gig again

THE LURKERS have re-scheduled their major London concert at the Electric Ballroom in Camden for Sunday, January 21. It was originally planned for December 10, but had to be cancelled when lead singer Howard Wall was rushed to hospital suffering from meningitis.

Wall has recovered far more quickly than expected from what is usually a lengthy illness, sometimes leading to part-paralysis. He is now out of hospital in Scotland, and has returned to London where he'll be convalescing until early January. The band start work on their new album after Christmas, and will probably just record backing tracks until Wall is fit to re-join them. But he will be back with them for the Electric Ballroom show — and for two warm-up gigs at Basingstoke Technical College (January 19) and Aylesbury Friars (20).

Beggars Banquet's scheme to hand out free picture flexi-discs to every member of the audience at the Electric Ballroom will be carried forward to the revised date. And the discs will also be given to people attending the Aylesbury gig.



HOWARD WALL

—and Gen X: new tour

GENERATION X, who completed their latest tour with a Christmas show at London's Electric Ballroom last night (Wednesday), are going out on the road again in the New Year. They're being lined up for another extensive tour, comprising at least two dozen dates, opening at Malvern Winter Gardens on February 9 and running into mid-March. Rest of their itinerary will be announced right after Christmas.

These latest gigs will tie in with the release of their second Chrysalis album, produced by Ian Hunter but still untitled. Meanwhile, a single taken from the LP is being issued on January 5, titled "King Rocker", and it will be available in no less than five different-coloured vinyl — pink, orange, yellow, red and black!

The band were forced to cancel their gig at York De Grey Rooms on Tuesday of last week. They said the stage and scaffolding were both unsafe, and claimed there was a very real risk of the P.A. toppling into the audience.

NEWS DESK wishes you a Happy Christmas, too!

Once again this week, production of NME has been affected by printing difficulties over which we have no control. We've tried our utmost to bring you a top-quality Christmas issue, and we apologise for any error, inaccuracy or untidiness that may have resulted from a dispute in which we are not directly involved.

Holiday specials

THE ZONES and The Valves co-headline a 12-hour Christmas new-wave festival being staged from noon to midnight this Saturday (23) in Scotland. It's at Kirkcaldy Abbots Hall, and among other bands appearing are Simple Minds, Pallas and Skeets Boliver.

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD., who play their official debut concerts at London Rainbow on Christmas Day and Boxing Day, have been playing some low-key warm-up gigs during the past week. Not in Britian, as expected — but in Belgium, West Germany and Holland!

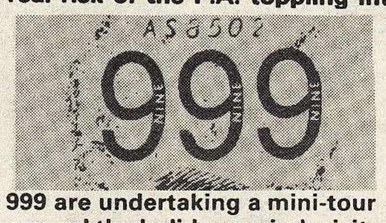
KOKOMO, now practically committed to a permanent reunion following their recent London concerts with Sylvester, continue on the comeback trail with a string of three gigs at London Camden Dingwalls — on December 29 and 30 and New Year's Eve.

BRIAN JAMES — late of The Damned — fronts his own band at London Camden Electric Ballroom on December 29, co-topping with Squeeze. Line-up includes Electric Chairs bassist Val Haller, ex-Cortinas lead guitarist Mike Fewings and Police drummer Stewart Copeland, with Stranglers keyboards man Dave Greenfield as a possible addition. It's intended only as a one-off, though they may play occasional future gigs.

ULTRAVOX are confirmed as the Boxing Day attraction at London Marquee Club, where they'll give two shows — an afternoon matinee for the under-18's and a regular evening spot. And Gillan now play three nights at the Marquue (December 27-29), instead of the two originally announced.

HERE AND NOW will not, after all, be staging a Christmas Party gig in London tonight (Thursday) — the date they had earmarked as the climax of their 32-venue nationwide free tour. It seems they weren't able to find a venue prepared to accept a free show at this time.

STEEL PULSE have lined up four gigs immediately before Christmas — at Cardiff Casablanca Club (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Skyline Club (Friday), Manchester Mayflower (Saturday) and Huddersfield Empire Cinema (Sunday).



999 are undertaking a mini-tour around the holiday period, visiting Sheffield Limit Club (two shows tomorrow, Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (two on Saturday), Newport Stowaway (December 27), Nottingham Sandpiper (29), Liverpool Eric's (two shows on 30) and Manchester Russell Club (January 5). A couple more gigs have still to be confirmed for early January, and the support on most dates is Pinpoint. As reported, the band are at present working with temporary drummer Ed Case, while Pablo Labritain nurses his badly injured arm.

XTC leave for America soon after Christmas to guest in The Talking Heads' New Year's Eve show in New York, at the special request of the U.S. band. They'll also be playing three nights at CBGB's, followed by two in Toronto ... and THE RECORDS are playing four nights at New York's Botton Line over Christmas, which means they've pulled out of Sham 69's benefit show at London Rainbow on December 27, though it's understood that Paul Cook and Steve Jones of the Pistols are now likely to join Sham's gig.

NEW WAVES

PALMOLIVE, former Slits drummer, is now working with the new-look Raincoats and can be seen in action with them when they play London's Acklam Hall in Portobello Road on January 4. Her brother-in-law Snakes Dudanski, ex-drummer with the 101-ers and Raincoats, has now formed a band called Bank Of Dresden who appear on the same Acklam Hall bill.

TOM ROBINSON is looking for a new drummer to replace Dolphin Taylor, who has quit due to disagreement over the band's musical direction. A session drummer is currently being used in studio work on the new TRB album, but a permanent new member will need to be broken in before the band's projected March tour, to coincide with the LP's release.

ELVIS COSTELLO's concert at Carlisle Market Hall on January 16, part of his upcoming U.K. tour, has been cancelled due to a double booking by the venue. Instead, he now plays a second night at Edinburgh Odeon on that date.

THE PHYSICALS, whose EP "All Sexed Up" has been banned by the I.B.A. because of its title (!), are giving copies of it away at their Hope & Anchor gig in London tonight (Thursday).

Marley's summer marathon

BOB MARLEY & The Wailers will be touring Britain in the early summer, it was announced this week. No dates have yet been confirmed, but they're planning an extended itinerary — probably the longest tour they have yet undertaken here. And this will be seen as compensation for 1978, when they played only one British date — at Stafford Bingley Hall. Their visit will tie in with the release of their new album, which they are currently rehearsing in Jamaica, with recording sessions due to begin next month.

Their British dates will form part of a comprehensive world tour they are undertaking next year, occupying the greater part of 1979 once they've finished in the studios. And meanwhile, Island release a new single by the band on January 12 — titled "Stir It Up", it's taken from their "Babylon By Bus" live double album;

JOEL'S DATES

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the previously-reported February concert tour by Billy Joel. He's playing six major dates in what will be his first tour of this country, his only other live appearance here being a London show early this year. Joel, who looks set for U.K. chart success with his fifth CBS album "52nd Street" (already a No. 1 hit in the States), plays:

Newcastle City Hall (February 20), Edinburgh Usher Hall (21), Manchester Apollo (22), Birmingham Odeon (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25) and London Royal Albert Hall (26). Promoters are Alec Leslie Entertainments.

Manchester and Edinbrugh tickets are already on sale, and the Birmingham box-office opens tomorrow. Albert Hall tickets priced £5, £4.50, £3.75, £2.75 and £1.75 go on sale on January 8. Newcastle and Bristol details are still being finalised and the respective box-offices should be contacted for further information.

LED ZEPPELIN have no plans whatever to tour in the New Year, despite reports to the contrary elsewhere. Manager Peter Grant described the story, together with suggestions that Robert Plant is to play some low-key gigs with Midlands band Little Acre, as "totally untrue". A further report — that Zep's new album is set for February 12 release — was also denied. Said Grant: "The album isn't even mixed yet, so how can we fix a release date? And we shan't even think about touring until the LP is ready."

TOM PETTY & The Heartbreakers are now expected to tour here in the early spring.

FRANK ZAPPA is also being lined up for a U.K. return visit fairly early in the New Year, probably in March.

HALL & OATES will be touring here extensively in February, and it's understood that dates have already been pencilled in and are close to confirmation.

Jacksons full tour

THE JACKSONS' British tour in February has now been finalised. Three more dates have been added to those already exclusively revealed by NME, while a further three which were still being juggled around — in Glasgow, Birmingham and Poole — have now being settled. The confirmed itinerary takes in a dozen dates, and the final itinerary is:

Brighton Centre (February 10), Preston Guildhall (11), Sheffield Fiesta Club (13), Glasgow Apollo (16), Manchester Apollo (17), Birmingham Bingley Hall (18), Halifax Civic Theatre (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (21), London Rainbow (23 and 24) and Poole Arts Centre (25). On February 14 and 15, the group visit Switzerland to film a BBC-TV "Snowtime Special".

Promoter Derek Rawden has slotted in two performances on most dates, in order to keep admission prices to a minimum. Tickets cost £5, £4 and £3 — except at Sheffield (club prices), Birmingham (£5 and £4), Cardiff (£5, £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3) and London (£7.50, £6, £5, £4 and £3). Box-offices open shortly. Meanwhile, Rainbow mail orders may be sent to Ember Concert Division, Booking Dept, P.O. Box 460, Brighton, Sussex BN1 5BQ (POs only and enclose sae).

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JILTED JOHN

Baz's party is in full swing...

GOSH, BAZ! I THINK THAT BELINDA CLOUGH IS WONDERFUL! IF ONLY WE COULD BE ALONE TOGETHER. BUT HOW?

WHY DON'T WE GET A GAME OF POSTMAN'S KNOCK GOING? THOUGH PERSONALLY, I'D RATHER HAVE ANOTHER PINT OF CIDER THAN GET STUCK WITH THAT MARIE!

POSTMAN'S KNOCK? HMM! IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO MAKE SURE THAT IT WILL BE BELINDA AND ME THAT GET TOGETHER...

John's plan is successful!

I'M SURE THAT YOU CHEATED IN THAT GAME - BUT I WON'T TELL IF YOU WON'T!

OH, BELINDA! IF ONLY YOU KNEW HOW LONG I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT!

I'M SORRY, JOHN - BUT I JUST DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED WITH YOU. YOU SEE, THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE THAT I CARE FOR! I THINK IT'S TIME I WAS LEAVING - I'LL GO AND GET MARIE - GOODBYE, JOHN!

NEVER MIND, JOHN! AT LEAST THERE'S PLENTY OF CIDER LEFT!

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! ANYWAY, I NEVER DID FANCY BELINDA - SHE'S GOT BIG EARS!

continued inside...

True Love Stories.

True Love Stories is the first album from Jilted John since his very successful single "Jilted John" hit the charts a little while ago.

To celebrate the event we are including a free gift of "Mice & Ladders" with the first 15,000 copies.

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True Love Stories. Jilted John.

Album INS 3024 Cassette TC-INS 3024 Includes new version of the hit single "Jilted John" INT 567

FREE GIFT WITH ALBUM

Beeb's holiday TV and Radio

ORIGINALLY planned as one two-hour show on New Year's Eve, BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" pick-of-the-year programme will now be seen on two successive nights. And the line-up for the two shows comprises:

December 30: Meat Loaf, Ramones, Rolling Stones, Talking Heads, XTC, Robin Trevor, Greg Kihn, Bob Segar, 999, Neil Young, Television, Devo, Otway & Barrett, Rubinoos, Heartbreakers and Southside Johnny.

December 31: Patti Smith, Jefferson Starship, Stanley Clarke, Paul Butterfield, Tubes, Vibrators, Sham 69, Blondie, Magazine, Genesis, Eagles, Elvis Costello and Tom Petty.

Also on BBC-2, Don McLean's first-ever TV special is screened on Boxing Day — he's backed by Presley's former group The Jordanaires, with Elkie Brooks as guest artist. And on December 30, there's a repeat of ELO in concert at Wembley Arena.

On BBC-1, Manhattan Transfer are resident in the new series of "The Two Ronnies" starting on Boxing Day; a Captain & Tennille special is screened on New Year's Day; and Presley's 1968 special "Elvis" gets another showing on January 4.

● At press-time, it seemed likely that BBC-TV's holiday schedules could be affected by industrial action, particularly the late-night shows. Among those threatened are ELP in concert (tomorrow, Friday) and 10cc at Wembley (Christmas Eve).

● Networked by ITV on January 2 (11.15pm) is Granada's hour-long "Words And Music By Randy Newman", featuring him in concert at Liverpool and in an interview spot.

NOT THE MOST scintillating Christmas on Radio 1, but worth catching are The Boomtown Rats "In Concert" (this Saturday) and 10c.c. at Wembley Conference Centre (simultaneously screened by BBC-2, on (Christmas Eve). On Boxing Day, there's the two-hour "Steveland Morris Wonder Show" (2.30 pm) in which Stevie Wonder turns disc-jockey; this programme was postponed from November 12 because of an industrial dispute. As reported last week, the late Keith Moon's four one-hour shows "The Moon Tapes" are aired nightly from Boxing Day, and on December 29 there's a repeat of Genesis in concert at the Knebworth Festival.

● New d-j's Mike Read and Andy Peebles are being given their own shows. Read begins a two-hour Saturday stint at 4.30 pm on December 30, and Peebles starts a daily 4-5.30pm show on January 2. This is a temporary move until the proposed Radio 1 expansion can be introduced, when they will both switch to evening spots.

Ian Matthews January dates

IAN MATTHEWS' European tour — originally planned for this autumn, but postponed due to an extension of his U.S. tour, has now been rescheduled for January. And it includes three British dates at the end of that month — at Manchester University (27), Birmingham Barbarella's (28) and London Victoria The Venue (31). His current band comprises Bob Metzger and Joel Tepp (guitars), Mick Weaver (keyboards), Mark Griffiths (bass) and Jim Russell (drums). A four-track 12-inch single, including Matthews' current U.S. success "Shake It", will be issued by Rockburgh Records to coincide with his visit — and his album "Stealin' Home" will be made available as a picture disc.

'Oh Boy' on stage

JACK GOOD's plans to present a stage version of "Oh Boy", his hit TV series of almost two decades ago, reach fruition on Sunday, January 28 — at London's Astoria Theatre in Charing Cross Road. The two-hour non-stop rock show will feature Alvin Stardust, Joe Brown & The Bruvvers, Mud's Les Gray and the three artists now playing "Elvis" in the musical of that name at the same venue. If there is sufficient interest in the venture, further performances will be staged on the following three Sundays, with the possibility of a subsequent West End run.

● "Rock'n'Roll Express" — the previously-reported non-stop rock show featuring Heinz, Earl Sheridan, Leighton Hye and The Houseshakers — plays a number of dates over the holiday period. They are Colchester Woods Centre (tomorrow, Friday), Penzance Caravelle (Saturday), St. Leonard's York Hotel (Boxing Day), Burton Wesley Hall (December 29) and London Hackney Adam & Eve (30).

Liberals act to save London's top venue

LONDON's Hammersmith Odeon, faced with the threat of closure as the capital's leading rock venue, has found an unlikely saviour! Young Liberals are up in arms over the attempts of local Liberal councillor Simon Knott to deprive the venue of its music licence.

The position on Hammersmith Council is that the Liberals are in a minority but, with the two main parties equally divided, they hold the controlling votes. And Knott said that he will support an opposition move to discontinue the Odeon's licence, when it comes up for renewal in the spring. He contends that, by so doing, he'll be appeasing local residents who have allegedly objected to noise and disturbances at rock concerts. He wants to see the venue revert to being a full-time cinema.

But at a meeting of South-East England Young Liberals, it was suggested that Knott is using this issue "to further petty advantages on the council". The conference passed a resolution bitterly condemning Knott's attitude, which they say is "totally against the spirit of Liberalism".

The Young Liberals intend campaigning against Knott's proposal. And in view of the political repercussions involved, their stand could prove to be much more effective and far-reaching than any efforts emanating from within the music business.

Diana's over the rainbow

DIANA ROSS, pictured here in her new film "The Wiz", plans a series of U.K. concerts in the New Year — at the same time **as, or soon after, the British** premier of the movie. It's **an up-dated version of the 1939** film "The Wizard Of Oz", with a completely new score, and Diana plays the role of Dorothy originally created by Judy Garland. The part of the Scarecrow is played by Michael Jack**son, who will also be here in the** New Year with his brothers (see separate story), with Lena Horne cast as Glinda. The picture, produced by Quincy Jones, is based upon the hit Broadway musical — which won seven Tony Awards including "Best Musical Score."

BILL ANDERSON, FARON YOUNG

C&W stars on tour

ANOTHER BIG country package goes on the road in February, playing a total of 14 shows around the U.K. It's The Bill Anderson Show, featuring Mary Lou Turner and the Po' Folks, together with Faron Young and the Country Deputies. To tie in with the tour, Ember release Anderson's album "Love And Other Sad Stories" and Mary Lou's LP "20 Duets", simultaneously reissuing Faron Young **and Country Deputies albums.**

Dates are Belfast Grosvenor Hall (February 15), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (16), two shows at Aberdeen Capitol (17), two at Newcastle City Hall (18), Liverpool Empire (20), two at Peterborough ABC (21), two at **Margate Winter Gardens (23),** two at Ipswich Gaumont (24) and London Rainbow (25). Promoters are the Ember Concert Division.

Ticket prices vary slightly from one venue to another, but generally they range from £2.50 **to £4.50, though the top price is** £5 in Margate (where there's also a £2 low) and London.

After The Fire, the gigs

AFTER THE FIRE start touring again next month, and confirm gigs include Bristol Granary (January 11), Hatfield Polytechnic (12), Derby Lonsdale College (13), Stafford North Staffs Poly (18), Burton 76 Club (19), Coventry Warwick University (20), Oxford Poly (22), London City University (26), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (28), Brighton Poly (February 2), Bristol Poly (3), Sheffield Limit Club (6), Lancaster University (10) and Reading University (17). It ties in with the February 1 release of their debut single "One Rule For You, One Rule For Me". The band's drummer Ivor Twidell has his first solo album out this week on the independent Profile label — titled "Waiting For The Sun", it features him on drums, flute, acoustic guitar and vocals. Twidell is also forming an occasional band called Waiting For The Sun, who will gig on days when After The Fire are not working.

IN BRIEF

LIAR, the five-piece British band — comprising Dave Taylor, Paul Travis, Clive Brooks, Dave Burton and Steve Mann — who've been working mainly in America, are to support UFO on their 31-date British tour opening January 12. On that same day, their single "Set The World On Fire" is released by Bearsville, followed soon afterwards by their debut album.

LINDA LEWIS plays a two-week engagement at Ronnie Scott's Club in London, opening on January 22.

WALKER BROTHERS, who reformed about a year ago, are now understood to have split again. Scott Walker is reported to have solo recording and tour plans for the New Year.

STREETBAND were forced to cancel gigs last week at Plymouth Woods Centre (storms prevented them from getting there) and Exeter Routes (the venue was flooded).

RICK WAKEMAN is sponsoring the Rick Wakeman Handicap Hurdle at Towcester Racecourse this Saturday. He's flying in from Switzerland — where he's currently making his new solo album — to attend the race, which is being screened by ITV.

AFTER THE FIRE

Albany to re-open!

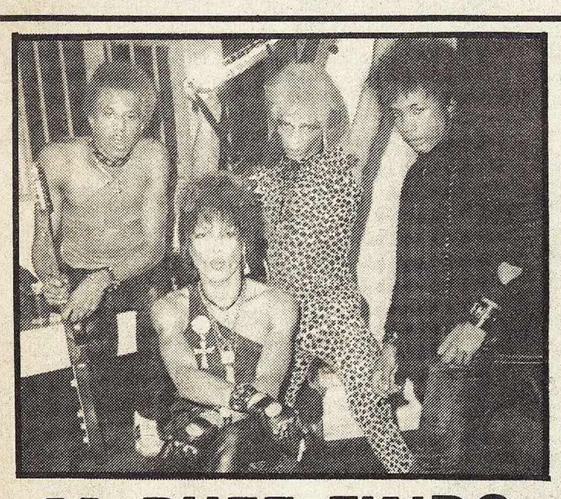
THE ALBANY EMPIRE in Deptford, South London, is open again — after being gutted by fire in July! After it burned down, volunteers helped to carry out the charred remains, and it was then found that the floor had remained miraculously intact. The venue was insured for the bricks and mortar, and this — plus the £15,000 raised by the Fire Fund, by way of contributions and charity gigs — has enabled it to rise phoenix-like from the ashes in record time. Complete with new bar and new balcony, it re-opened last night (Wednesday), and there's a special re-opening party gig starring Squeeze on Thursday, December 28 (admission £1.50 at the doors only).

LTA reject Queen plan

QUEEN's ambitious plans to play a big open-air concert on the Centre Court at Wimbledon in the summer, reported last week, have been turned down by the Lawn Tennis Association. Although the LTA originally expressed interest in the project, they have since been giving the matter serious consideration, and have now written to the band rejecting the idea. But Queen intend to press ahead with a major outdoor midsummer show, and are now looking for another suitable offbeat venue.

Carpenters tour

THE CARPENTERS are being negotiated for a series of British concerts in February. No details are yet available.



McPHEE FINDS IT PURE HELL!

PURE HELL, the American four-piece claimed to be the world's first all-black punk band, have remained in London — following their recent UK debut gigs — where they are currently recording an EP. And it's being produced by guitarist-singer Tony McPhee, former Groundhogs leader who's now fronting his own Terraplane band. McPhee previously produced the Hogs and his own solo album "The Hunt". The EP features "Hungry Eyes", "American", "Baby Jane" and "I Want Your Body", and it's scheduled for mid-February release as a prelude to the group's 21-day club, college and concert tour starting in London on March 2.

Frankie's follow-up set

FRANKIE MILLER's follow-up to his smash hit single "Darlin' " is a self-penned "When I'm Away From You", released by Chrysalis On January 5. Together with his band Full House, he's now putting the finishing touches to a new album, due out in March.

● **Brakes have signed a five year worldwide deal with Magnet Records. They go into the studio shortly with a view to releasing a single in February, followed by an album. They also plan a U.K. tour including several London gigs, in the spring.**

● **Fingerprintz** recently signed worldwide by Virgin, release their first single on January 5 — "Dancing With Myself"/"Sean's New Shoes". A limited edition in green transparent vinyl will also be available, with an extra track called "Sync Unit" on the B-side. The band will be touring in the New Year, possibly as support to Lene Lovich.

● **Toyah have been signed by Safari Records, and go** into the studios in the New Year to start work on an album and single. They are fronted by Toyah Wilcox, who was featured in the film "Jubilee" and appears in the upcoming "Quadrophenia" movie.

Record news

● London-based rock trio **The Softies,** who recently toured Britain with The Hawklords, have signed a three-year £75,000 deal with Charly Records. They have a three-track single out on December 29 comprising "Killing Time In Soho," the old Who number "Whiskey Man" and "Something Gonna Change." Their album "Nice 'N' Nasty" follows on January 12.

● Out this week on Small Wonder Records is the debut single from **The Cure,** coupling "Killing An Arab" and "10.15 Saturday Night." They'll be giggling extensively after Christmas to promote it.

● **Yachts** leave for New York on Boxing Day to record their debut album with noted producer Richard Gottehrer at Radio City Plaza. While there, they'll also be playing a few dates at Max's Kansas City.

● **Members,** who recently completed a string of dates as support to Devo, have been signed by Virgin. Between gigs, they're now recording the single "Sound Of The Suburbs" for release in January, to be followed by an album.

● Birmingham band **The Hobbs** are releasing what they describe as their second debut single! Their first "Don't Come It With Me" was recorded for DJM, but the company withdrew their options before the record reached the shops. So now they've recorded "Bop Around The Shop" for release on their own Big Records label. It's in a picture sleeve in a limited seven-inch edition and, they say, after midnight it will revert to a pumpkin!

● **The Monochrome Set's** debut single "He's Frank," produced by Mayo Thompson of Red Krayola, is now set for January 5 release by Rough Trade. A series of gigs is being lined up to promote it.

● **Streetband's** album "London" is now planned for February release by Logo Records. It will be preceded in mid-January by a new single, the follow-up to their hit "Toast", titled "One More Step."

Now breakthrough becomes break-up!

SCENE STEALER, showcased in last week's News Desk as a potential success story for 1979, haven't given themselves the chance to discover if they can make the grade. Instead of breaking through, they've decided on breaking up! It seems they've been unable to agree on musical direction, so they're calling it quits — even though their debut LP "First Offence" is still being issued by Rebel Records in January. Maybe they would have had second thoughts, if they'd seen last week's NME story before taking their split decision! Now their songwriting team of Stuart Irving (vocals) and his brother Jimmy (guitar) are forming a new band, probably named Irving, to start gigging in the early spring.

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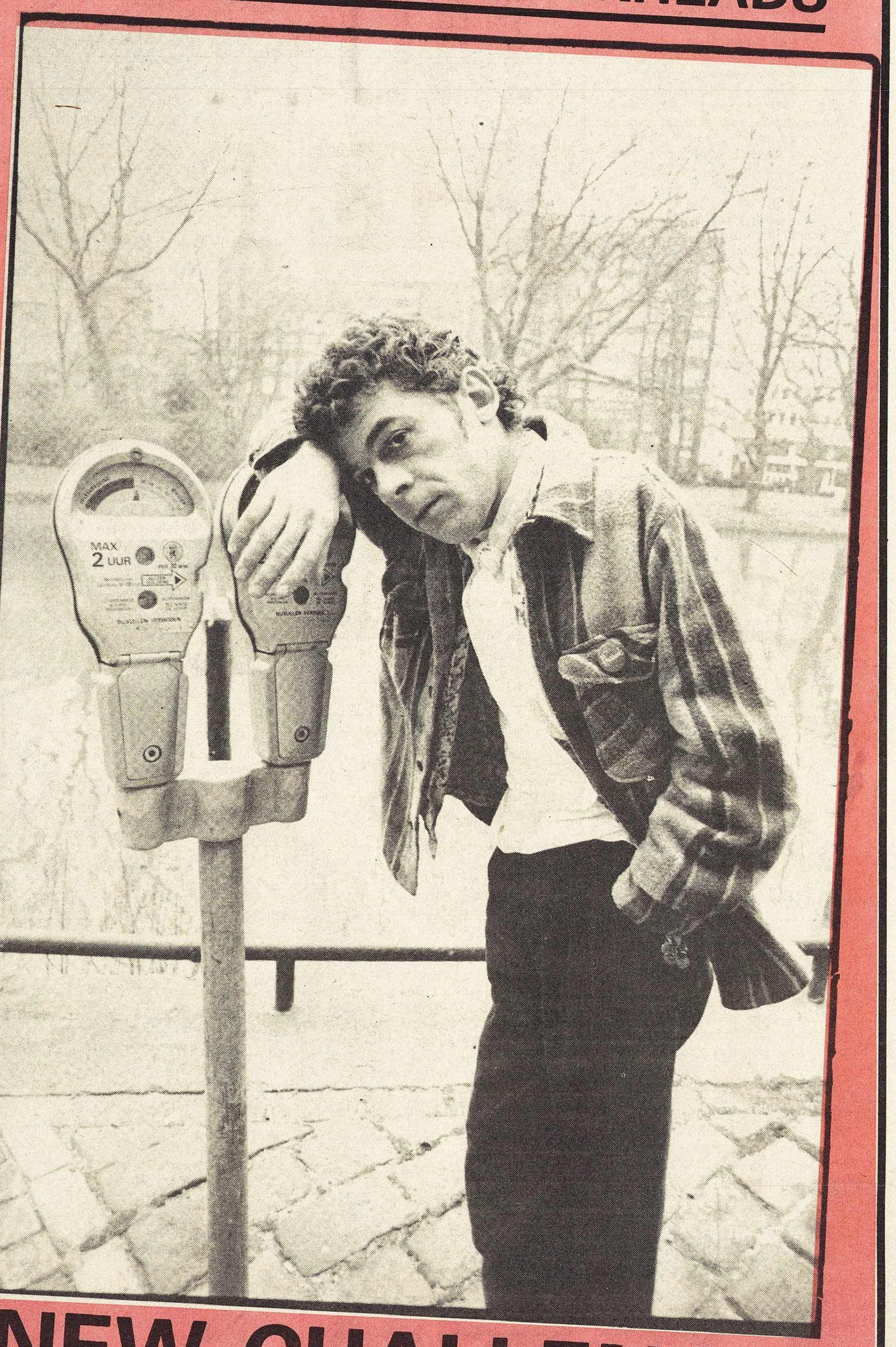
DANNY BAKER, tiptoes through THE BLOCKHEADS



NEW CHALLENGE FOR ESPERANTO

JUST OUT of Holland, about ten miles from the Dutch/Belgian border, the coach pulls into the Flemish equivalent of a Motorway Chef. There's four hours of driving behind us and the prospect of another four and a half before we reach Paris. Nobody feels like playing Uncle Fun.

Shuffling along like a queue for the one and nines we are presented with a selection of stews so parched by the 'Sta-Warm' lights that they bear closer resemblance to Axminster Shag carpeting than tucker.

The staff speak English like we speak Swahili and the opposite digestion poles in the band are having problems.

Davey Payne's strict vegetarianism restricts him to a carrot and chips while keyboards cat Mickey Gallaghers' impenetrable Geordie/Scots speech is a mystery to most of us, let alone a Belgian counter assistant on a black Sunday evening when it's pissing down, as he attempts to crack some form of esperanto.

"I nee-erd a stee-erk, me loov, an' I wan' it destroyed — but bluddy ruined — BURNT!!"

So she points to the stew carpet and Mickey accepts.

Then something happens at the cash register that's worth more than a bargeload of bound volumes on rock and moderne man—Ian Dury is about to ask if it's OK to pay in Gilders when the girl begins to fathom this caravan of shaggy tourists. She peers at Ian (or, as he called abroad, Eye-an, which gives rise to many slang jokes) and then at tour manager Peter Jenner's T-shirt and the light bulb booms above her head.

"AHA!! Seks Droks Roken Rol! AHA!!"

She rocked on her chair. We laughed in chesty wheezes and wait for her to claim her five pounds.

"On behalf of the Len Wright Travel company, may we welcome you to the Blockhead European Tour . . ."

IN THE Port of Amsterdam, (where the sailors all meet), Myself and Pennie Smith (David Bailey? Ooose 'e?) are stuck in a hotel after a non-appearance of the Dutch record company people in whose hands we were left.

No television, incomprehensible radio and we can't leave the hotel for fear of missing a message. What had promised to be a couple of days of high jinx was off to a start in league with Morpheus.

To the bar, I here you say.

Well sure, what with this being the home of Heineken and whatnot, but ten minutes of Lounge Muzak, red plastic and tiny measures of froth at half a sheet a shout is a little out of order for even the most resigned jack the wag. Somewhere in this much tuliped land one of the sharpest hot bands is whacking it about and funking through a set of my favourite songs. And my insomnia is filled by cracking thoughts of what the live version of "Rhythm Stick" shapes up like . . . and that magic thump when the band throws into "Wake Up" . . . or the charging end to "What A Waste".

Rats, it's no good. I must get to sleep and urge the next day forward, so I turn my thoughts to Howard Devoto and am soon snoring me head off . . .

I had set an early call for 9.30, ignored it, stumbled intothe foyer of The American Hotel at 12.20 and enquire as to the whereabouts of the Dury party.

They're in the lounge.

Kosmo Vinyl, long-time Dury partner and organiser, is awash with apologies for the previous day and invites us both to stay on longer to make up for it. There's no getting away from the fact that the American is a GRAND hotel. This lounge is huge and majestic, stone and stained glass, oaken and old with chandeliers composed of an arrangement of opaque glass parasols.

"Culture up to its arseholes," offers Mr Vinyl.

The tour, now in its fifth week, is going well and packing halls — all except in Brussels where, because of the sell out on the previous visit, a bigger hall was booked only for a couple of hundred punters to show up.

Ian's side man Fred 'Spider' Rowe appears — snappy, fast swearing bloke who's a personality on top in a band full of characters. By the end of the stay I'd come to like him more than any other bloke working around rock'n'roll, probably because he has the least to do with it.

"Kosmo," he starts — in a voice between Bob Hoskins and Max Miller — "they're all still kipping on so bollocks to the lot, I've told 'em. They bleedin' know they got a TV show on and they're out like fuckin' lights, I can't do no more."

Over the next half hour most of the band filed down, bit bleary, still tasting their mouths, but more or less awake. As each one enters, Spider questions,

"Seen the Raspberry?"

The Raspberry is Mr Dury himself (Raspberry Ripple = Cripple). Dury often refers to himself in the same terms.

When he shows he's sporting tinted shades, cardigan coat and brass headed walking stick. He's shorter than you'd expect, hair longer, voice deeper, wit a thousand times sharper.

Spider and Peter Jenner refresh him about the TV recording schedule and tonight's gig at the Paradiso. The TV will be the group's second for the Dutch network in as many days.

As the coach pulls through the city on its hour and half drive to the filming, I see laid out the pattern of travel.

Spider's up front rabbiting to Tony the coachdriver and at the back there's a cluster of four tables around which the band sit smoking, drinking brandy or coffee, like as not tapping and dum dumming some new riff or other, or trying to squeeze bonus laughs out of some previous activity in either Zurich or Nemmingen, and that photogrpaher in Berlin or those strange theatre staff in Brussels or . . .

Dury will be party to this clique or else stretched out on one of two mattresses installed at the rear of the vehicle. He sits with a typewriter perched on its box, occasionally tapping , more often musing with a halfway grin in search of something to rhyme with Segovia, always one ear on the rest of the coach.

"Here, chaps," comes Fred's voice from the driver's area, where he's glancing at a porn mag, "it says here this young lady's husband has got a 30-inch prick! Thirty inch . . . whad'ya make a'that?"

"A door stop," comes back a voice in disinterest.

Ian is idly gazing out at some of the hideous scuptures that abound in Amsterdam.

"I wonder how long it is till sculpture becomes litter? . . ."

INTO THE TV studio dressing room to change. Mickey Gallagher (keyboards) and Johnny Turnball (guitar) opt for sharper/louder versions of their offstage Lewis leather black shirts and spray-on strides. The great Chas Jankel is unoutrageous in T-shirt and straight jeans. Drummer Charlie Charles is all for body movement — and probably outdid himself at the Paradiso when he limbered up in a white leotard with brilliant pink tights.

Saxman Davey Payne goes the whole bit in vivid maroon/black velvet drape coat, a suggestion of grey strides disappearing into a pair of gen-u-ine multi-coloured Texan cowboy boots.

Dury himself is deliriously happy. Kosmo has tea leafed him a waiter's jacket, complete with insignia, from the American, and goes before the cameras in the whole business, towel over the arm, tray of drinks — the lot.

Last, there's Norman Watt-Roy, crack bassist, still putting on the grey demob suit.

The show's called *Rock Planet*, with a stage bedecked with palms and podiums and a huge pink staircase leading to the arc lights.

Mine host, in bow tie, goes through his adlibs for the tenth time before we're ready to roll and a bunch of bright young things, a resident Legs & Co, are sadly informed that they have been dropped from prancing while the band enter Marcel Marceau territory.

Louder, louder, from the speakers comes the authentic hysteria of taped applause and bow tie leaps to the stage spritzing fit to turn his molars molten.

"Sek, drugg, Srokin Roull, IrondooryzanzaBLOCCHHEDZ!!" And wooomphh! the P.A. lurches into the jagged opening of "Rhythm Stick".

It's a mime job. Davey Payne stands like a mannequin throughout, leaning slightly over, a sax to either side of his hips, until that gorgeous break when he snaps to life cramming both horns at once into the chops and, how you say, wails. The bass bubbles up through me and I involuntarily begin to bounce . . . hit me . . HIT MEEEEEE . . .

It takes four takes before everyone is satisfied, and the band begin showing some strain at having this plastic grooving at a pitch without actually *doing* anything.

Deep sighs as they clamber under the lights yet again . . .but no one has cracked. Cue orgasm applause, cue speeding Dutch langauge flem and just once more . . . they motion through it again, jump down, take off their guitars, mop the sweat and . . .

"If we could have it just once more lads . . ."

On the final take Dury lets the tray of glasses fall and crash during the first verse and directs his lyrics towards the shattered results with that puzzled, wondrous, imp expression usually saved for his mike stands.

Great . . . this one goes down. Back in the dressing room it's long sighs and long drinks. But there's still one photographer who seems stuck on a tape loop.

"Ian, a few shots outside now please, a few shots please now Ian, Ianafewoutsidenow.

"Just a minute pal, give us a second mate, two ticks John."

■ *Continues over page*

Blockheads From Amsterdam

■ *From previous page*

The wretched smudge hops from one foot to another.

Dury's voice is getting higher.

"Spider, will you get this bloke away before I do me fuckin' nut!"

Already the bloke is backing away.

Dury though feels instant regret and leans his forehead onto his hand. He mumbles to no one in particular.

"Christ what a wanker I can be. . . here y'are mate, I'm sorry pal, go on, sorry." As the dressing room clears of photographers, he gets underway another interview — with a Dutch journalist whose English is good but who falls, understandably, short of humour.

Dury, however doesn't alter his manner. All the slang and crazy references are there. His phrasing is as ever unpredictable, sometimes monosyllabic, often poetic, conspiritorial, sharp breathing, with the mascara'd eyelashes batting. Now and then he senses the interviewer may be uncomfortable and asks questions himself.

"Got any kids yourself then, John?"

At the end of the interview, during one of Ian's own questions and answers, Dury can handle the pressure of being 'on' no longer. He trails off a sentence and buries his face in his hands. There is a long silence.

Then: "Sorry, me old mate ... these fuckin' television things they're. . .they can get on top o'yer nerves. . .y'know?"

The interviewer, unlike the snapshot man, knows when to knock it on the head. He thanks Dury and leaves.

Dury sighs and looks at me wearily.

" 'E must think I'm a propper fuckin' jublee. . ."

Kosmo helps him out of his stage gear while Dury slugs on some wine and, eyes closed, goes about the task of gathering back the monumental strength that makes him such a magnetic Raspberry.

I leave the pair of them as Kosmo begins, "There's that fella outside you've gotta do a sprout wiv on the ride back to the hotel. ."

WELL, ON the ride back to the hotel, in the new hack's car, things didn't improve that much as far as Ian's frame of mind must have been concerned. The all-important opening question was:

"Iron, could you tell me how you justify bringing all your singles off your LP? Surely the new one could have been some recent material?"

There you are, eh? Nothing like researching your interviewee before slamming in there, me old mate. Mr Dury, not one to mince words, while never getting snotty or overly angry, let the hack punch on in this vein before pointing out that he was totally wrong, badly blowing the whole thing, should probably stick with funerals and had he any kids?

The young journalist, actually about thirty, sort of melted in silence and peeped that he'd never heard the album, 'except once at a party.'

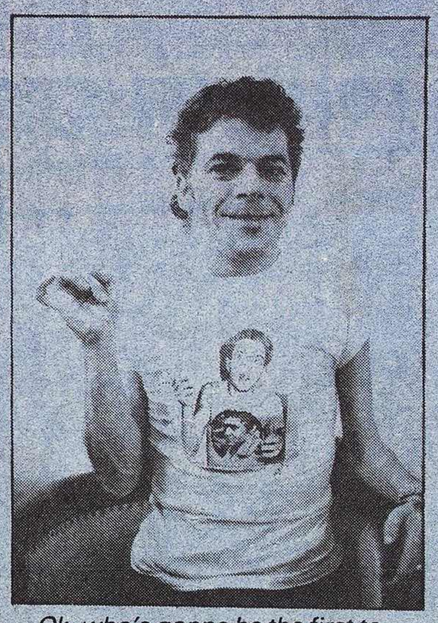
Back at The American I went to Chas Jankel and said that we oughta have a word. There was a grain of incredulity across his, not unlike a young, healthy Charlie Watts type face. I found it strange that the man responsible for, "S&D&R&R", "Wake Up", "Clevor Trever" and the new one hadn't been approached before. OK, so true, on stage he mayn't be anything Ian Dury should lose sleep over in the old limelight stakes, but hotdamn the chap can write a toon that few of his English contemporaries can boast.

"I met Ian when he was in the Kilburns — I was looking for a gig and got the word about him from a music store I was shopping in in Shepherds Bush — and it really was one of those relationships that began with him telling me to fuck off after I'd walked into the dressing room.

"Anyway, he eventually got to hear something of mine; we got together and it's usually me that presents the song to him for the adding of the lyrics. . .I have this riff or idea knocking about for ages and I'll wait till something else turns up by which I'll tack it on and develop. I'm not a great improvisor, it's always worked out by the time of recording and I really never feel the need to change it about on stage."

Would he like the band to be more prolific?

"Oh yeah. . .yeah I guess so. Although it doesn't cut me about.



Ok, who's gonna be the first to print this pic on a T-shirt

We've got about five or six to rehearse and work out for the London shows at Christmas and we've already got 'Rhythm Stick', 'Clever Bastards' and 'This Is What We Find' in the set now."

"This Is What We Find" is a flicking mid-paced threatening to go reggae song that is quite excellent. As far as I can recall the lyric includes the immortal lines, on a bloke who returns home to find, "...someone else's kippers in the grill/So he sanded off his hampton with a Black & Decker Drill/This Is What We Find..."

Chas is in no way chained to being a Blockhead. He has been producing the Albertos and also Streetband, (including the 'Toast' single), and in the near future is to experiment with his own lyrics on solo efforts. Incidentally, he makes no bones about "Sex and Drugs" being nicked off a Charlie Haden bass line from way back.

We never did get a chance to thoroughly rabbit, but this warm, talented, interesting geezer should be more highly celebrated.

ROOM 18 is Ian Dury's room. It's dimly lit, cluttered with large metal cases containing stacks of handkerchiefs, clothes, toys, cassettes, and assorted props. A portable cassette alternately thuds to reggae, one of the George Clinton bands (a real master in Dury's mind), or else the much respected Taj Mahal. Also he'll slip on a tape of the voice track from the old British comedy, *The Best Years Of Our Lives* and wriggle in unbounding joy at Alistair Simms' every diamond inflection. Like me, Dury has the healthiest respect for British comedy, a heritage as essential and enjoyable as rock music ever can be, from Izzy Bonn to Mollie Sugden, an article of Lester Bangs' thickness.

As he sits savouring this priceless piece of Blighty, I ask if he is looking forward to going home.

"Oh yeah, definitely. Right now, I'd love to be in my little room just me and the typewriter, and I think I could just do nothing. . .just stare out the winda looking at nothing."

Not worried about any new album then?

"Me? Not a bit. I gotta get down to it in the new year, but I reckon 18 months to be a healthy time between reports...that's respectable I think. By 1980 it should be out ... but I'm not promising," he leans forward grinning, shoulders gently waggling, inviting calls of 'lazy sod' and 'for shame, sir!'

For no reason at all I say, "What did you feel when Elvis died?"

"Well. . .er, me first thought was, 'oh yeah he's bin blown away', and now I reckon on that even more. Look at those death sales. . .somebodies not going short, the man was worth more dead than living right?"

Fred Rowe marches into the room, his face in total shock.

"I jus' bin knocked out."

Gasps.

"Well as good as. There's this bloke outside who wouldn't let this girl from the Paradiso into the hotel. . .so I went to have a go at 'im and he did nothing ... just said, 'Go on hit me, you've probably always lived by your fists aintcha? So hit me see what good it'll do ya, I dare say you could really injure me but I don't care cos I feel sorry for ya. . .' and it stopped me dead, straight up!

"Felt about this fakkin' high ... the ponce. I should had a go just the same!"

Don't get the wrong idea about Spider, there's not a touch of the old brute force and ignorance in his body.

He's as sharp as a butcher's knife, self deflating and wiser than a barnload of owls. Ian says he has about eight hours of Fred on tape and that "Lenny Bruce don't come into it".

Mr Rowe (who can be seen on the inner sleeve of "New Boots" on the edge with SEPT 76 on him), is three quarters of the way through writing a book (don't wait for the film even though its on the cards).

IN no time the Paradiso is looming. Everyone decides to walk. Picture you are part of a throng of people jostling along to a sell-out gig when you notice part of that throng is the band itself! The Paradiso is a massive old church converted to a venue and is in possession of all the charm of an abbatoir with lino, yet when it's full and with all the kids hanging over the balcony, it fair bubbles in its heady goodwill atmosphere. But a Khazi is a Khazi and in the cellar "dressing room" below the stage the ceiling is re-inforced with some dodgy looking wooden struts stood on bricks.

Upstairs, the tour support act, Mr Pugh's puppet show, is going down OK. Mr Pugh is Ted Milton, a wry, dry, exquisitely funny, well spoken young man who has known fame yet opts to go on these kamikaze gigs where, whilst not exactly dying, fisherman are known to fire off flares during his act. ("At the Belle Vue Manchester, they crushed me, really destroyed my soul") A kind of Punch and Judy affair, I'll mention him but briefly because he really deserves a piece in *Thrills* to himself.

Guitars are being strapped on, and it's up the rickety narrow staircase and onto the boards. The place goes *Whhhoooooooshhh!*

Charlie Charles (whose Dad has his own band in Tom Charles' Syncopators and who Charlie met for the first time in fifteen years when the Blockhead US tour rolled into Pops' city) settles into his drum stool. breathes in the electricity, soaks up the dazzling cheers, checks the band and launches the legendary "Sex And Drugs" intro.

I swear when the band hit those chords I felt my heart was gonna come flying through my throat. I laughed inexplicably and uncontrollably, my emotions twisted and confused, but I didn't get where I am today without knowing involuntary rapture when it hits me in the chest. After the TV company phoniness and hanging about with the band killing time and joking, it all comes into sharp focus on the Paradiso stage. A unit of your friends generating and fusing all this skill, rhythm and power — well it might sound daft in the cold light of day, but I can only describe it as feeling proud. I clapped like a bastard and hollered nonsense, well carried away. Maximum magic.

Dury, whose voice has roughened and deepened for the better (just listen to the LP version of "Abra Cadabra"), retains the familiar tricks —scarves, bag of toys (one for the dispersal of), weird addresses between numbers — without a hint of staleness. As for the songs getting tired, the greatest dismissal of that is in the way band members can often be found singing them idly *off* stage. No, the cuts are sharper, the hardest razors being "If I Was With A Woman" and the unbounding energy and magnificence of the live "Rhythm Stick". It starts and ends as suddenly as on record but lasts longer, and sadly, renders the studio version a mere imposter.

During "Sweet Gene Vincent" Kosmo pulls me down below the stage to point out an alarming occurance. The combined pounding of the clogs above was so intense that the wooden buttresses were shattering with distressing ease and loud cracks. Men rushed to replace them with tube scaffolding which only gently buckled in sequence with the mass pogo up top. It really seemed the whole lot was to come crashing down in a storm of timber and dust like some scene from a St Trinian's movie. I beat it back to the stage, the scaffold eerily pumping iron.

I haven't seen a crowd so wild since I don't know when. The few rows (and there are no seats) I could see knew all the words but what they must make of them I can't think. "My old man wore three piece whistles?", "A load of old toot?", "Billericay?" "Pranet?". They belted it all out faithfully, a joyous night, a serious joyous night . . .

AFTER that it was Gronnigen. After that we had Paris, and still no let ups or downs.

Not bad for an art school chappie, eh Ian?

"Oh that, yeah Art Schools do tend to come in for some stick now . . . still when I went they weren't anything like as closed and cliquey as they appear now, and I enjoyed it. I studied paintings like I could have studied brick laying . . . I was interested in painting is all. I reckon I could have been a bit wanky, though I didn't know it at the time. I had some good times, met some good people."

And it's all research for a book, right?

"Not this game. There's a couple of others I wanna write first . . ." He pauses. "Y'know them lumps that old boys can have come up under the skin, that they have to move around before they can get their bowler on? Well life is one of them lumps, you got to move it around before you can put yer hat on . . ."

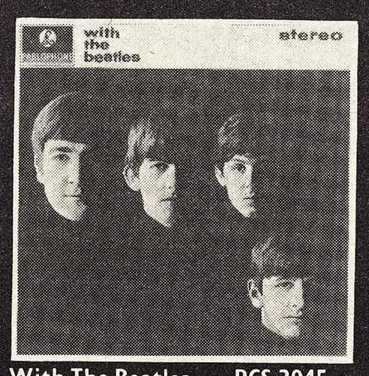
I've bored my friends silly with the thousands of stories and angles that came out of this trip. It's too flip to say "you shoulda bin there". There's a lot of nonsense and claptrap written about rock and roll, but everyone's entitled to go with what they please, it's just I hope I never forget that there's a world spinning around out there and can afford to stomp and cheer on my music like a fan. You can get well spoiled in this game, that's why I'll line up with Ian Dury and the Blockheads. They actually live like people and not like rock and roll. Even though it's not in here, the band'll ruck at each other as easy as laugh. For a while, some of their kids were on the road with them, Davey Payne's wife gave birth just before he left and the poor bloke was visibly grey with anxiety most of the time. Y'see some things have got to have priorities, and rock and roll should never be anybody's number one even if when I watch groups like this I do tend to forget that.

Ian Dury and the Blockheads. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy. And don't believe what you read. I mean, thirty inches?

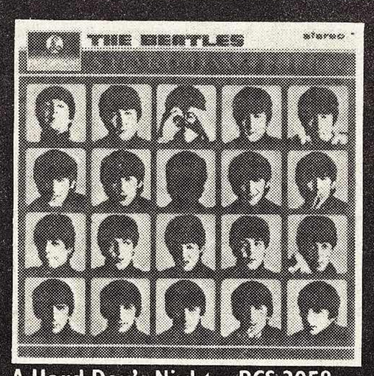
Unidentified flying scarf

SEPARATELY...

Please Please Me PCS 3042



With The Beatles PCS 3045



A Hard Day's Night PCS 3058

Beatles For Sale PCS 3062

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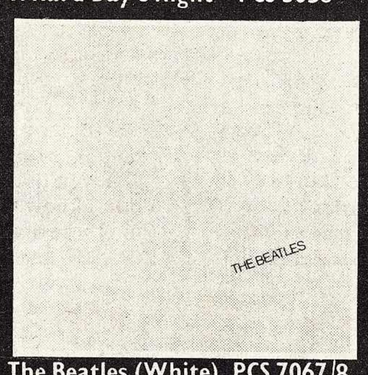
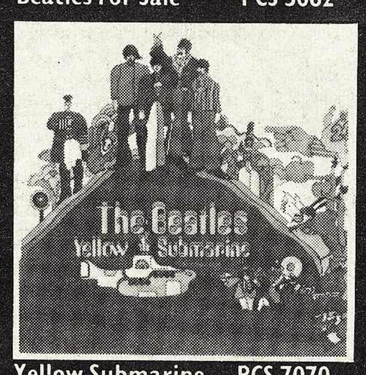
Rubber Soul PCS 3075

Revolver PCS 7009

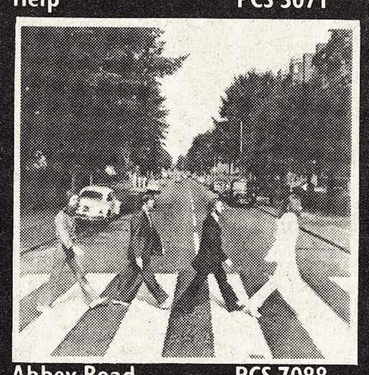
Sgt. Pepper PCS 7027

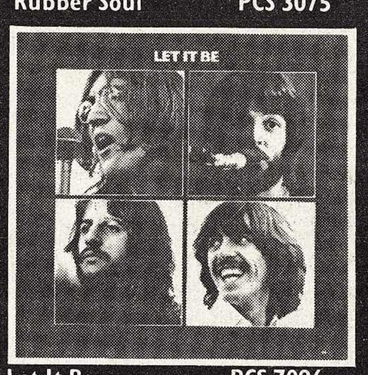


The Beatles (White) PCS 7067/8



Yellow Submarine PCS 7070


Abbey Road PCS 7088



Let It Be PCS 7096

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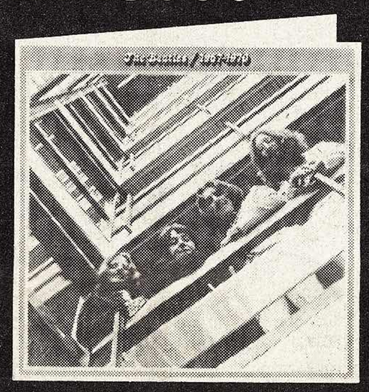

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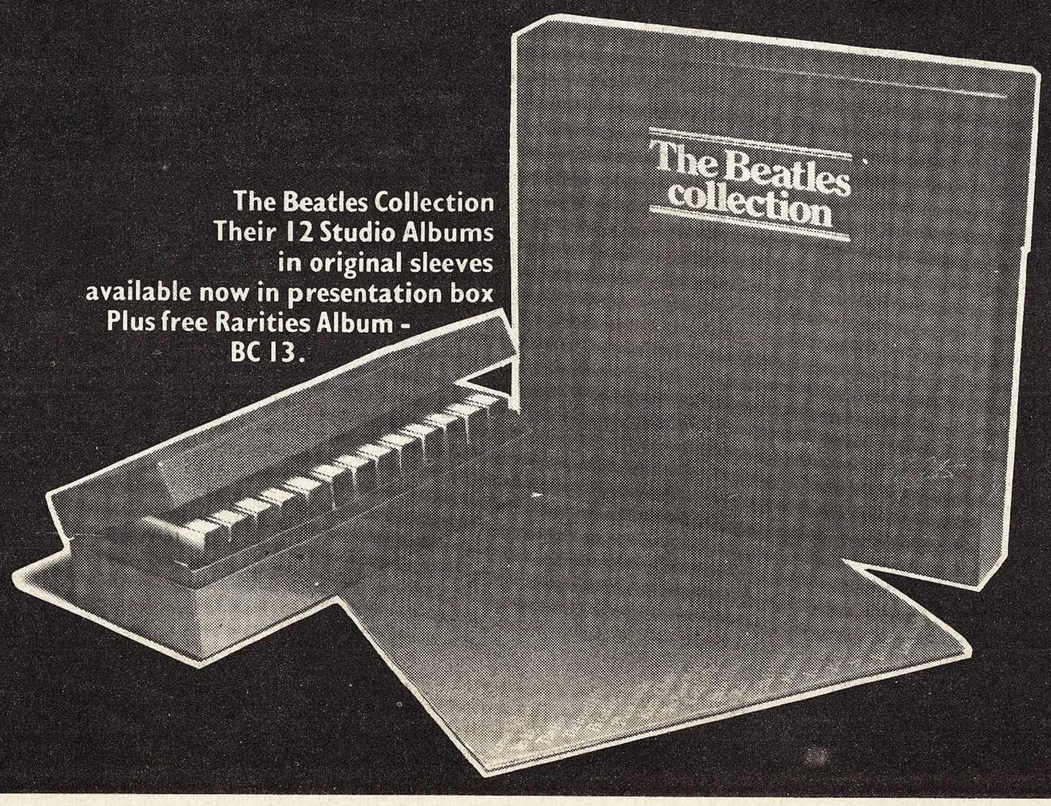

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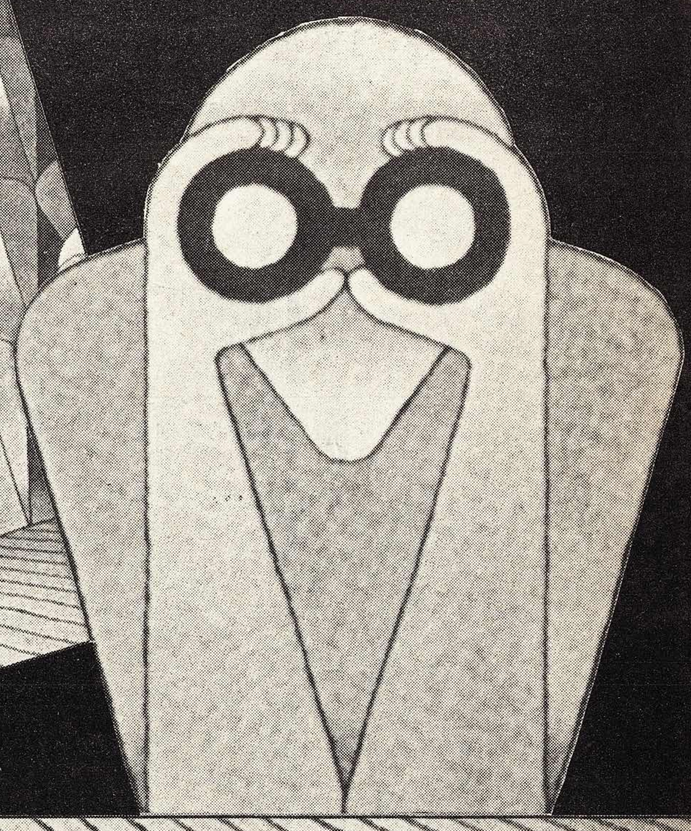

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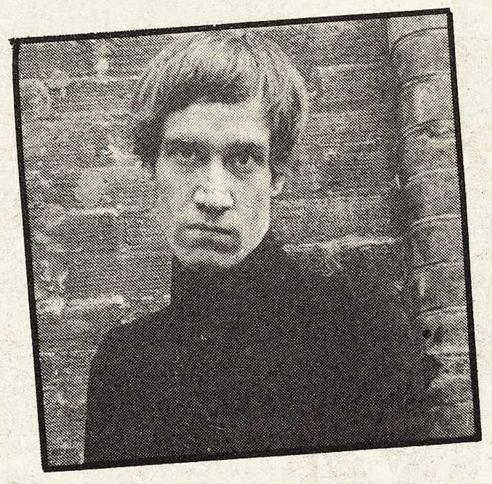
The Best Of NME ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY 1978

One of the pleasures of putting out a Godzilla-sized NME like this one is the opportunity to give our contributing photographers the chance to splash out and show us their pics the way they always say their pics should be seen: B-I-G. Pictures are more natural to rock and roll than words anyway, and so we've lined up a half dozen Children Of The Lens to present their favourite/best/whatever photograph of 1978 in this exciting, giant-sized easy-to-use format.

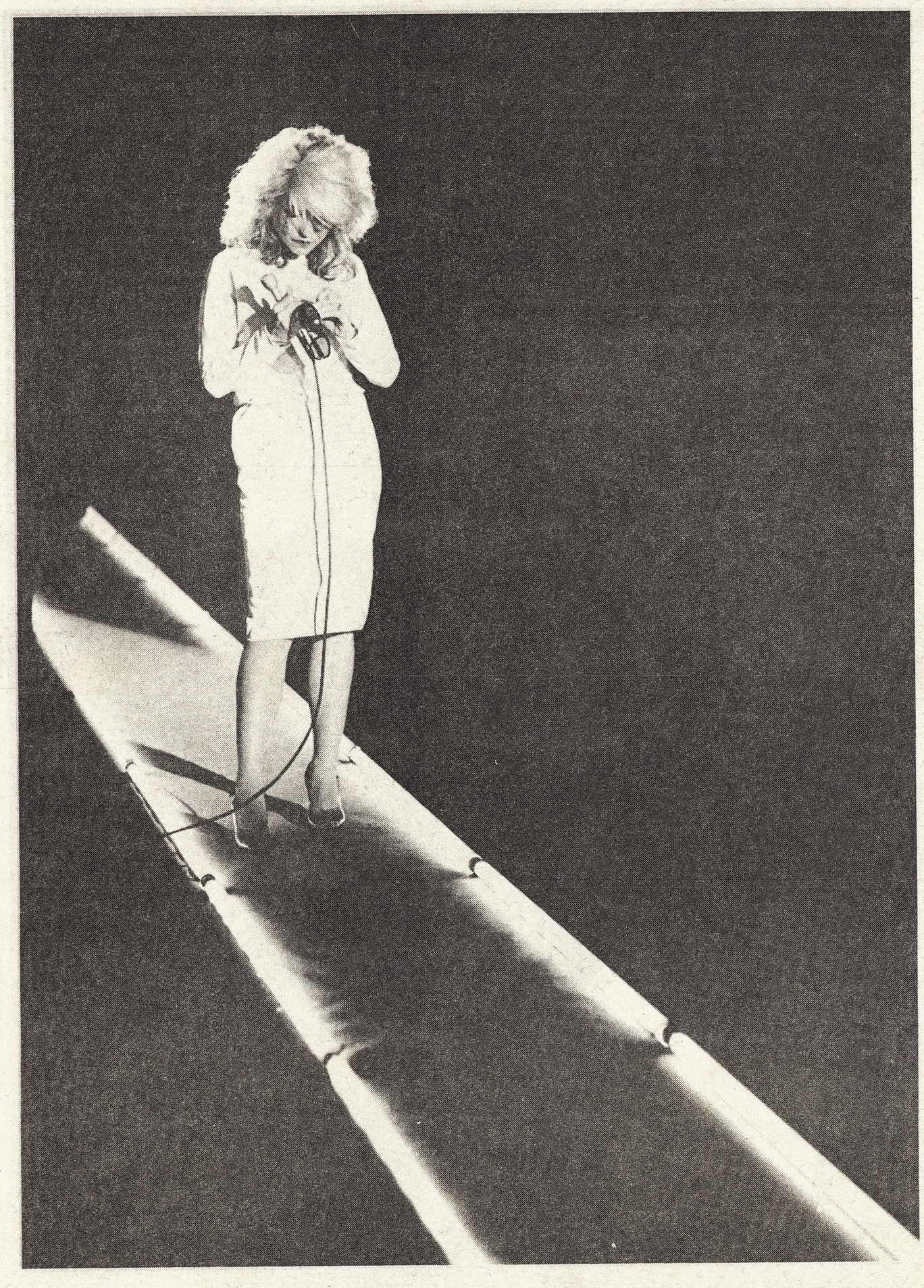
So (in order of appearance) feast the peepers on six nominations of your wallspace from ***PENNIE SMITH, JILL FURMANOVSKY, ADRIAN BOOT, CHALKIE DAVIES, DENNIS MORRIS*** *and* ***JOE STEVENS,*** *winding up with a page of who/when/where/how/why notes from the photogs themselves.*

THE VISUAL IS THE MESSAGE

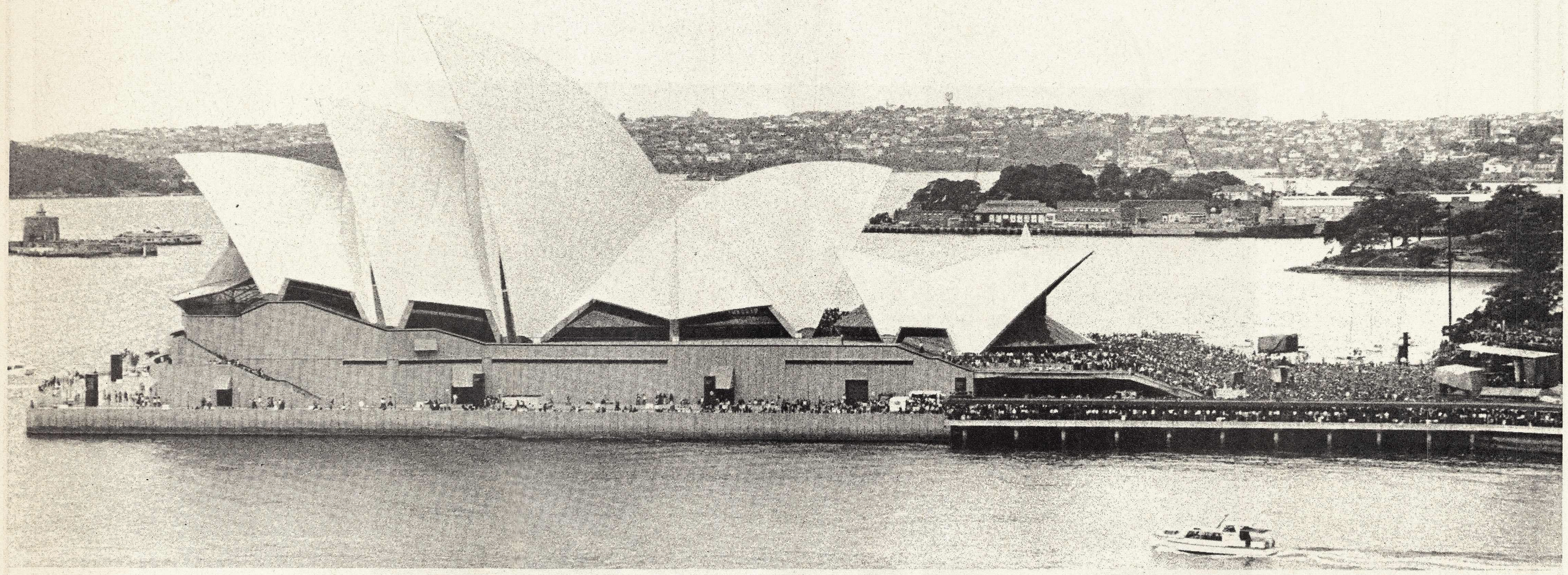


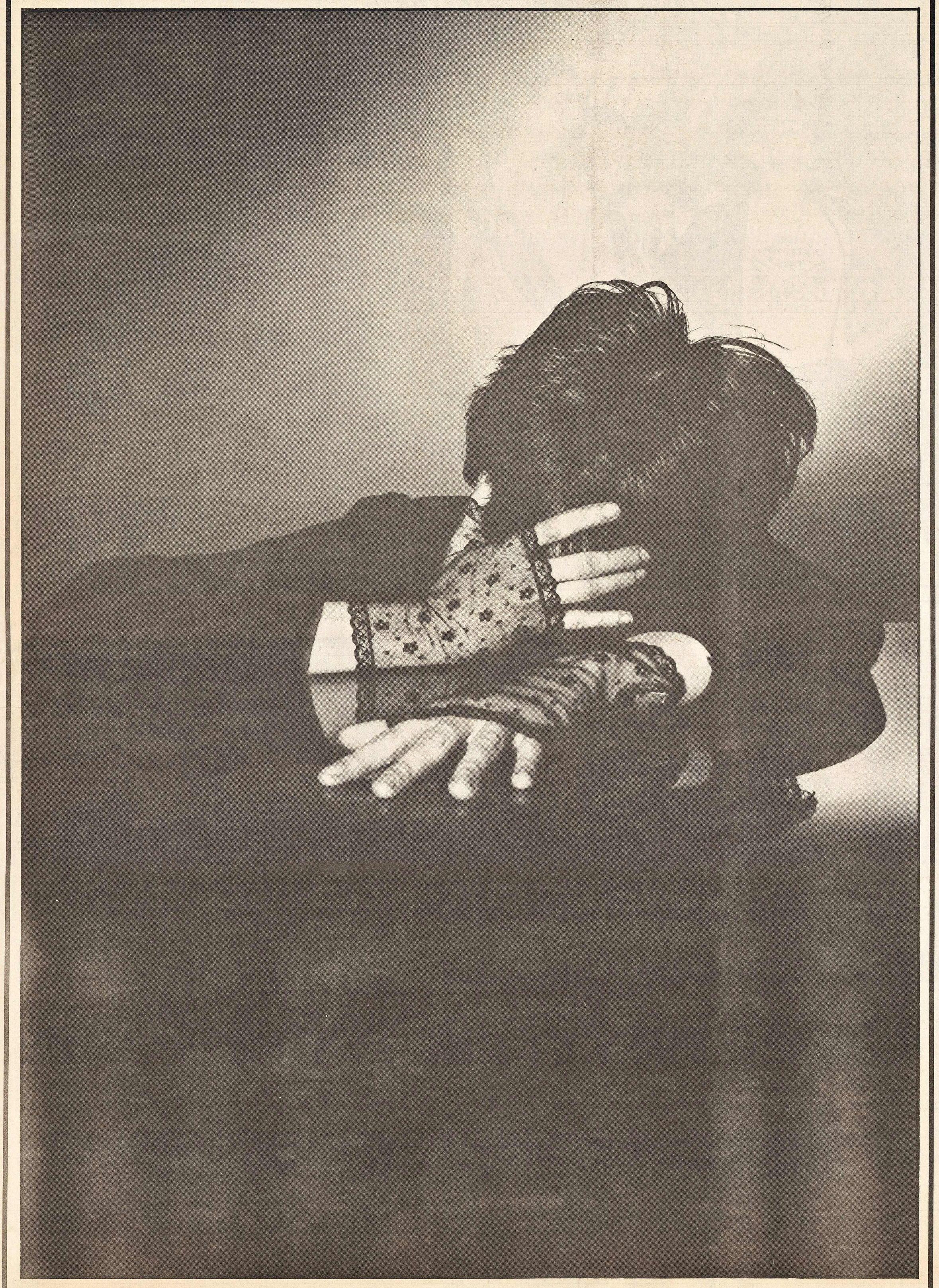
PENNIE SMITH

PENNIE SMITH



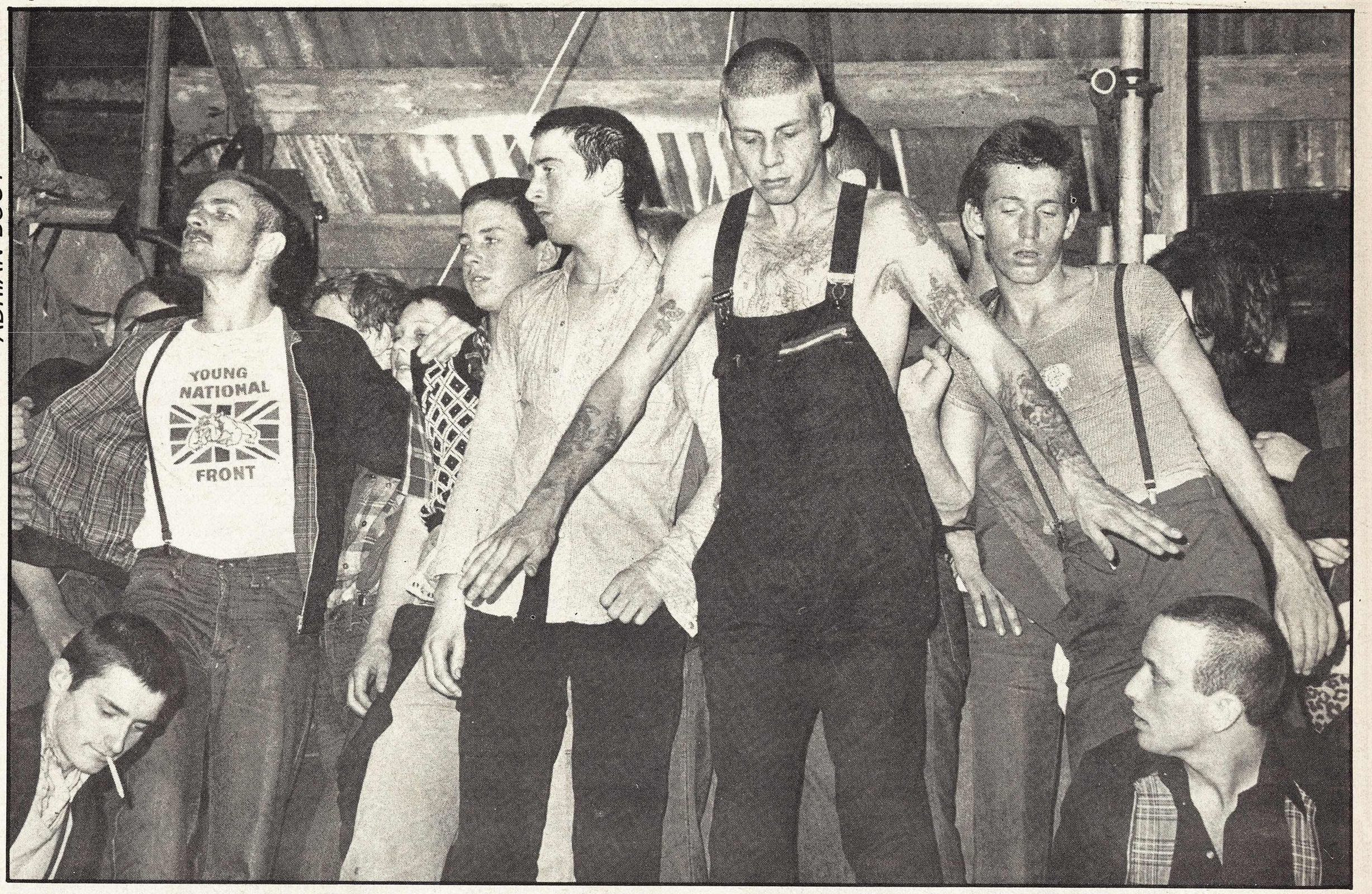
CHALKIE DAVIES.





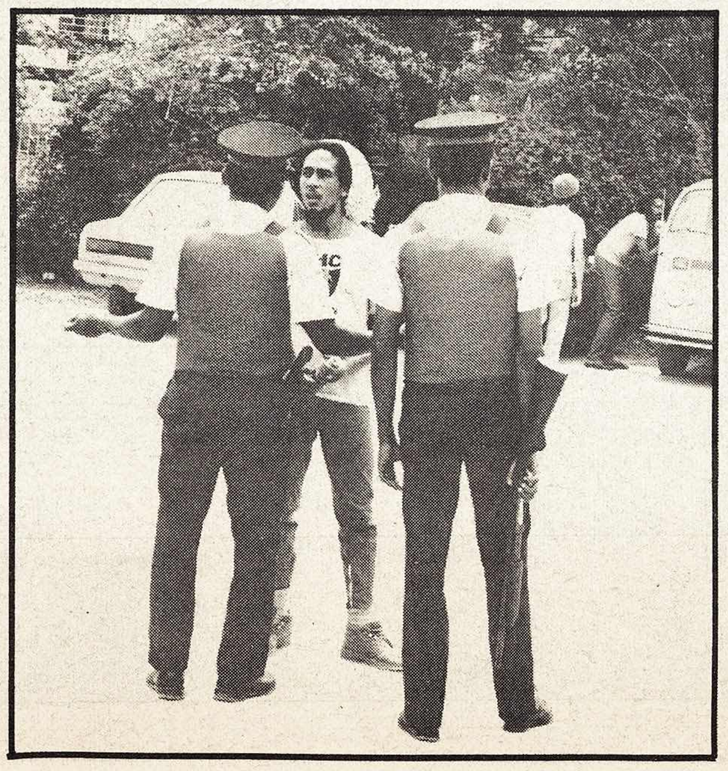
DENNIS MORRIS

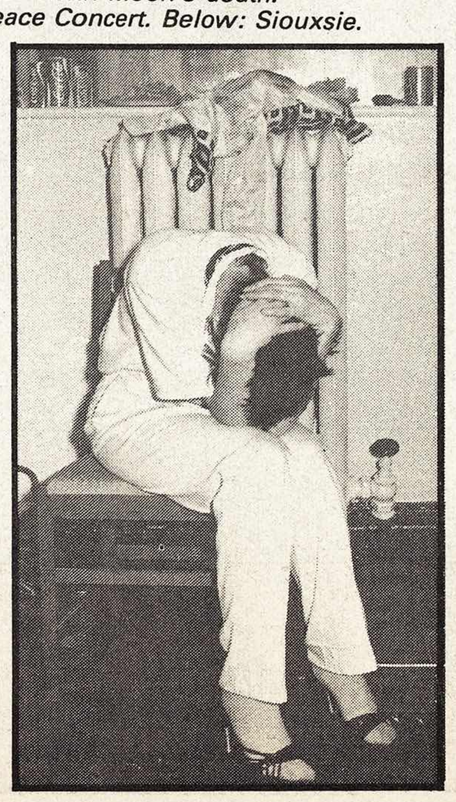
ADRIAN BOOT



Above: Sham 69 fans at the Reading Festival.
Below: Grace Jones at New York's Studio 54.

Above: Pete Townshend on location for 'Quadrophemia' shortly after Keith Moon's death.
Below left: Bob Marley outside his Hope Road home, Kingston Peace Concert. Below: Siouxsie.





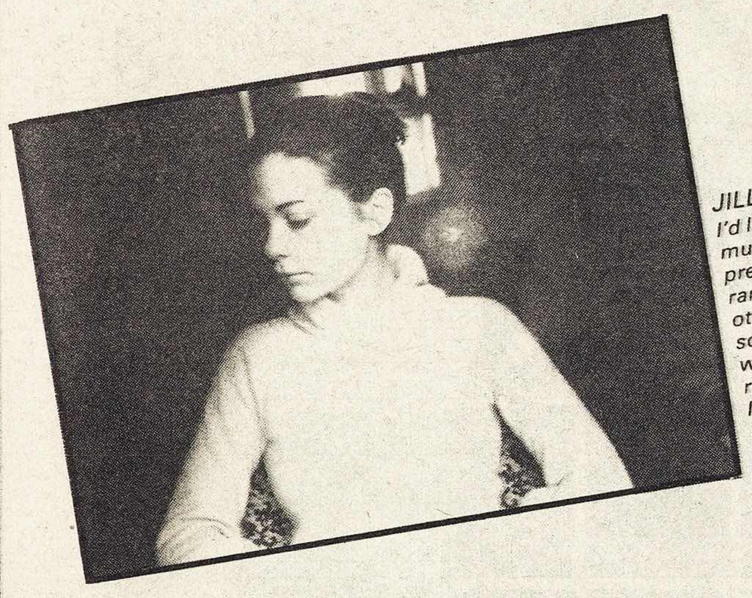
JILL FURMANOVSKY

JOE STEVENS

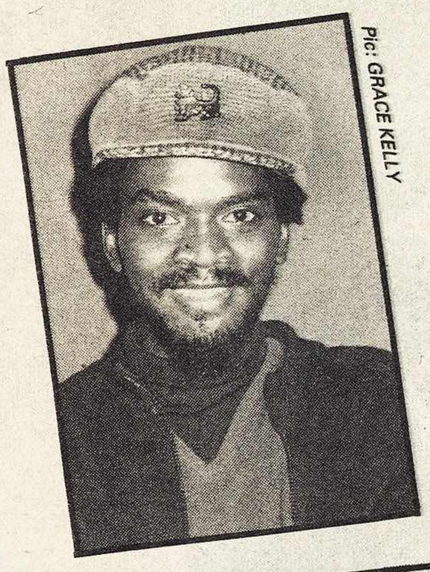
THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

PENNIE SMITH
A couple of points about my relationship to photography. The Clash I find good to work with because they know that photography is not about presenting the best profile', whereas it took a day's work to get the photo of Debby Harry.
*I work for **NME** because I have the freedom to take what, when, and where I want. I would appreciate the same respect from the artists that still cling to the 'best profile forward' school.*
I take photographs. I am not in the 'rock business' to perpetuate intentionally glossy images — the only thing that should do that is a mirror.

ADRIAN BOOT
The pictures I have chosen are favourites. They offer a backdrop to and provide some reason for a contradictory, blood-stained 1978 — these are some of the survivors.



JILL FURMANOVSKY
I'd like to remind readers of this music mag (and others) that prejudice and bias are just as rampant in the music press as in other forms of journalism. In fact sometimes when reading a feature where I was present, I don't recognise having been there at all. In other words bear in mind that most of the time we're in the business of selling newspapers and the artists are in the business of selling themselves. May the farce be with you.
Other points: 1 the relaxed expression on Bob Marley's face was the result of a massive spliff just out of the picture.
2) the pic of Ian Dury was taken in February at his old council flat a stone's throw from the Oval. He'd just done a TV show and had been given the cardboard cutout of Gene Vincent as a souvenir.
3) Rachel looking sweet in September.



Pic: GRACE KELLY

DENNIS MORRIS
My two favourite sessions of the year were the one for Public Image cover and ad campaign and the one that provided this pic. It was shot as the cover for a single called "Stop Your Sobbing" and Chrissie Hynd is the lady in the pic. It was also turned down. This and the Pi L cover show the way I want my photography to go next year — pictures that make a statement without words.

Pic: LINDA McCARTNEY

CHALKIE DAVIES
Photography is art. If it wasn't how could you get away with running a picture of the Sydney Opera House in a music paper?

JOE STEVENS
While the hippies swallowed purple tabs at Woodstock, I shot 25 rolls of film. When the winds changed you could smell the shit of a half million people. As a photo-journalist the Woodstock festival was my first break. Later, after covering the convention turmoil in Chicago, and the subsequent trials, I joined the East Village Other, an underground newspaper out of New York.
Whilst photographing Saint Martins in the Fields and the London Dungeon I met some people from the UK underground press and began doing pix for them. The kick-ass experience I'd gotten in the States came in handy. One of the music critics for Oz, Charles Shaar Murray, requested that I join him on a little soiree with the NME. The cream of the underground press were soon to follow.
Presently ensconced on the isle of Manhattan in the West Village, I prepare for the onslaught of another New York winter with trepidation.
The year 1978 was a memorable one, due mainly to Haberdasher and The Pistols. The demise of a favourite band; Rotten tromping through the snow, sacked and dejected; Sid and his traumas on tour, and later his attempted suicide in a flea bag hotel room — those images are burnt deeply on to my brain.
In recent months, I've occupied my time with sojourns to Mrs. Vicious in his various haunts; Rikers Island, Bellvue Psychiatric Hospital, Spring Street Methadone Clinic, Central Criminal Court and Max's Kansas City.
For relaxation, I find enjoyment in crawling into the back seat of my 1976 Mustang, with a certain punk rock goddess.

NEXT WEEK'S NME WILL BE ONE OF THE RAREST PUBLICATIONS IN THE HISTORY OF WESTERN LITERATURE . . .

. . . mainly because we're not putting one out next week. We're also so totally and utterly knackered by the effort of putting this giant cultural landmark together that we're just going to crawl quietly into a corner and whine mindlessly to ourselves for awhile, until the time comes to drag our aching carcasses back to work and start putting out the first issue of the New Year.

And that will contain (FANFARE ON TRUMPETS, ROLL ON DRUMS, SPRAWL ON FLOOR, GIGGLE)

ROCK FRANCAIS!!!

What's happening in 4/4 the other side of the channel? Is Paris burning? Gitane moi non plus? PHILLIPPE MANOEUVRE sends us a message in a bottle.

HELL AGONISTES

Bounced by Sire Records, picked up by Radar and into the open arms of Jake Riviera, Richard Hell And The Voidoids open for Elvis Costello and go fifteen rounds with PAUL RAMBALI

LESTER BANGS' NEW YEAR MESSAGE

From a lonely tenement in the depths of New York City, Lester Bangs sends us his predictions for last year.

TEAZERZ AWARDS

Insults and injuries, kudos and congratulations. We bite the hands that fed us in '78.

Plus anything else that happens in the next fortnight chewed up and fed through our peculiarly warped perspective all comin' straight atcha in the New Year. You've got a week to get over this issue, and another week to get ready for the next one.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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l. to r. Wobble, Levine, Walker, Lydon.

Johnny's immaculate conception

Putting The Nation On The PiL

The John Lydon Interview

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

JOHN Lydon lives in the upper maisonette of the end terrace of a row of sturdily built Victorian houses on the Fulham/Chelsea border. He picked it up very cheaply indeed shortly before the beginning of the current property boom. It was, he says, one of the sharpest things he ever did and was all he came out of The Sex Pistols with.

The Saturday afternoon I call round, the pre-Christmas cold snap has turned the 'open plan' (i.e. doorless) living-room into a rheumatic's vision of hell. Though Satan the cat doesn't appear to object too much, JL pronounces the room to be "as cold as the grave"; he huddles down on the couch close to one of the two night storage heaters and watches *Bruce's Big Night* with the sound turned down as Marley's "Natty Dread" booms out of the stereo speakers. Photographer Dennis Morris and Grace, his lady, and Jo, John's girlfriend, get as close as possible to the other heater but it's still so cold that we're all shaking.

Meanwhile Lydon — obviously a conceptualist — has thematically linked the various rooms of his household by cleverly placed empty and near-empty pint cans of lager. The living-room is full of cans (very handy for cigarette ends — "I bought a load of ashtrays, but they all got nicked"), the kitchen is full of cans, the bathroom is full of cans, and, on a previous visit to Lydon's home during the summer, the writer recalls having stepped out upon the flat roof and noticed that even the roof of the house next door was covered with cans . . .

For the present, though, it seems unlikely that John's going to be investing in any more expensive objets d'art than these. The Public Image Ltd singer (John insists that the group is a group and that he is only one fourth of it — hence the egalitarian songwriting credits on the eight tracks on the LP) has, after all, just been served with a tax bill for £58,000 from his days with The Sex Pistols. Though the niceties of the British legal system prevent his commenting in much detail on the current state of his wranglings with former manager Malcolm McLaren, John Lydon does at least say that "the man owes me money which he won't give me. In fact, he denies there is any money. So how come I've just been given a tax bill like that for money which I'm supposed to have earnt and, in fact, have never seen?

"However," he shrugs, shifting the onus of guilt around to what becomes one of the central themes of our conversion, "you can't put the blame too much on Malcolm because the music business permits and encourages him to behave like that."

Of his attempts through British judiciary to prevent McLaren from utilising the Sex Pistols name, and thereby abort any more atrocities like the Ronald Biggs epic, John Lydon comments simply that "what I want is that the Sex Pistols name be not bastardised. Half the people who bought that Biggs thing didn't even realise the group was any different."

One notes that pinned to one wall, in addition to an "Anarchy" tour poster, is another reading "Just Because You're Paranoid Doesn't Mean They Won't Get You" . . .

As Saturday evening gets under way, John and I, along with Dennis and Grace, disappear up to his slightly warmer bedroom in the quest for an Interview Situation. There, conceding defeat to the elements, John climbs fully clothed back into bed in an attempt to keep warm — "I'm going to stay here for the rest of the night. What luxury!"

Adjustments to the ceiling spotlights to better facilitate photographer Dennis, who — along with Grace — only stays for about the first quarter of an hour or so of the interview, seem to come close to blinding John. He asks Dennis to angle them away from his eyes.

"What's the matter, man?" laughs the lensman, "make you feel like you're being set up?"

John offers a half-grunt by way of reply.

"Ah, I wouldn't set *you* up," chuckles Dennis.

"Oh, I dunno," smiles John ruefully, "I've done it often enough to myself."

AND as far as John Lydon goes, *everyone* has a theory: John Lydon the total innocent, bashed and buffeted by Babylon's shortcomings yet, aided only by his inner purity and light, skipping merrily on through these anachronistic horrors: John Lydon as Mephistopheles, a persona possibility suggested largely by the *"I am an anti-Christ"* line in "Anarchy" and JL's penchant for blessing photographers with near-camp diabolic poses straight out of *The Omen* or *The Exorcist;* John Lydon the closet queen, a viewpoint largely leapt upon when, at the peak of Pistolian paranoia, the apparently rockhard inconoclast was seen to occasionally display a vulnerability and sensitivity that was, in fact, obviously the yin to his determination's yang; John Lydon the total manipulator, an image fostered largely by writers who've fallen prey to his treating shits as shits and also — a trait common to many New Wavers (sic) — his near-spontaneous inclination to wind up and test any new professional acquaintances. ("It's their own insecurities and fears operating if people think that," he comments, incidentally).

In the end, however, it appears to be almost antithetical to the very nature of Lydon (why did he stop calling himself Rotten? "I didn't. That was the press's idea.") to even attempt to compartmentalise him so crassly.

Peel away all the assorted personae — and the manner, which can *only* be defined as charisma, in which he can become all things to all men — and they can be seen as mere shields. Shed the shields and you'll see why all this discussion is just so much flatulence. Amend that line — as far as John Lydon goes, everyone who relies on their intellects has a theory.

■ *Continued over page*

Photographic Images Ltd: DENNIS MORRIS

The John Lydon Interview Contd.

■ *From previous page*

Lydon's determined anti-intellectualism is no mere pose. Whether he's thought it out or not — and the odds are that he hasn't, too much reasoning would, after all, be relying on the intellect, would it not? — he's certainly aware that a hyper-belief in the intellect, and a consequent divorcing of the conscious reasoning faculties from the unconscious, is certainly one of the main causes — if not *the* main cause — for the atrophied spirit within Western society.

After all, yer average English Pistols fan — the kind of punk mutant of whom Lydon himself despairs for their never having sussed just how much they themselves were media products — was never too concerned with Johnny Rotten theories. All they knew was that when they saw John Rotten onstage there was as much a release within themselves as when their elder brothers or sisters — or maybe even parents, come to that — had first experienced Elvis Presley or The Beatles. Something had been liberated within themselves and, as long as they concentrated all their primal responses — be these knicker-wetting or screaming or pogoing — on this magnetic icon, they felt like *whole* human beings.

So in The Sex Pistols John Rotten was capable of erecting a causeway from the nation's — we're not dealing with simple fandom here, of course; the Pistols did cause rather a rumpus — conscious to its unconscious, wasn't he?

Well, who am I to answer that? All that I and you know is that for whatever reasons The Sex Pistols, who were Johnny Rotten who was The Sex Pistols, managed not only to make a lot of people feel very good indeed but also managed to make a much larger number of people feel far more uncomfortable than they'd perhaps ever felt in their lives.

For whatever reasons the Pistols managed to shake up an awful lot of guilt, to stab hard into a lot of open nerves. John Lydon's only too aware of the effect that a simple rock band created.

"Funny that," he says, grinning a grin that suggests that perhaps all the ramifications of being the national scapegoat have yet to come clear, "Nobody's ever come that close to doing what *we* did . . . being either really liked or really hated — but no-one ignored it.

"What a joke. And the other members — Steve and Paul — were not even *aware* of it. Not even vaguely. Didn't want to know. Always struck me as funny, that."

One of the things John Lydon certainly believes in is the ability of human beings to drag themselves up out of the mire and transcend their limitations. And, of course, it's a belief in which he feels constantly let down.

"I sense," I say, "that you believe in certain qualities of excellence and elevation."

"Yeah," he replies, after a very lengthy pause with more than a touch of sadness in his voice, "It's a shame I never seem able to find it."

"Does that piss you off?" I ask.

"No-o-o-o-o," a shrug of the shoulders, "I should be used to it by now. Good God," he sighs.

ASK John Lydon if he ever considered himself A Punk and he becomes almost even more depressed. *"No!* I refute that term. It was ridiculous. I hate that name. I think it's loathsome. And I particularly hated the people who took it upon themselves to go around calling themselves punks. They didn't have the mentality to suss out that that was pure media walking all over them. People always get it wrong."

Although he will concede to having once been fond of The Pink Fairies — "They were berserk. A laugh —" Lydon is equally contemptuous of the claims made by his former colleagues Steve Jones and Paul Cook that he used to deal acid at Sunday afternoon Roundhouse gigs.

"How would *they* know?" he demands almost querulously, "you see, on the one hand you have Vivien Goldman writing in *Sounds* about how I was a totally innocent child whilst on the other you've got them saying I was selling acid.

"Let them all carry on — I don't care! Apparently I was also meant to have been a roadie for Hawkwind and a public school chappie and various other bits and pieces. It all makes no sense and good sense."

Lydon further denies allegations that he was once a great-coated hippie by suggesting "it's just that when you're in your own area, you just have the same style as everyone else in that area has. And that was the style — long hair. With skinhead gear. Used to look ridiculous."

Did he ever actually became a skinhead?

"No," almost hurt, "I'd never have shaved off my hair. Think of it in winter."

Until the Pistols and John came together he was, then, just A N Other punter at London's rock venues, "doing nothing that anyone else wouldn't do. Except that my hair was red and hacked all over the place and my clothes were torn to shit . . . but that was the only difference.

"And I didn't see that as any fantastic beginnings of an anarchist movement. In fact," he laughs, "I was only doing it to be *spiteful.* It was almost like," he bares his teeth and tosses his head from side to side, *"GRRRRHHHH. I'M SICK OF BEING BORING!!!"* He splutters with laughter.

"But," the smile is replaced with a look of almost sorrowful frustration at the misguided misinterpretations of others who should, but just couldn't have known better, "Malcolm and the chappies all thought it was pretty outrageous."

It seems pretty obvious that, though previously the basic emotions had bubbled up in their primal, unformed state, it wasn't until The Pistols Experience that the majority of John's beliefs were counterpoised against sufficient frictions and tensions for them to click into place with any illuminating clarity.

Indeed, the anarchic (sic) mass-marketing of the group — "They wanted me as some kind of cardboard cut-out they could wheel out and put on display" — must have appeared so antithetical to the true feelings that The Experience itself was drawing out of him that it's surprising he didn't actually flip right out. Although it's possible that John did come closer to cracking up than he'll admit. Both in Jamaica immediately following the Pistols' split and once when I saw him last summer at the height of the acrimonious wrangling with McLaren, there were moments when the strong facade would almost imperceptibly crack.

"I'm only 22," I recall him telling me, "And I feel I've seen everything. It makes it very difficult sometines."

In fact, though I believe he's now emerged from it far stronger, I'm sure the first six months of this year were for obvious reasons, not a nice time to be J Lydon.

AS with most of us really, John Lydon's life has frequently had a rather souring edge put on it by other people trying to lay their false realities on him. That's certainly true of the college John went to in Hackney in an attempt to pick up 'O' levels. Obviously there was a heavy bass-playing vibe about the place for it was there that he met up with Sid Vicious and Public Image bassist Jah Wobble: "What a fuckin' combination that was. Look at the three of us; that's what further education did for us."

"Did any of you get 'O' levels?" asks Dennis.

"N-o-o-o-o!" laughs John. "None of us got anything. Just blind drunk . . . and bored beyond belief. Those places are so nauseating. But," he becomes more serious, "don't you think it's bad? All that further education we had and none of us have been able to use it anyway at all. Completely pointless it is."

Had he ever expected to get anything?

"UHH, let's face it — everybody when they do exams thinks, 'Yes, I'll pass all my exams and go on to be managing director of ICI or something.' (long pause) — Doesn't work like that, though. You end up sweeping floors."

For whatever reasons, the allnighters put on at the Kings Cross cinema in '71/72 hold vivid memories for John Lydon.

"I saw Iggy Pop at Kings Cross — so there! Before he was trendy . . . and he was awful. Embarrassing. Then that sort of thing became acceptable . . . Outrageous. God, all the people who were on and no-one ever bothered to look at them twice. And now you can't get near them.

"Lou Reed. Yeah, I remember that. Complete lack of interest from the audience" — affects *Harper's* art critic voice "of course, he was only a minor figure then. Most people had vague ideas of what the Velvet Underground were, but had never heard them. Except for a few trendies. It was Bowie who made him acceptable, wasn't it."

Were you into Bowie?

"No . . . 'Hunky Dory' I didn't mind. Actually, I think the best thing he's done is 'Diamond Dogs'. I really liked it."

Did you get off on that whole glam-rock thing?

"Roxy, I liked Roxy Music. They were good. Loony. Ferry singing his songs in a dinner jacket was completely berserk. And then *he* took *his* image seriously. Funny that. They all crack up over that. End up believing in their publicity themselves. Completely out of it. The same with Bowie doing his Ziggy bit and then changing and thinking 'Oh, I am like that. A person of many roles'."

Somewhere in the back of my brain are some unclear memories of a most drunken evening in which J. Lydon, among others, was present. Vague recollections of discussions about Russian writers, including Dostoevsky, linger on. For whatever reasons, I'd assumed John had taken part in the conversation, too. He denies this and claims that he's never read anything whatsoever by Dostoevsky.

"I don't think I could. Like I couldn't go and see *Jaws.* Too popular. Anything that popular has to be a crock of shit. Funny, but true. I mean, what is that James Joyce book? *Ulysses*? The one that goes on and on about nothing. Everyone says that's brilliant."

He adopts a cloistered, academic accent, 'Oh genuis! The man's a genius!' It's the worst thing I've ever read in my live. What a shit he must have been. Alcoholic idiot."

And from a fellow Irishman, too. Does John recall having any sense of traditional Irish rebellion instilled into him? "Not that I'm aware of," he shakes his head, "I'm just Me being Me. And I'm not sure I like it all the time, either," he grins.

AS The Doors' "Waiting For The Sun" album wafted up the stairs from the living-room John Lydon details how it wasn't Malcolm McLaren but Bernie Rhodes, McLaren's assistant and subsequently (though no more) the manager of The Clash, who spotted

"Look, I want to change the music business right? I want to change all that . . . But it'll take years. I'll have to do it more skilfully this time. But it'll be with a vengeance. And they won't know."

this sharp kid from Finsbury Park down in the "Sex" shop miming to Alice Cooper on the jukebox.

McLaren, he says, "was alright then. But later he went completely up the wall. Tried to cut my social life out."

He describes how, on the Pistols' Swedish tour, he and Dennis Morris had incurred managerial wrath for staying up in his hotel room and listening to reggae when "Malcolm thought we should be down smashing things up and living up to our image."

Equally after John had chosen, amongst others, the likes of Captain Beefheart, Dr. Alimantado and Tim Buckley to play on the hour-long Capital Radio show he put together in the summer of '77 with DJ Tommy Vance, McLaren was equally furious.

"That was *pathetic*," groans John, "it seemed to mean that if I liked records like that then I couldn't be half as ignorant, moronic, violent, destructive etcetera etcetera as they wanted to promote me as . . .

"But Malcolm's like that. He sees something in someone and thinks 'Oh, if only, if only . . .' Believes his own fuckin' lies."

The antagonism between Lydon and his manager began, says the singer, "after leaving EMI. Because Malcolm was just bullshitting from there on in. All that nonsense about us not being able to get gigs was just some weird managerial scheme. He thought he'd bury us in some kind of mystique and that would help record sales.

"He'd seen too many films," John laughs, "it was all his ridiculous, romantic image of himself. God, what a fiasco!"

There are those, of course, with this image of McLaren as some sort of diabolic voyeur, setting up all these bizarre situations so that he can get off on them by viewing from a safe distance . . .

"Oh no," John disagrees, "I think he did things to the best of his abilities. He didn't start out for the wrong reasons. It's just that money interfered. He gets things wrong and he tries to manipulate people's lives like it's a game of chess. It was quite absurd because my whole attitude towards the Pistols was 'This is going to be an *honest* band'. But he was working against it.

"It started out as a laugh, right? Being asked to sing in a band!?! I just thought 'Whoopee. Ha-ha. What fun. A bumpkin like me who can hardly be bothered to talk'. And then I took myself a little serious. And I found I wasn't scared shitless of yelling in a microphone and it was really good fun. And 'cos they couldn't write words I did all that — all the literature. It suited me fine; all the things I'd wanted to moan about all my measly life I got out in songs. *Whoopeeeee . . .*"

But after a while you didn't enjoy playing live anymore, did you?

"No," hesitantly, "it got to be a joke, didn't it? It just got stagnant. That year when we didn't do anything . . . We never did any new songs, nothing. No-one could be bothered. There was no point. That's what messed it up. I've got nothing against playing live. I just don't want to do it night after night."

In fact, the Pistols probably never played to more than about 20,000 people altogether . . .

"Probably a lot less than that."

How many actual dates did you do? Do you know?

"Oh, about 50. Certainly no more than that. Couldn't be. And that Brunel gig — that last London date — that was the worst gig ever. The PA didn't work. There was no bar. And they lost the key to the front door so that the audience couldn't get in."

What about the last English date — the Christmas Day Huddersfield gig?

"That was brilliant."

It was a benefit for the striking firemen, wasn't it? "And orphans and things like that. Malcolm hated it. Malcolm didn't want to know. Because we lost a lot of money. Dear me. How tragic. Funny that. That gig was never mentioned in the press, was it? Yet at the time they were following us around the country. 'Pistols banned here. Cause trouble there'."

Was that the gig where you dived into the Christmas cake? "I was pushed into it. By a load of horrible six year old girls. Savage beasts. That was great, that was. So good. Sid was pinching sweets from everyone; he couldn't cope at all with having kids as an audience. Just couldn't handle it. He couldn't do all that nonsense with his face and with his shirt off. It didn't wash at all. They just thought he was a buffoon. And he knew they knew. And he was."

When did you stop being friendly with Sid?

"His attitude changed completely when he met Nancy. One hundred per cent. He was banging up all day and night. He became a total bore and just didn't recognise anyone anymore. It was pathetic. He can't play the bass. He never really could. It was horrible the noise he used to get out of it," he laughs, "about the most offensive racket ever.

"The reputation he got for himself as a bass player . . . Johnny Thunders — now you know what he's like. He's out of his *box* — refused to let Sid jam with him because he thinks Sid is so appalling it's not worth talking about. I thought that was so funny — one junkie being discerning about another."

But it's true that you got him into the Pistols?

"Yeah."

But you knew he couldn't play then, presumably?

"Uhuh (pause). No, but he was alright then. He was learning and learning fast. And then he just got really fucked up. *You've* seen him go from bad to worse. *I've* seen him go from good to bad to worse."

Presumably that must have been quite depressing . . . "Just morbid. It fitted in with everything else. Everything else was falling apart so I didn't see why that shouldn't."

In a way, though, it almost seems as though Sid Vicious as he is right now is the ultimate creation which McLaren was aiming for . . .

"Yeah, but I don't think he likes it now he's seen the reality."

I think it might've got a little bit out of hand . . .

"I wonder what all the repercussions of that are going to be. Heavy, no doubt. I mean, how will it infiltrate into others. Know what I mean? The way the papers did it was like 'Filthy, foul-mouthed Sex Pistol Sid Vicious guilty of murder. The trial will be next March'. I thought that was sick."

I get the impression that you were very upset by the whole business . . .

"Who? Me? (long pause). There's nothing I can do about it. Malcolm's got his hooks well in there."

Anyway, I always got the impression that Sid was like that just because he's nervous, and that the whole thing was a ludicrous over-compensation that went horrifically wrong . . . "It definitely is. Yeah, he was always a born worrier."

WAS there a time before the Pistols' split when you thought the end was nigh?

"Yeah. But I didn't want to give up. I hate giving up. I can't stand it. If you're going to do something carry it through to the end. But it was just ridiculous. What an irritating situation that was."

Did you get pissed off with the 'Pistols as political band' tag?

"Name me one political move in any direction! The closest was 'Anarchy' but that's not about politics, it's just about . . . music. As simple as that. I don't know where they got that political stance from. I know nothing about politics. It doesn't mean much who's in power anyway, does it? This country's so bland it could be Hitler and no-one would notice . . . except, of course, for the self-righteous SWP people who I really loathe."

It was said you'd appear at that Hackney concert they put on.

"Huh, like hell. I told them where to shove that little one. That was another Virgin idea," (adopts camp Manchester showbiz accent), 'Ever so good for yer image'. Oh really? How wonderful!

"Even though I initially supported them (SWP, etc), I totally mistrust them now. Those hard-line lefties have always hated rock music.

"They despise it.

"They're just using it, and using it very successfully, too.

"I just think it's ridiculous when they and the NF get together and have their battle of the thugs. I don't think that they realise that they're more self-righteous than Mary Whitehouse can ever hope to be.

"I don't like the NF, but I don't like the SWP either. I think they're both as evil as each other. Both a serious threat. God, can you imagine if this was a total Socialist country? How awful that would be: classical music being piped in the streets day and night, all wearing grey uniforms and cloth caps."

There'd probably be a lot of folk clubs . . .

"Only *Russian*-type folk clubs. It'd be hideous."

I heard that when you were attacked in that pub car park that that was supposed to have been the NF. Is that true, do you know?

"Well, they were . . . uhh . . . loyal to their Queen. That's why they jumped me. 'We like our Queen. How dare you?'. 'Ell (laughs). I mean, while I was being pounded to pieces I was just thinking 'Ell. Oh, this is just absurd'. You have to laugh because it is so . . ."

What? They actually said that?

"Ye-e-e-es! I couldn't believe it! Where do they come from??? (ironically) It's hardly a nice way of them displaying their liking for their Queen, is it now? (pause) Anyway, that record was good. I liked it. Brought a lot of people out of their closets. Everyone hated her before but nobody said it."

Yet at the same time as you say the Pistols weren't a political band lyrics like those on "God Save The Queen" do carry a certain import . . .

"Well, that's people's ignorance then, isn't it?"

Presumably you do think people are incredibly ignorant of the way things are really run —

"Whether they're deliberately kept ignorant or not things are being really messed up."

Did you ever actually see yourself as part of any movement for change? Whether creatively or politically?

"One of the first things I was ever quoted as saying was 'I'd like to see more bands like us'. Right? When I said that, I didn't mean exactly like us. Unfortunately that's what happened. Imitations. Billions of them. And I wanted nothing to do with any of them. There were a few originals, but not many. They were all outnumbered by the crud. I didn't want to be anything to do with it."

Did you feel any sense of brotherhood with bands like The Clash?

"No (shakes head), I don't like The Clash at all. I don't like the way they write songs. I don't know why they write songs. Quite a while ago Joe Strummer came over to my place with all these books with quotes that Bernie'd made him underline. Suss out the political scene 'cos there's money to be made there."

Listen, with your involvement in rock music do you feel you're part of an art form? Sometimes I see aspects of you that seem part of a long showbiz tradition . . . "It ain't an art form, that's for sure. As for show-business . . . ha-ha-ha. God that reminds me of Cilla Black and people like that and I certainly don't feel part of that."

Just from the many poses you adopt in photographs and onstage, you appear to be an excellent character actor . . .

"Who? Me? (appears genuinely surprised) Well, I don't see why I shouldn't make a few films. Dolly Parton is. I read one of her interviews the other day and I like her now. She's so funny. She doesn't want much out of life except to own RCA. And I think that's good. She knows what she wants and is honest about it."

But anyway, you think it's a total misconception to look on rock music as an art form . . .

"Yeah."

Not even as a popular art form?

"I hate art. I can't stand it. It's treating something that's supposed to be good as precious. And it ain't precious. Anyone can make a record."

Yeah. But at the same time I'd say you are obviously an artistic/creative person. That's quite obvious from the songs you write to the way you act onstage to the way you dress, right?

"Yes (pause), but that's only because I had the freedom to do it. I'm not doing anything that anyone else couldn't do . . . unless they didn't want to do it."

You don't feel that you're in any way 'gifted'?

"I can do what any genius can do (laughs). As simple as that."

But all this comes down to questions of *why* people don't attempt to elevate themselves. Or 'try'. Or whatever. Which comes down to questions of how they're controlled . . .

"In what way?"

Well, just the way they're processed by the media, lobotomised by sub-standard TV, handed out non-news as news . . .

"Well, I've been affected by telly. I know that. I'm totally addicted to it. Once I turn it on there's no way I can move. I just can't walk away at all. I just sit there forever. And (laughs) I kinda like it. I once gave up watching telly for a couple of months. No-one could understand what I was talking about."

And you couldn't understand what they were talking about either?

"No. Not at all. You get completely uncluttered when you keep away from it. You see everything really sharp and clear. Telly confuses you. Though I don't see why I shouldn't be confused; everybody else is. I don't want to miss out on the action."

Yet I think they're keen on increasing the confusion at the moment because the confusion-makers realise they're close to being seen through. For example, they'll have much closer controls soon when everyone gets videos into their homes and the cinema industry shifts over to providing entertainment for those so that people just won't go out and communicate with other people . . .

"Oh yeah, all that will be done really subtly. It'll start off as burglar alarm systems — cameras in your home. It'll end up with them watching you 24 hours a day."

Which is how largely they operate already in America: all that nonsense about your not being able to go out on the streets . . .

"That is pure bullshit. New York's probably safer than here. Here, the violence is senseless. There, it's for definite reasons. I'm really shocked at how violent London's become. It's almost beyond belief."

It's happened over about the last 18 months . . .

"It's not like any kind of logical pattern, either. It's completely berserk."

Although the whole Pistols' thing did seem to draw a lot of lurking violence out of a lot of people.

"I don't know. I don't think that's true at all. Everybody said the Pistols created a lot of violence, but I don't think that's true.

"Our gigs were probably some of the most peaceful in the world. Certainly less violent than a David Cassidy concert. No-one was ever killed at our concerts. In fact, no-one was ever hurt at our concerts. The girl who had her eye pushed out at the 100 Club wasn't at one of our concerts. We were in Wales that night. That was The Damned. Sid got arrested for that. He wasn't in the band at the time."

What about all that stuff about you leaping into the audience at the Nashville to attack people?

"Pure bullshit. My only contribution to that was to kick 'em off the stage because they were getting in the way."

Did Malcolm encourage that?

"Yes, he thought it was all *won-der-ful*. 'Look at these pictures! This'll get us publicity'. He didn't know that he was dealing with fire, because when you deal with violence the kickbacks can be so strong. But I always wondered why I was the target and not him. It slightly peeves me. (laughs). But he's come out looking really rosy . . . when, in fact, he's just a conniving little shit."

Actually, I don't think he does look rosy. Most people have seen through him, I think . . .

■ *Continued over page*

Pi L Popping Contd.

■ *From previous page*

"I dunno. It just looks like people see some sort of glamour in him being just a total bastard. Making films out of Sid."

Having seen him say on that *Nationwide* programme that the next film would be The Sid Vicious Story I really wouldn't be surprised if . . .

"Don't. 'Cos he wasn't joking. (vehemently). What an idiot he looked wearing that tartan suit. I remember I ordered that suit in that shape about a year ago. And (laughs) the idiots laughed at me and told me I was mad. Now they sell it in his shop. Arseholes.

"I don't want to talk about the Pistols. It's depressing. It's really morbid. It happened and that's all."

THOUGH there may have been no formal loss of innocence for John Lydon during his time with the Pistols, the machinating by record and publishing companies ensured that he was, for a time, "really paranoid". The realisation that even the British music business was not necessarily free from the influence of 'organised crime' (sic) was an eye-opener, to say the least.

"I was just shocked. As shocked as anyone would be."

Equally, although John always realised that the likes of the *Daily Mirror* "just picked out what they wanted tor print", he was appalled by the manner in which the British press unfurled its true colours when dealing with The Sex Pistols.

"I just wonder what their motives were? Well, it's obvious, really. They saw us as a threat. But it's ridiculous when you see your whole life being re-written without your permission. Not very nice.

"The only thing that's bugged me lately has been that article in *The Sun* saying I was a heroin-taking, messed up junkie. Which I thought was a bit out of order, seeing as no interview ever existed. So I have a choice of either suing 'em or not suing 'em and letting them get away with it. If I sue them it could take a year and commit me etcetera etcetera. What does one do?"

If anything, though, it seems to be the combination of gross inefficiency and cheapskate dishonesty within such forces as publishing and the music business that truly disturb John Lydon.

After his post-Pistols trip to Jamaica ("I liked Jamaica. Thought it was great . . . what I can remember of it.") John Lydon formed Public Image Ltd with former Jah Wobble on bass.

The "Public Image" album which has been just released is the first album of what seems an excessively stiff eight album deal with Virgin Records. Relations between Public Image and Virgin appear highly strained; Lydon finds certain of their attitudes incomprehensible.

He is unable to understand why the superb "Public Image" single was given so little promotion. He points out that after one *Top Of The Pops* airing the single jumped from number 20 in the charts to number 7, yet the single was given no further promotion.

John says that Virgin boss Richard Branson "didn't want a single anyway. They want us to be just an album band. Why I can't work out."

Do Public Image want to release lots of singles?

"Yes. I like singles. Singles are great. Good fun."

But despite the eight album deal did you get a reasonable royalty rate?

"Uhuh . . . and I don't suppose the money's too bad either, considering. But that's not the point. When you do something and watch it changed drastically behind your back, it's insulting. A waste of time doing it. Like making the album and handing in the tapes and then they go and cut off the deep end on the bass and the treble. It was a waste of time doing it. And I told them so."

They did that on the album?

"Yes. And we had to get it changed back. They did it without telling us."

They no doubt assume that because you have no-one in the shape of a manager to speak for your interests, then you can be safely ignored . . .

"They totally ignore us. Anyone who does speak for us they ignore."

What do they reply when you ask about things like the record being re-mixed? "'Ummm . . . errhhr . . . That's not me. It's someone else. Never did find out who was totally responsible but I know who I think it is . . ."

Though Richard Branson was himself unavailable for comment, Virgin Records Managing Director Simon Draper refuted John's claims that Virgin themselves had interfered with the bass and the treble on the album. Something of the sound quality was lost in the cutting process, he could concede. This occurred, however, not in any process in which Virgin had any direct control but in the CBS cutting room. Virgin do not own their own facilities.

"Either John doesn't understand about the process of record cutting," he told me, "or else he's just trying to stir things up.

"Yes," he continued, "we did express an opinion which differed from his; we were happy with the first cutting, but he wasn't. However, knowing the strength of John's opinions, we've gone out of our way to help him. Public Image have their own ways of record production. I didn't hear the album until it was delivered to us."

As to lack of promotion on the single, Draper told me that the company had spent £8,000-£10,000 on advertising it. This, he says, is about exactly the same as was spent on any of the Sex Pistols' singles and is approximately three times what Virgin normally spend on a 45.

"We know," he went on, "that they wanted all the tube posters to have the four different faces of Public Image on them, but this was one point on which our marketing man disagreed totally.

"They're a band," he said, "who're not interested in what the record company thinks — probably with good reason. John is used to dealing with people like us at arms' length. Which is what he's used to doing with Malcolm McLaren."

Draper even justified the apparently excessive eight album deal by saying that that was the standard Virgin contract and that, whilst the major record companies were prepared to offer shorter term deals, they were also — particularly in the case of the US majors — far more ready to drop acts if they didn't rapidly achieve gold album status. He cited Steve Hillage as an example of an artist in whom the company had had faith and whose career was now justifying this belief though it had been, as they say, a long time coming.

Draper was also asked what would happen if an artist was dissatisfied with the label and wished to terminate a deal. Though he claimed this to be a so far unprecendented situation, Draper told me that the label would try to resolve any such situation with the artist/act involved. However, he said, "if it was a mutual decision then that would be it.

"We've never tried," he concluded, "to mess around with the sound of the Public Image record and John could've cut it as many times as he liked."

"But Virgin," John continues, "they do have these stupid ideas wanting us to do silly gigs in places like Holland. 'We know this nice promoter. He'd love to help you'."

Do you not want to play live much at the moment?

"Not at the moment, no. (LA Music Biz voice) We've got to get our shit together, man. Look at the music papers and you'll see all these bands doing 30 day tours with only one day off in between. What's the point? They're wrecking themselves, or else they're plain mad. It's not helping themselves or anyone. You can't put on a show that's meant to be your best night after night. You just stagnate.

"The Rainbow dates — which we're promoting ourselves, you know — should be fun, though. There'll be no old Sex Pistols' songs, I can guarantee you that. We'll just come on, do our set and that'll be it. No encores. I don't like encores. It'll be Wobble's first time onstage ever. What a place to start.

"What do think to our little epic, by the way?"

Oh, I like it very much. That first track — "Theme" — reminds me of Can . . .

"Can? Ohh, what a nice compliment. I thought we were 'heavily influenced by reggae'. That's what they all throw at us. We can't understand it."

I liked the disco track . . .

"'Fodeerstompf'? You should've seen Branson's face when he heard that. If only I was there. I was just told. He was furious.

"You know, people are bitching that the album doesn't sound like the Pistols, but if I'd have had my way the Pistols would've sounded like Public Image. It was good when we started, the Pistols. Rubbish Rock it should've been called. I just loved the cluttering of it all. Complete breakdown of music. But you can't do it anymore. It's been washed out. Watered down."

But I think the album will definitely disturb a lot of people . . . "Well, it should make if clear that I can do it in more ways than one. 'Religion' is probably going to get me killed. But

"Singing in a band? I just thought 'Whoopee, a bumpkin like me who can hardly be bothered to talk!'"

then again I'm used to that. That track's against a few hypocrites I know intimately. Pompous arseholes who dress up in their Sunday best, stupid old bags in silly ridiculous hats putting money in the plate. Ridiculous — nothing to do with heaven and earth or anything. That all died a long way back."

Did you have a Catholic upbringing?

"Oh, (nods) I'm not against the Church. I'm just against what it's turned into. Because it's not a bad idea to have something to look forward to. That's what all religions are."

Was there a stage when you stopped believing in it? Do you still believe?

"I couldn't be an atheist. What would be the purpose? I can't accept the idea that when I die my brain will stop working. I don't see how it can. If it does, then what's the point? I might as well kill myself now and get it over with."

But I don't think that one necessarily has to look to organised Christian religion or whatever to . . .

"Well, that's just one way of looking at it."

To still believe in the continuation of the spirit . . .

John doesn't appear to want to pursue this line of thought and shifts the subject somewhat with "You liked 'Theme" did you, then?

"Virgin didn't like that either. 'How can you write a song about wanting to die?' Well, hell. Don't you feel like that some mornings?"

Oh, quite frequently, yes.

"We did that about four or five in the morning. We'd already done a couple of takes but the machine was wrong. Really irritating. I think it sounds great. It's like there's a barrage of guitars all over the place but it's just Keith's one guitar. He's amazing — the racket he can get out of that thing! He's got all the madness that the Pistols had at the start."

I thought the single was excellent.

"A lot hated it. Burchill condemned it to high hell. I thought that was really funny. She tore it to pieces. Well, not the record. She said the music was alright. It was just me — really bitchy. So funny. I thought 'There's more to this than meets the eye, that's for sure'."

I understand you did the album in a lot of different studios . . .

"All over the place. The Manor, the new Virgin London studio at Shepherd's Bush, a reggae studio in Wardour Street. We used nearly every studio there is. We ran out of them in the end. They're all so-o-o-o bad. They all cater for MOR sounds. If you want anything out of the ordinary out of the desks it gets really difficult. To get the sound that's on that album is so hard in those places.

"You have to go through so much bullshit. And all it is is trying to get a live sound — the way any band should sound on stage. So what's the difficulty? Well, for one, you've always got shithead engineers who won't show you the ins and outs of things and who scream blue murder when you turn anything up full."

It's odd how these engineers are usually such dull people . . . "Yeah . . ."

It's probably sitting in those studios all day and night that does it . . . "They're like bank clerks. They adopt a stance and stick to it rigidly. Pathetic. And they're all so quiet spoken and get furious whenever you turn the monitors up full."

Did you write all the songs since the Pistols split?

"Yeah".

What about "Religion"?

I started that in America."

Was that what started off as "Sod In Heaven"?

"That's just one line. I had the idea for it in the last band. Except they wouldn't listen. Except for Sid, and he was too out of it (laughs). So it never got around to getting further than on the page. They never got around to doing more than picking up a guitar and trying it out. That annoyed me."

Did you have that trouble a lot?

"Yeah. My job then was as singer and to write the words. I didn't see why I should have to come up with the tune as well. That was a bit out of order, I thought. It's like just carrying dead wood then. It's not on."

So all this must seem very refreshing . . .

"Mmmm . . . (laughs) . . . it'll be a laugh".

Listen, it really does seem that for the past couple of hours the one constant to our conversation has been the awful hopelessness of the music business . . .

"Look, I want to change it, right? I want to change *all* that. But I just don't see how at the moment. It's going to take years. I'll have to do it more skilfully this time. But it'll be with a vengeance. And they won't know . . ."

In the "Public Image" song you sing that you're "Not the same as when I begun" . . .

"Well, I'm not, am I? I've learned a lot. I now see what's on the other side of the fence and I don't like it. But at least I know how to protect myself from it a bit better now. I won't get messed up like the last time. No-one in this business is ever going to walk on me again. I'll do the walking. I feel exceptionally strong about that.

"It's no good being nice and young and naive. There's no good in that at all. You've got to do it all yourself and you've gotta learn quick. And you can't look for sympathy either. Like all my moanings at the record company. Why the hell should that interest anyone?

"But it is a fact and it does happen and anyone who's looking forward to a nice career in the music business should think seriously about it. Suss it out proper before they go into it."

The old line is, 'Oh, we're not businessmen. We can't handle all that'.

"So employ an accountant. Employ someone to help you. It's not business. It's your bread and butter. It's about keeping creative control."

LIKE WINSTON Rodney or Lee Perry in Jamaica, Captain Beefheart or Neil Young in the States, Kevin Coyne or John Martyn or in the UK, John Lydon/Public Image has already stated his/its case as one of the great innovators in modern music, the kind of vital out-on-the-sidelines figure(s) that not only provide their fellows with inspiration via their craft but also let the vast lumpen Music Business know that at least some people out there have its number.

One thing we can be certain of with Public Image is being certain of nothing. Except the inevitability of constant change.

You're probably going to have to pace yourself to keep up with them, but it'll be good alright. Very good indeed.

As far as John Lydon goes everyone has their theories.

But in the end, you know, he's just a bloke really.

Just a bloke.

DISGUISE ON TOUR

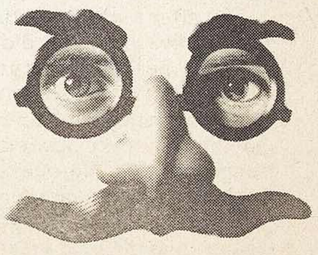
See the real John Cooper Clarke on tour with Elvis Costello

DECEMBER

18 DOMINION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON
19 DOMINION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON
20 DOMINION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON
21 DOMINION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON
22 DOMINION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON
23 DOMINION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON
24 DOMINION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON
27 Top Rank, Brighton
28 Guildhall, Portsmouth
29 Pavilion, Bath
30 Odeon, Canterbury
31 New Theatre, Oxford

JANUARY

2 Pavilion, Hemel Hempstead
4 Gaumont, Ipswich
5 Odeon, Birmingham
6 Assembly Rooms, Derby
7 Empire, Liverpool
8 Free Trade Hall, Manchester
9 St. George's Hall, Bradford
11 City Hall, Newcastle
12 Apollo Centre, Glasgow
13 Capitol, Aberdeen
14 Caird Hall, Dundee
15 Odeon, Edinburgh
16 Market Hall, Carlisle
17 Guildhall, Preston
18 City Hall, Sheffield
19 Victoria Hall, Stoke
20 Leeds University
21 Coventry Theatre
22 De Montfort Hall, Leicester
23 Civic Hall, Oldham
25 Odeon, Taunton
26 Exeter University
27 Sophia Gardens, Cardiff
28 Locarno, Bristol
29 Gaumont, Southampton



JOHN COOPER CLARKE

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a slap round the ear with a wet fish

or

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Just send us any four pictures from the series and complete the limerick below.

All limericks will be judged by a panel of experts (not including Brian Clough, Magnus Magnusson or Miss World) and if yours is the winning entry you'll win a lavish, all expenses paid night out for you and your pal, with John Cooper Clarke and his pal. If he can find one.

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Name _____

Address _____

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CBS Records,
17/19 Soho Square, London W1.

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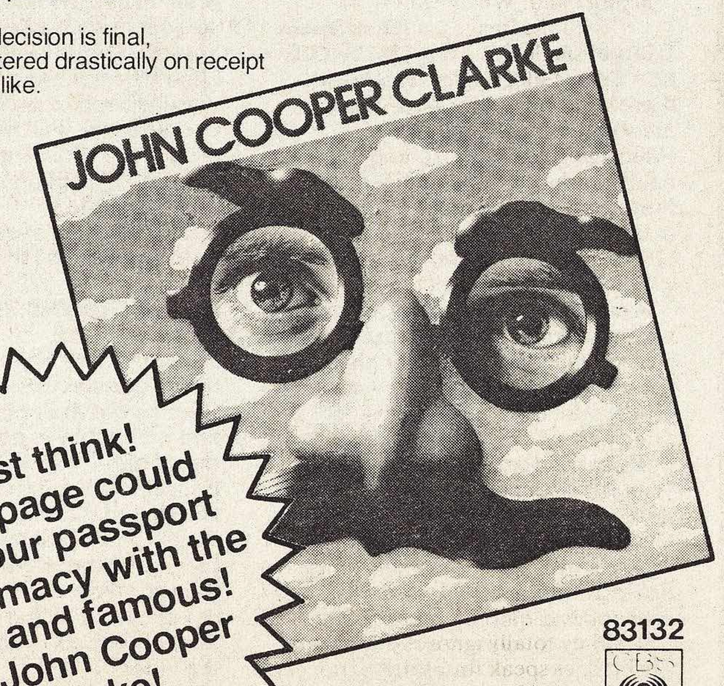
but can be altered drastically on receipt
of a few bob, like.



Just think! This page could be your passport to intimacy with the rich and famous! Or John Cooper Clarke!

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Record & Cassette

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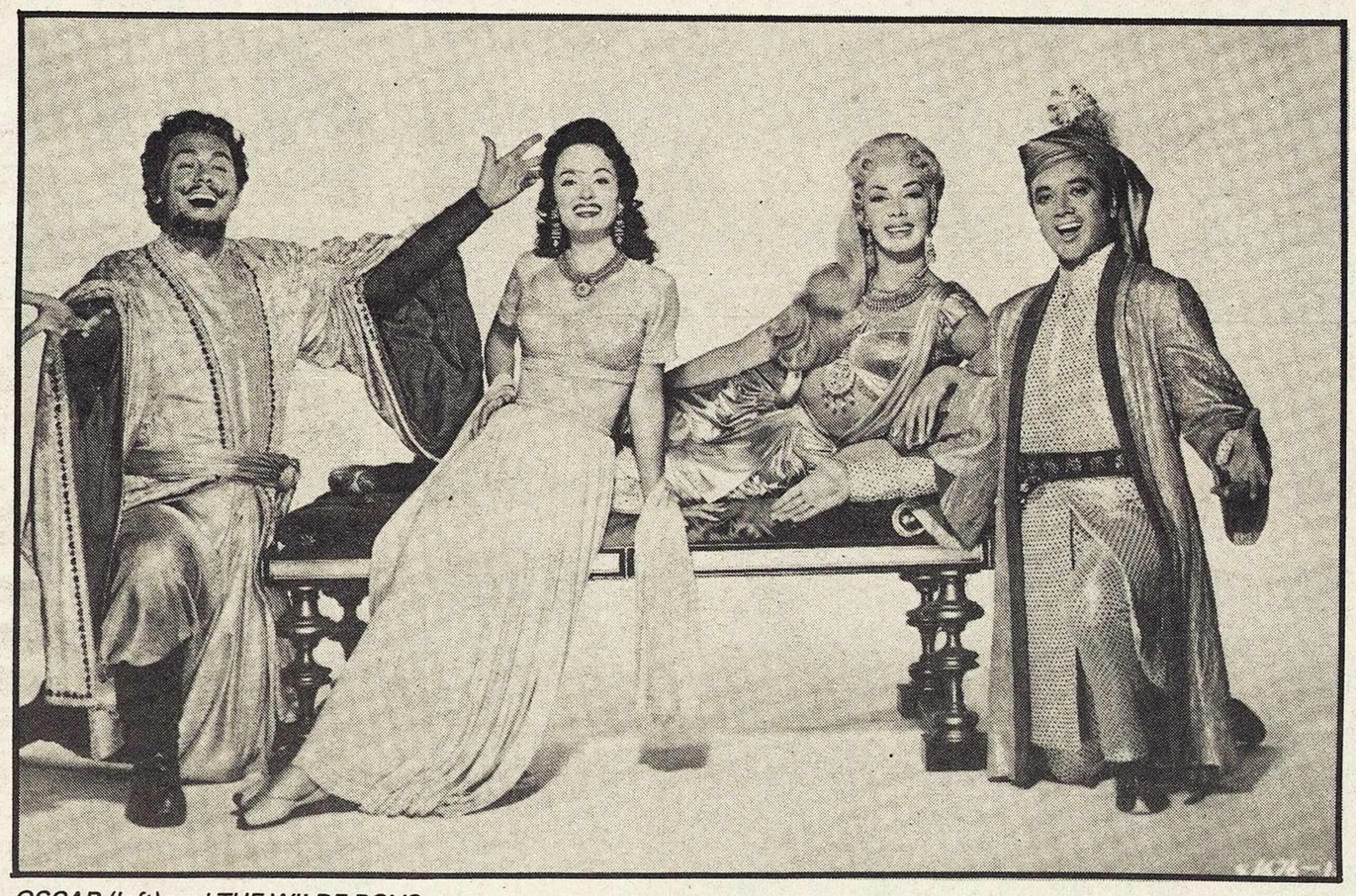


OSCAR (left) and THE WILDE BOYS.

PARODIES REGAINED

WOOLLEN, STRINGER, BEDFELLOW & LYDONANON: Fame *(Expense-Account Trattoria Records)*
This putridly pathetic rancid reworking of ageing glam-gran Divided Bozo's plastic-soul shit-droppings by the UK punky-wavers' answer to pensioned-off Yankee closet-case quartet CSM&Y makes me PUKE! They want fame? They wouldn't know fame if it came up and bit them on their cosily-coutured lard-arses.

It's not easy being famous, you fatuous fools.

Pity your Humble Hero, sitting here in his North London garrett review-cell with his fan-club secretary Moral Re-Armament campaigner Jollywell Birchemall by his side, soundtrack from *Oklahoma* on instant replay on the drastic duo's Dansette, while your H.H. ponders the REAL problems of fame — like will there be some fawning faggot film-crew waiting to interview him and memorialise his boatrace on soft-celluloid at the Karnaby kinderbunker if he bothers to go in to work to sort out the fanmail; like how many more copies of his best-selling novel *The Boy Looked At Tony* does he have to autograph before Pratto Books send round the first consignment of intellect-enriching amphetamine sulphate as stipulated in his cigar-smoking fat-cat contract — and you honestly expect me to REVIEW this poxy puce-coloured vinylisation of The Great Punk Sell-Out by a group that isn't fit to lick the One True Star Joan Jett's pectorals (sorry, plectrum): Joe "Give 'Em Enough" Stringer (and let's hope he hangs himself), spazzo-rich-kid turned failed-punky-waver-tsar with The Cash . . . Paul "This Is The Modern" Woollen, the Sonny and Cher of Power-Pop! . . . Pelvic Bedfellow, the little diminutive stunted pervo dwarf! . . . and Ex-Pustule Lydonanon, the one-time Sex shop scumsurfer who lost his bottle after Uncle Malcolm cut off his allowance (and his balls, by the sound of it), and resurfaced as a flea-bitten Experimental (haha) shadow of his former ghost-head's death-mask visage self . . . YOU MAKE ME PUKE!

Fame? You just ain't got a clue.

Tiny Portions

MINK DEBILITATE: The Pointy-Boot Song *(Wally)*
First things first, the writer demurs, as with an eye half-cocked to the *longeurs* of approaching deadlines, he declares Mink Debilitate's brazen revamp of Shirley Ellis' much lauded "Clapping Song" to be a proverbial long-necked goose.

Indeed, the feisty uptown manners displayed on "Spanish Lurch" and "Honda Trot" by Debilitate and his Italo-Bronx cronies, when compared to the feeble kamikaze strafings of the "Pointy-Boot Song", knocks the latter into a veritable cocked hat.

More to the point, the swarthy cut and thrust of Debilitate's lyrical Mondo-rama, glimpsed all too infrequently at the best of times, is reduced to a maudlin and pitiful spectacle that relies on a half baked vaudeville vogue along the lines of *"2 . . . 6 . . . 9 . . . Those Pointy-Boots are mine"* for its none too devastating effect.

A pity.

Nick Spent

OSCAR LA THUG AND THE WILDE BOYS: Chant It Proud (I'm A Het And I'm Loud) *(Wax Ambivalent Internationale).*
Happy anniversary, darling. It's exactly a month ago today that I first wrote about Oscar La Thug and The Wilde Boys. Young Liberals were suspect if you were a Wilde Boy.

A rabid disciple of the band's superpunk HM acidpop music since the dawn of time, on that occasion I courageously — and, I might add, quite correctly — criticised La Thug & Co for the despicable death-threats on their Wax Ambivalent Internationale debut, "We're Only Here (To Pick On A Queer)".

Since my historic article, every self-righteous little hack in the cosmos has displayed messianic moral fervour when writing about The Wilde Boys. And here's the rub; did *one* of the snivelling, politically naive trendies admit who did it first? Did I get one iota of credit? Did I hell!

Well, I've changed my mind and I bet all the egg-stained book-worms are feeling pretty damn silly now!

It's just too, too easy to accuse La Thug of jumping on the latest socio-sexual-politico bandwagon. Remember, La Thug is the only self-confessed heterosexual member of the band — The Wilde Boys are all real screaming nellies, I can tell you.

Written initially as a venomous piss-take of male straight complacency, "Chant It Proud (I'm A Het And I'm Loud)" is both misinterpreted *and* completely bizarre (not to mention enormously stimulating) when lustily, gustily sang by the lungs, mouths and throats of a predominantly "bent" audience.

But amazingly, La Thug is the very first major rock singer to simply *be* heterosexual rather than tout his bulging, leather-clad scrotum normality as a means of cheap, dirty, squalid tittilation.

Oscar once confided to me over buttered scones at his grandmother's one Sunday afternoon that he has a hysterical horror of appearing "butch" because for him it's not a fanciful flirtation; it's hard fact, and I mean HARD. He frequents straight pubs like the Jack & Jill in Jarrow where boys and girls openly hold hands, fondle, caress and so on without the slightest embarrassment or snickering innuendo. But the Jack & Jill in Jarrow has been the subject of sporadic kamikaze lightning raids by the local Young Liberals dominoes team and Oscar was inspired to pen the backs-to-the-wall hard-line anthem, "(Girls Aren't) Soppy (Really)", probably the next single. A brave choice.

La Thug may even turn out to be as important as I think I am.

Feel MyTease

INSECT QUEENS: Inflation *(Balloon Farm)*
Indeed. Not to be confused with Deflo, or even Interflora, the Insect Queens get their pincers into a thin and malleable — not to mention mandible — parcel of hot air, which probably explains the wisp of smoke emanating from Mr Jet Cardboard's cranium on the picture sleeve. If this is the sleeve, they should be congratulated for not showing us the whole coat. If this is the record, I'd rather not see the video.

"Inflation" would seem to have been blown up past its limits, though it moves at a fair old carapace, rather in the manner of Mr Hank Marvin when accepting another engagement as cabaret for *Miss World.* The Insect Queens would do well to do likewise, which is another kettle of fish. Mr Cardboard appears to be under the impression that he'd butterfly from the studio at any moment, while drummer Sally was most under the weather the last time I spider. A moth unexceptional performance, therefore, though it sounds not unlike Mr Elvis Costello. Or Mr Jack Jones. Or Mr John Cage. Or Ms Suzi Quatro. Or else. I can't wait for them to go pop.

Boob Edstand

SID FROG: Stink *(Existential Boredom Records)*
Somebody must have been telling lies about me, because without doing anything wrong I woke up and found myself quoting Franz Kafka. Erich Fromm. Schoenberg. Kermit.

This was crucial. Fertile. Courteous. Sympatheric.

Frog is one of The/People (Park/Merry, Lydonanon, Vic Luc Godard, Shostakovitch) applying the pushing, pulling, pulsating, spherical ryhythymmums of Eberhard Pantywursts's 'musique/musik' to punk/etc.

Another crucial record.

Pale/Merely

JULIAN JUICE-FRUIT AND THE FUNKADELICIOUS FLITS: Ain't Gonna Get Stroppy 'Neath No Strobe Light No More (With No Big Fat Stigwood). *(Deptford Disco Spiv Inferno).*
Rollocks! Stick the thesaurus in Travolta's screen-debut glass-bubble doom-tomb! Louts with left feet at the end of both legs, tremble in thy bumpers! Handsome! Balls! Boogie!

I reviewed this teararse tot when it was a twee twelve-inch Transylvanian import suitable for back-drop muzak for Grant Santino to shave his failed thighs to. Since then I've had the opportunity to completely re-mix, re-model while spending a leisurely weekend at Giorgio's pad and it is at last worthy for my loyal legions of outrageously funked-out followers to fork out the ackers.

A call and response cracker handclap mesh of primal power extracted from the holy molars of Levi Stubbs himself, a veritable beefy bivouac of bass-line brawn like the mighty Millwall meat and onion Mafia in full cry and running a tarred and feathered ref out of South London on a rail after a home setback at the Den.

And if any of you blow-dried Oxford Bag toe-rags wanna chortle at these dudes' bad-ass antics then I just hope you're a bit partial to hospital food.

D. Any-Blacker

PETER OUT: I'm Under You *(S&M)*
A girl like me can't help but feel sorry for the kind of boys who have to get jobs in hairdressing salons because waving those hair dryers around in a room full of Y chromosomes is the only way they can make up for Mother Nature's shortcomings.

I used to like you, Peter, when you were just a glamorous face that didn't know any better than to go along with your manager's next brainstorm. America's sons and daughters knew they could trust you because you were so innocent, so HAPPY! But now the closet door is open and you've been caught reading Greek philosophy with your bully boy buddies once too often.

So, you and Ultravox can both take all your petty little "dehumanised" traumas and stick them, because making a selling point out of a person's human failings went out with passing joints at rock concerts. Anyway, you're much too fat.

And I honestly don't think a *rilly* hysterical person like myself can ever see beyond that.

Cruelie Bitchell

THE WHITE SUPREMACIST TRANSITIONAL CHROME BAND: Ubi Arcano Dei (Ubi-doobie-do) *(Post-European Records).*
In 1879, Arnold Kronenberg was born in the small pig-farming village of Saukraut, Bavaria.

Passing briefly through the Franco-Prussian War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Great War, the Second World War (not quite so great, ha, ha), we arrive at the present — the historic moment when Kronenberg, after a lifetime of stuffing bratwurst sausages, invents the mega-chromatic scale, a Westernised variant of the Polynesian Golden Rain Chant (the modern dance?).

"Ubi Arcano Dei (Ubi-doobie-do)", a work comprising three movements (a direct lift from Webern's 16-second String Quartet Opus 76 'Trombonus', gannet wheezing in unison on Baffin Island and vibraphonist Hermann Munster reading sections from Sartre's *The Goat* in Serbo-Croat, inaudibly) has as much to do with 'rock' or, indeed, 'roll' as the time Valerie Singleton spotted me in the *Blue Peter* studio audience and winked.

Useless to suppose that 'people' will hear the noise on this record. How absurd.

Be missing you.

Ian Pedant

SORE EYES JAMESON: The Chicago Compass Case In My Hand Walkin' My Subpoena Blues *(Vineyard 8th Avenue Records)*
Thing one: at this moment in the modern world's bodyclock (digital, natch) Sore Eyes is burning up more audiences than anything this side of a Chieftain fitted with a 1938 Les Paul Rosewood Sunburst with modified Strat treble pick-up.

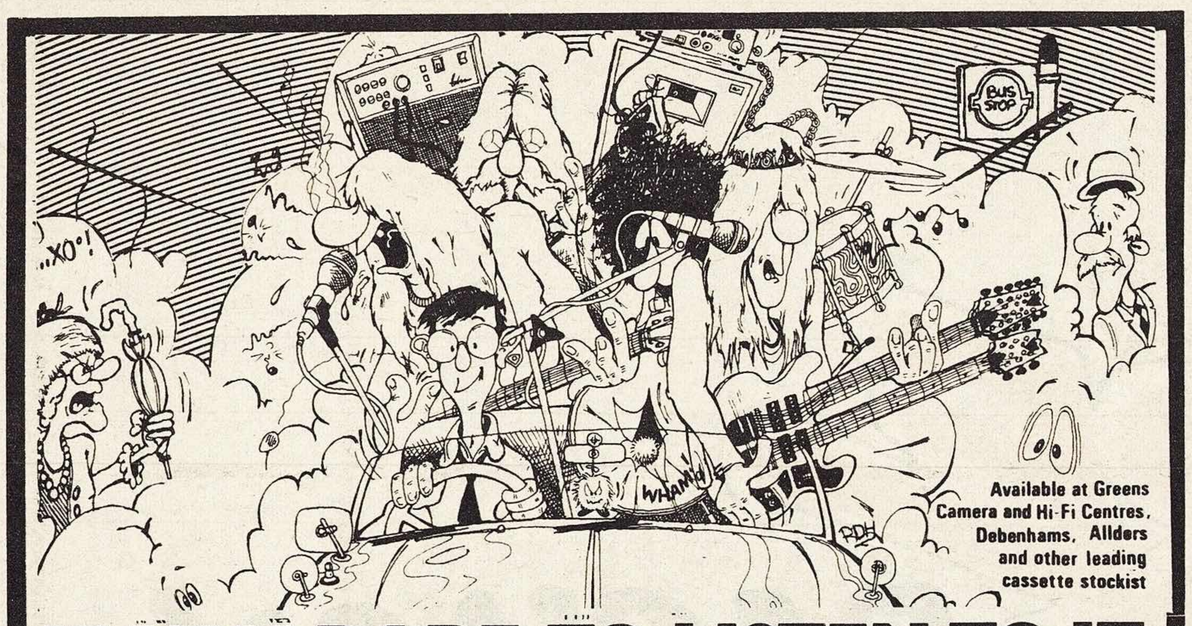
Mistuh Jameson has one motherluvin' parallel universe of a jailbreakin' eye-shadin', stampin', vampin' 'n' goin' to the bathroom too much band behind him, and if that bass player (excuse me, Mr That Bass Playerm'am, but a parenthesis in yo pocket: the fact that your bass playin' is less powerful than a gumdrop of ah-said maaa aaaaaaaaaaaaaaa n in the ocean which separates you or I from Robert Johnson's resting place, is attributable to the fact that basses usually work much better when plugged in. Right?) will just get his shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit together, Jack, then this all-purpose customised luxury real fii iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

GARY MOORE BACK ON THE STREETS

The debut album from Thin Lizzy's ace guitarist featuring

Phil Lynott (bass/vocals)
Brian Downey (Drums)
Simon Phillips (Drums)
John Mole (Bass)
Don Airey (Keyboards)

MCA RECORDS
1, Great Pulteney Street, London W1R 3FW



IF YOU DARE TO LISTEN TO IT AS IT REALLY IS....

Typical prices
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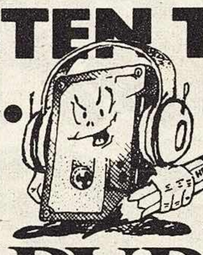

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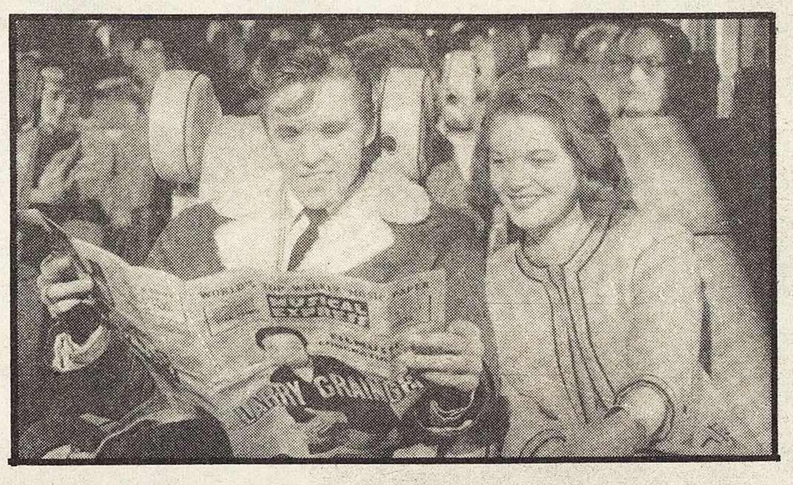

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By PAUL RAMBALI

THERE were somewhere in the region of three thousand singles released in Britain this year . . . an awful lot of platters for anyone's autochanger.

Of this grand total only a small percentage made any inroads into the nation's pop consciousness, notwithstanding the fact that single sales increased by over twenty per cent. People were buying more but choosing less.

Whatever your poison though, '78 was a vintage year for singles. Just as much a vintage year as '77, except it lacked the prominent cry of a "God Save The Queen" or a "Roadrunner". Let's face it boys and girls, the biggest blow this year was the supremely trivial infectiousness of "Stayin' Alive" and "Rivers Of Babylon". Even Giorgio Moroder had to step down for Frank Farian's space- cabaret clothes-horses and the brothers Gibb.

Those other brothers, The Ramones, meanwhile made their absolute last ditch bid for the world's most perfect pop single before capitulating to guitar solos and production values, by releasing a two-sided tribute to teenage treats, "Do You Wanna Dance" b/w "Babysitter" (Sime). And what did they get?

Hats off, though, to their Bowery contemporaries Blondie. The meagre voice and photogenic cheekbones of Ms Harry fronted four top pop smashes on Chrysalis. "Denis" and "Telephone" were covers, the latter a note perfect copy of The Nerves '76 original, and their coy entreaty to "Picture This . . ." lost out to "Presence, Dear", written by departed bassist Gary Valentine, who went on to release a slight piece of bubblegum called "The First One" from the relative sanctity of the West Coast.

Jilted John's spiteful dejection. From Sham 69 to X-Ray Spex to The Jam to Siouxsie to The Rezillos to Public Image and more. Not a week passed without something to be proud of. Even The Clash laid down their finest moments this year in seven inch form: "(White Man) In The Hammersmith Palais" b/w "The Prisoner".

But what of the rest? Those foolhardy types who, undaunted by sheer weight of product and without the hyperficial benefit of a picture disc, bravely foist their efforts upon the burgeoning singles market. What hope do The B-52s have of being the next Undertones, whose "Teenage Kicks" (Good Vibrations) took them from obscurity to national playlists in the space of a week? Well that's just one reason why I like singles; because anything can happen in the next three minutes.

Even an underwater frug party . . . the scenario of the B-52's hot US import, "Rock Lobster" (Boo-Fant), an inane but indescribably appealing record that contained such one-line throwaway gems as *"here comes a narwhale!"* and *"he was in a jam . . . it was a giant clam!"*

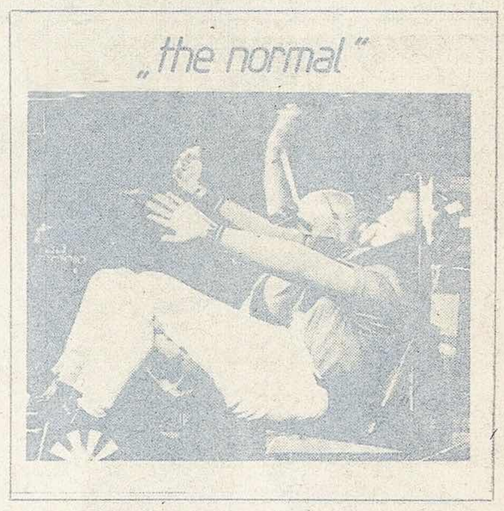
Other instances of making the most of a disposable and transient medium occurred in the space-pop field: Earle

As The Yachts or The Pleasers or The Rubinoos or The Boyfriends or The Rich Kids would have to grudgingly agree, a pop singles band without hit singles is a sad contradiction in terms. All five bands applied their wits to the manufacture of sure-fire commercial items — the Rich Kids' "Marching Men" and "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers" (EMI) emerging as the most sturdy.

But the classic pop sensibility that these types of bands touted has become a tired horse in the singles stakes, and even more ingenious and imaginative examples of the genre failed to place. For examples see The Realists' "I've Got A Heart" (Stiff), The Real Kids' "All Kindsa Girls" (Red Star); The Flamin' Groovies "When I Heard Your Name" (Sire), the last unwisely consigned to the flip of their insipid version of Cliff's "Move It"; French band Marie Et Les Garcons' "Re-Bop" (Spy); The Diodes' version of Paul Simon's "Red Rubber Ball" (CBS) and The Shoes' "Tomorrow Night" (Bomp).

But then there's even less justice in this idiom than there is elsewhere in the music industry. What counts is being the right face in the right place at the right time. Fickle but true.

Why else did the sublimely simple majesty of



Whilst back in the Lower East Side, Talking Heads have only their product manager to blame for failing to realise the disco potential of "Found A Job".

Our own forces rallied with a superbly rich and varied litany of releases. From Nick Lowe's calculating vogue to Elvis Costello's barely disguised resentment to Buzzcocks' vein of romantic irony, tapped first for "What Do I Get?" and again five times (count 'em) after that. From Ian Dury's bawdy lyricism to

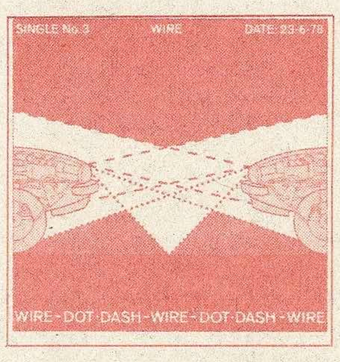
Mankey's multi-layered epic of inconsequentiality "Mau-Mau" (Bronze), The Fast's sub-Sparks "It's Like Love" (Zone), Lene Lovich's elaborate B-side pun "Lucky Number" (Stiff), Wazmo Nariz's hiccoughing "Tele-Tele-Telephone" (Stiff), the year's best psychedelic single "E.S.P." by The Twinkeyz, and of course XTC, who failed to get the hit they think they deserve with a cunning dance-floor angled re-make of their "This Is Pop?" exclamation.

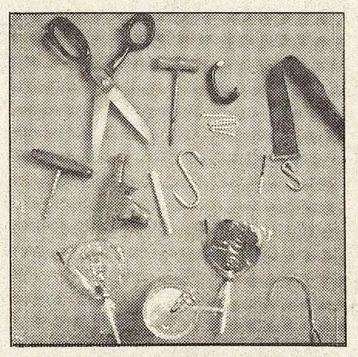
"Hong Kong Garden" hit where the same qualities in Wire's "Dot Dash" missed?

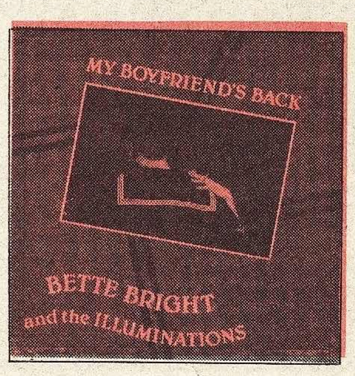
Wire's two releases this year, "Dot Dash" and "I Am The Fly" (B Harvest), managed to define their own ground without losing sight of the essential singles factors. They were contrived but not too clever and accessible but not too obvious. As were also two other more recent singles, The Mekons' "Where Were You?" (Fast) and Subway Sect's "Ambition" (Rough Trade). All four had the

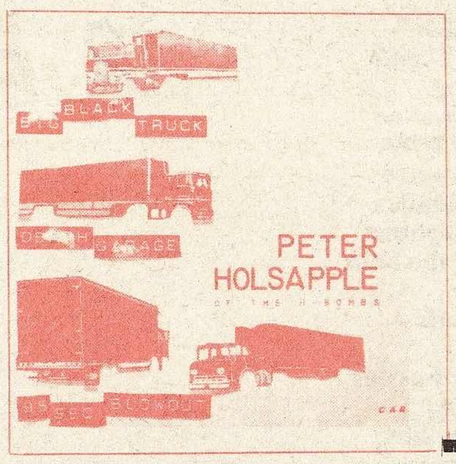
1978 was a classic year for singles. But most of the best were released on small labels with little chance of airplay, erratic distribution, and zilch promotion. Here's your chance to catch up with . . .

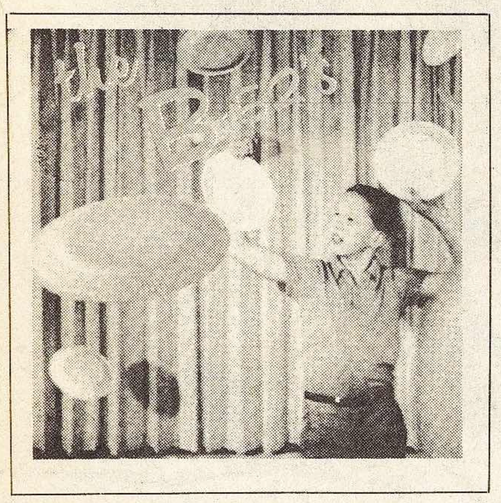
The Ones That Got Away

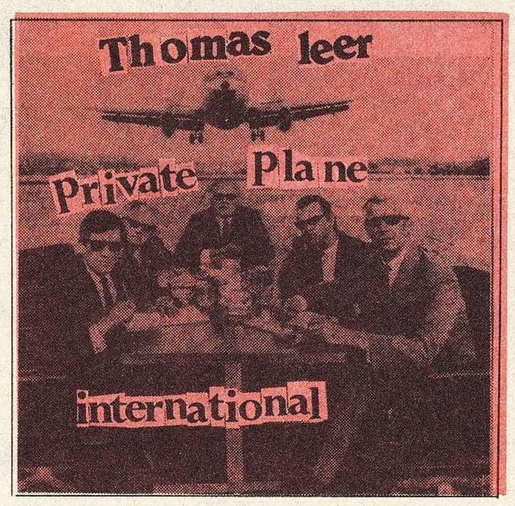












benefit of a tight, surly beat, great hooks, and that all-important tenacious simplicity of statement, which when it's all boiled down, is probably the one sound definition of what makes a single click.

The Mekons, incidentally, nearly won the Slaughter And The Dogs award for true garage-punk thrashings when they released their much more primitive "Never Been In A Riot" (Fast) earlier in the year, but were disqualified because of a degree of lyrical maturity.

The award went instead to East Sheen for their single " 'O' Level" on the Psycho label.

Both Mekons singles came out on Edinburgh's Fast Product label, whose pleasure it was to release the Gang Of Four's "Damaged Goods" EP. A brace of persuasive rock hard rhythms and drily addictive tunes with some of the sharpest examples of the ironic nihilist punk lyric this side of Poly Styrene. Their plea for sanity in Northern Ireland, "Armalite Rifle", was far less hysterical than Sham's "Ulster Boy", but no less pertinent.

Fast Product's other notable entry in this year's singles wars was The Human League's "Being Boiled", which along with The Normal's "T.V.O.D." and later the Cabaret Voltaine EP (Rough Trade) marked the recorded stirrings of the new breed of drummer-less synthesiser bands, though why drums and synthesisers should be mutually exclusive is something for Kraftwerk to explain.

All these people seem to share a desire to be seen as *normal human beings*, and not studious analytical wimps who regularly subscribe to *Practical Electronics*. The result was a kind of coyly commercial sound that reached its apex with The Flying Lizards' "Summertime Blues" (Virgin) and was put to rest by the arrival of the markedly less self-conscious and yet oddly even more commercial offerings of Thomas Leer ("Private Plane") and Robert Rental ("Paralysis") on Oblique Records, and "Joeboy" by an obscure Californian group called Tuxedo Moon.

I have to draw the line somewhere and it might as well be here. Because where do you find a bag for the mysterious and innocent prag VEC EP? Or indeed a pigeon-hole for Ed Banger's manic jazz-backed football terrace cries on "Kinnel Tommy" (Rabid).

And what bracket could contain Punishment Of Luxury's aggressively psychotic "Puppet Life" (Small Wonder), or the hilarious sarcasm of The Members' tale of bed-sit boredom, "Solitary Confinement" (Stiff), or the raucously rude mix of Alex Chilton's "Bangkok" (Fun), or the roaring anger of "Justifiable Homicide" (The Label), or Bette Bright's breathy kisses on "My Boyfriend's Back" (Radar), or . . .

All this and more could have been yours. And you'd still have change from a quid.

THRILLS

GOES TO THE MOVIES (AGAIN)

(Well, there's nothing on telly, is there?)

DEBBIE HARRY. Pic: GUS STEWART.

1. BLONDIE

AT TIME of going to press — black coffee seeping through the rolled-up shirtsleeves and tired eyebrows — the Hollywood Gossip section of *Thrills* was hanging on the transatlantic telephone, awaiting further information concerning a possible New Wave (late '70s supermarket American pop dept.) meets New Wave (mid '60s hyperaesthetic French cinema dept.) schematic cinemaphile's sallacious scenario ongoing osmosis situation.

Because .. rumour has it that Debbie Harry, Chris Stein, *et al*, have bought up the rights to *Alphaville* — Jean Luc Godard's 'science fiction' film; his original version did in fact make clever use of obscure / obscured location shots, the heart of a city (Paris) in darkness masquerading as a town / time somewhere in the future.

Hints have it that Robert Frip is being considered for the lead role — the more alert lerts amongst you will already be aware of the ex-King Crimson, ex-Brian Eno (ex-everything but lax) super-guitarist's recent involvement with Blondie, jamming with them on the CBGB's stage during a version of Donna Summer's "I Feel Love".

What with their latest "Heart Of Glass" 45 swiping the name of the same Werner Herzog German Now Wave film, and this latest murmur, the screen looms large and international for our favourite late '70s photogenic face: from the cover of Cosmo to the modern Metro.

'The Metropolis was played by Kraftwerk, Debbie Harry by Jane Fonda, Richard Hell by Montgomery Clift, David Byrne by Anthony Perkins, and Robert De Niro cameo role by ...

IAN PENMAN

2. BOWIE

FOLLOWING THE RECENT *Thrills* preview of *Just A Gigolo* — the Bow-wow-ie moving picture, remember — and the printed considered opinion thereof (9/12/78), the critic responsible was interrupted from a narcissistic reverie on Monday afternoon by a transatlantic telephone call from David Hemmings — who both directed and starred in the aforementioned / slated cinematic experience.

What came over the receiver was not the expected defence / invective / threats, but: "I agree with everything you said. But what you didn't know was ..."

The obliging and obviously misrepresented Mr. Hemmings then went on to explain that he had in fact walked out of the production of the film because of disagreements over the way it was being cut.

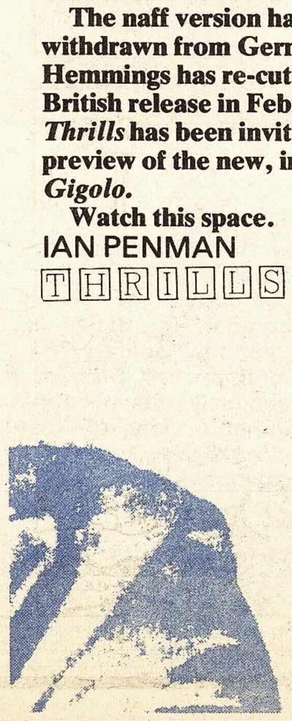
"It looks like it's been cut with a buzzsaw," he said of the version which *Thrills* had been witness to. "300 scenes which shouldn't be there, and 400 cuts which shouldn't have been made ..."

The naff version has now been withdrawn from German distribution, Hemmings has re-cut the film for British release in February '79 and *Thrills* has been invited along to a preview of the new, improved *Just A Gigolo*.

Watch this space.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS



DAVID BOWIE. Pic: JOE STEVENS.

"MANSON SAVED ME"

— Jimmy Carter's jailbird nephew

LIFE'S HIGHWAY can sure be a lonesome road to travel when you're a junkie, a jailbird and President Jimmy Carter's nephew.

But 32-year-old con Willie Carter Spann, currently serving a ten-years-to-life sentence for a bar stick-up, has at last found peace, tranquility, zen calm and all that jive in the unlikely shape of the haggard Graham Nash-looksalike in the cell next door, one Charles Manson.

"I really like him," swoons Willie at the thought of the counter culture folk hero and mass-murderer on the other side of his cell wall. "He's my neighbour and he's a hell of a guy. Charlie Manson is my friend."

Wee Willie *scorns* those who suggest that Big G could take the place of his Chaz.

"A lot of Christian people write me and say I should have salvation and that Jesus will cleanse me of my sins. As far as I'm concerned the person that talks to me, that helps me get rid of my guilt, the *only* person that's ever talked to me about that and given me any understanding is *Charlee* . . ."

And the Carter kid *derides* those who suggest he should use the family muscle to get himself a cell with a view in his Vacaville, California prison.

"I'd *hate* to do like the rest of my family. They're really prosperous now because they're Jimmy Carter's family. I'd hate to ride on that man's coat sleeves like that. I'd hate to do that."

UNCLE SAM

THRILLS

GRABBA GRABBA HEY!

WHEN THE New York-based Sire label switched distribution to WEA earlier this year, they pressed up a limited edition sampler for promotional purposes.

Ten of Sire's fave raves (well, they like them) were featured on this green vinyl artefact, dressed up in a gloriously trashy pink quilted plastic sleeve, and according to our financial adviser Roy Carr Inc., copies of this grubby product are currently changing hands at £20 a throw.

We've got six of the bleeders, and if you want one, just coin a pithy caption for the picture of Joey Ramone (the tall ugly one) reproduced here in wunnerful monochrome.

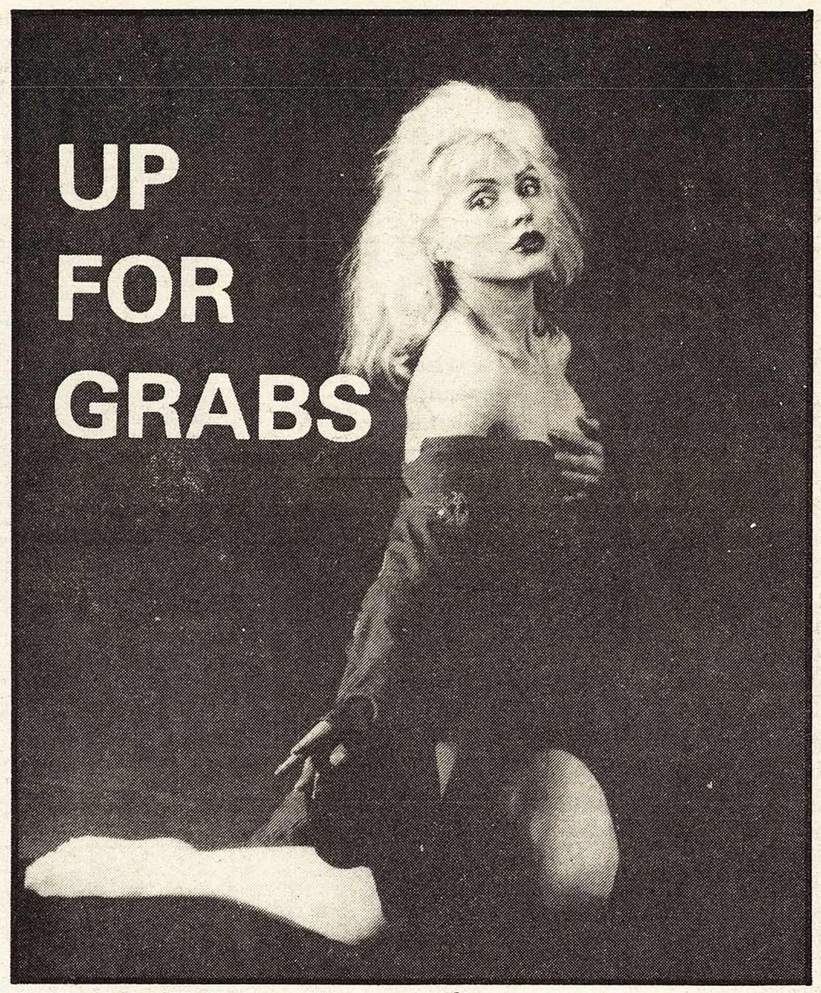
Don't worry, we'll take the seasonal postal lull into consideration.

The Rezillos, Talking Heads, Paley Bros, Flamin' Groovies, Ramones, Dead Boys, Radio Birdman, DMZ, Richard Hell & The Voidoids and Tuff Darts — all for the price of a 9p stamp.

Send your gem to: Ramones Competition, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W.1.

THRILLS

UP FOR GRABS



"32B or not 32B — that is the question."

WITH A coruscating wit which would have done Benny Hill proud, the nation's true blue Blondie fans responded to the "Up For Grabs" Debbie Harry picture caption comp *(Thrills* 9/12/78) by sending us enough double entendres on the lady's accoutrements to cause apoplexy amongst the liberals here *(Where? — David Steel)* and the postman's teeth to drop out.

The winner is Jack Haynes, of Swinton, Manchester, with: *"32B or not 32B, that is the question."*

And the other four people who'll be receiving a copy of the American-pressed 12-inch cut of "Heart Of Glass" are:

Ivor Daniel, Portswood, Southampton — *"Debbie Harry atop the grille of her new Rolls"*

D. Norman, London N22 — *"There's also an optional 12 or 24V battery adaptor that can be fitted inside"*

Donald Keir, Winchcombe, Glos — *"Hurry up and take the pic, me padding's slipping"*

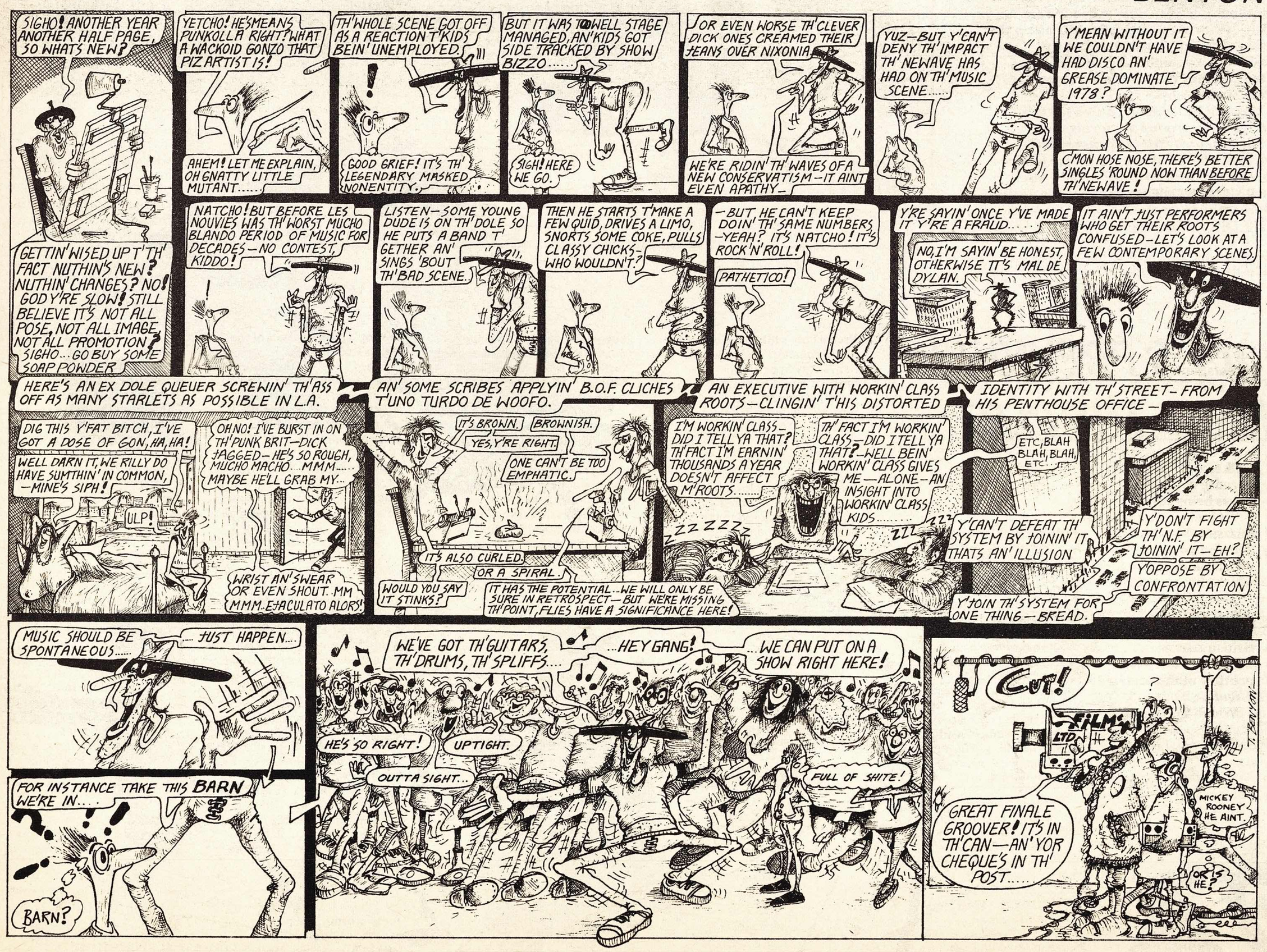
Martin Codbag, Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk — *"Hand over the prize"*

We will, we will.

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON



OH BLACKMAIL! UP YOURS!

WELL, WELL — now who could *this* germ free adolescent be? Observe those pearly gnashers (nary a brace in sight), the day-glo lipstick, that trimmest of figures decked out in those oh-so-working class dungarees — just the way a girl should be in a consumer society, right?

Give in, *Blackmail* fans? Then step back and let *Thrills* end the identity crisis by introducing you to lickle Mari Elliott. At least, that's what this 1976 biography from GTO Records (the label that brought you Billy Ocean, Gary Glitter, Donna Summer and all your other disco favourites) says.

This highly interesting document also tells us that our Mari was told "not to try so hard" when she was in her primary school choir as her voice was so loud, so she ended up miming to all the songs. A *TOTP* natural, wouldn't you say?

The biography goes on to reveal even more fascinating details about our Mari. Like running away from home at 15, a maths teacher in pre-Queen Brian May (enough to give anyone a nervous breakdown), tarot cards and woops-a-bleedin'-daisy, *fringe theatre* no less, involving — wait for it — a song and dance routine with a girlfriend!!

Laugh? Not a dry trouser in the house.

The accompanying single is pretty funny too. Judging by "Silly Billy" (GTO number GT58, collectors) reggae was Mari's obsession in 1976 when she sang this tale of unplanned teenage pregnancy which contains such immortal lines as:

"I dere Mrs Smith, you better send your Billy round quickly, 'cause he gotta little Pinkie in a spot of trouble, ja. Oh I am getting larger but now Billy say he not de farder . . ."

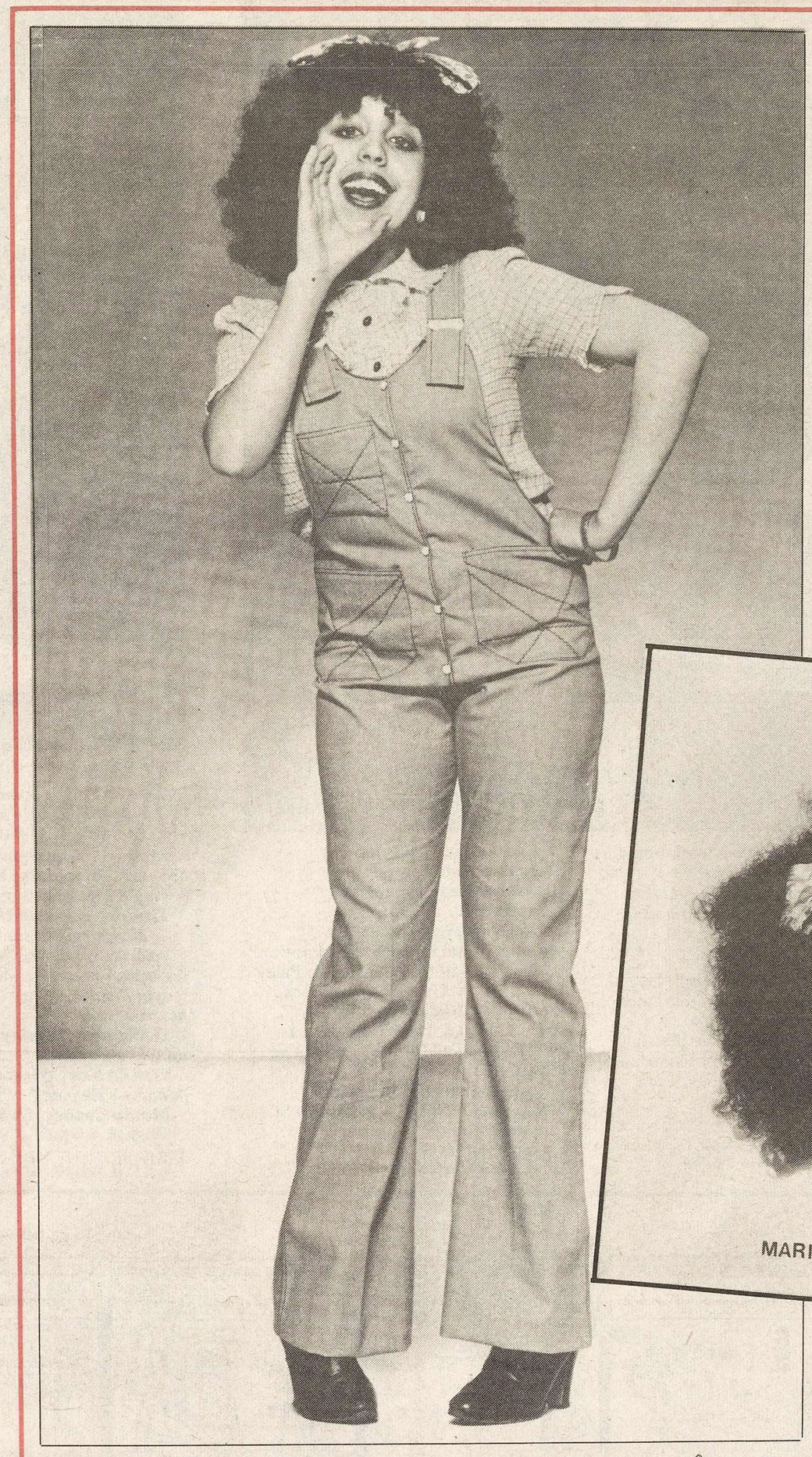
All her own work too.

The B-side, fact freaks, is a perfectly nice flutey calypso ditty called "What A Way" (with Mari singing huskily about the traumas of first time love), and was co-written by somebody called Falcon Stuart. Funny that — doesn't he manage Poly Styrene now?

***Snouds,* incidentally, dismissed this pre-genius warm-up as "no big thing" while *Monotony Maker* in its ineffable wisdom advised us to keep an eye out for this "new talented singer". *NME* wisely kept a discreet silence on the matter until a more suitable moment**

THE DIRTY DIGGER

THRILLS



A BLACKMAIL CORNER XMAS SPECIAL

POLY'S PREVIOUS LIFE — THE PLOT SICKENS...

GRACIOUS, my little love blossoms, but one *does* find it *so* distressing when one peruses some of the *hurtful* fibby-poos written in bright red *Revlon* lipstick on the ladies room mirror in *Dingwall's*! (*Such* a hovel, my saucy little sweet-meats, but until **Regine** begins business in dear old *Blighty*, what *else* can a rock'n'roll **Jean Rook** do? *No*, my saucy tickle bunnies, I wouldn't *set foot* in *The Venue* and sip my pinacolada amongst that *gauche* Virgin crowd. Stone I, the *smell* of new money! Did you know **Al Clark** *still* wears *flairs?).*

But *please* forgive this *digression*, my *edible* little earthlings. I was *warming* your pinko shell-likes with that *scurrillous* hot gossip that so steamed up my glass eye and confounded one's *delicate* metabolism so that one was quite unable to spit one's liqueur at the *horrendous* **Dickies** last week (Yankees, my dandy doodles, and it shows).

Some *common* little Camden Town muck-raker had been *covering* the ickle-gurls room mirror with *spiteful* allegations about that *feted* recording *artiste* **Poly Styrene** *(such* a personable, pretty little thing — and *such* a shame that the *talented* tootsie has a somewhat *prolonged* puppy-fat problem).

The scandal *insinuated* that the bargain racks in your local pop-shop this Yuletide would produce *concrete evidence*, if further proof were needed, that *dear* roly-Poly was in fact the *very* same 1976 GTO tax write-off **Mari Elliott** featured in ***Blackmail Corner.***

And, my ingenuous innocents, I have to break the sad news that Pretty Poly's fab 'new' waxing has *absolutely nowt* to do with her X-Ray Spex chums — modern-world-consumer-society-madness, god-it's-all-so-futile, etcetera, etcetera.

I'm only *thankful* that this *skeleton* from Ms Styrene's coffee-coloured closet has fallen into *my* discreet rubber gloves. She can rest assured that the veritable *hot-poop* will never go *better*, my merry munchkin *confidantes!* "Welcome To The Wonderful World Of Pickwick" it says on the rather *loud* sleeve, and you can take *that* greeting with a pinch of some balmy beyond you and I. Thus the *buxom* Brixton beauty is spared further *blushes*, and all loyal little *unit-buyers* need not feel *betrayed.*

Goodness, but *whoever* would have dreamed that a mere fortnight after I first placed X-Ray Spex' "Germ Free Adolescents" platter on my gramophone, I would hear the *very* same dulcet tones emanating from a somewhat *low rent* compilation imaginitively entitled "20 Disco Originals — It's Disco Fever (Limited Edition)"!

And the *more* limited the bishop's bum, my salt of the earth scrum chums.

The "stars" of the album are such legendary disco names as **Heatwave, Lulu** and **Gary Glitter,** while amongst the plethora of *other* notable showbiz names like **Al Sharp, Touch Of Class, Marianne Rosenberg, Joe, Polly Brown,** etcetera, nestles — yes, you've guessed, my astute old boots — Mari Elliott, with her *piece de resistance*, "Silly Billy".

Disco? You could have fooled *me*, **Mr. Pickwick!** Imagine **Millie** of "My Boy Lollypop" glory on tranquilizers and covering **Bobbie Gentry's** "Ode To Billy Joe" and you'll *understand* why poor Poly (real name **Marion Elliott,** of course), is unavailable for comment!

NO, YOU CAN'T trust these "punky" types, my chubby cherubs, pathologically *two-faced* the lot of them!

Take that tall, dark afterbirth **Joey Ramone,** who is *already* bitching about his brother **Thomas** (drums, retired) before the **Ramone** family drum seat has had time to banish Tom's memory and break in his replacement **Marc "Ramone" (Richard Hell** lackey and walk-on part as the horse head in *The Godfather).*

"I guess it's better this way," Joey informs *Bomp* magazine, eyes moist behind tinted milk-bottles, lower lip trembling with emotion. "Tommy turned into a vegetable. He was punchy. It flipped me out." *(Flipped Me Out* ***[hippiesus freakedi]*** *colloq. — Severely shocked, dumbfounded, wow).*

But why does Joseph want the Virgin Marcy in the Romanic manger, my putrid pets?

"He looks . . . he's a Ramone. He's always been a Ramone."

Little Joe spouts forth on the subject of the live Ramones album, my crop-top milk-sops, which he reveals will contain 28 songs (all old) and be called, thanks to the godsend of creative artistic inspiration, "It's Alive". Joey enjoyed playing a CBGB benefit for stabbed **Dead Boy Johnny Blitz,** he no longer watches TV, his fave raves are **Eater,** he enjoys doing murals and his ambition is to travel and help people.

"I'm a-gonna move down South and start a banana plantation. I'm gonna cross-breed pickles and bananas and open a health food restaurant. It's never been done quite right before."

JR hopes to remedy the Ramones Bros' interminable commercial pratfall by playing support act to a more *established* band and by moving into the lush pastures of writing TV jingles.

"We're working on going out with someone like **Black Sabbath.** I don't like playing clubs. I like big halls.

"And me and **Dee Dee** are doing a TV commercial for this new punk package. It's like a K-Tel record but it's on CBS . . . they really like us."

The Ramones, eh? What a bloody great bunch of lads!

WILLIAM RICKETS

THRILLS

The Social Whirl

William Rickets sifts the shit with the stars

INSTANT KORMA FOR KRISSMAS?

WHAT JOHN Lennon does in a week, Dublin's reptilian R&B combo The Vipers — currently supporting their Emerald idren The Boomtown Rats on tour across the UK — have just accomplished in three.

Remember "Instant Karma"? Written on a Sunday, recorded (by The Plastic Ono Band) on a Monday, and in the record shops on a Friday? Well, while not quite reaching those dizzy speeds of sound barriers, The Vipers have still been pretty quick in getting their debut single out of singer Paul Boyle's head and onto the nation's Dansettes.

Written in London at the end of November as Boyle hawked a demo tape around the capital's record companies, and rehearsed and recorded, after a stormy live baptism, in Dublin a few days later, "I've Got You" last week became the Mulligan label's first ever UK release. Pic sleeve too.

And while it's neither "Teenage Kicks" or anything earth-shatteringly original, the said record is a must for those who like their R&B cooked poppy but with the grit and hunger of old.

Inevitably, it is going to get lost in the end of year music biz snarl-up. But it deserves better. Still, there's always the tour, the band's first bite at the British cherry — to date an unqualified success.

After the band's set at the Hemel Hempstead Pavilion I asked Strummer clone Boyle how he found the English audience. (Just walked onstage and they were standing there?)

"The first two gigs we played — Bracknell and Guildford — were really heavy, all skinheads shouting for Sham 69. It was the first time in over a year that I've been scared onstage. After those two I just felt that I wanted to go back home. But since then it's been great.

"Things are very hard in Dublin for new bands — everything is very closely knit. But over here there's much more scope to do just what you want to do.

"Another thing is that over here people will actually come up to you and say that you were great if you were. In Dublin they're too busy fookin' posing."

Although accepted very much in Eire as *the* band, come next January, The Vipers will be making a big break and hot-footing it across the Irish Sea to base themselves full-time in London.

"You've just got to get up off your arse. When you've been through all the shit in Dublin and written 28 songs that you know are good, you just don't want to see it all go to waste. For the band's sake and for our own sanity we know we've got to get out of Dublin. How else are we going to be the best rock'n'roll band in the world?"

The Vipers. Ain't there something about them that gets you just there?

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

THE VIPERS
Left to right: Paul Boyle, George Sweeney, Dave Moloney and Dolan.

END OF A ROCK'N'ROLL 'EARER

THE HEALTH hazards of rock and roll were recently examined in a CBS-TV programme which claimed that "the sound of rock may be making you deaf."

On the panel was Meat Loaf, who said: "To get the dynamics and to get the instruments to sound like they should sound, it requires volume. It's meant to be felt too. Rock'n'roll is meant to be not only heard but *felt*, physically, and to be able to penetrate your skin, bones and marrow and muscle, you need electronics, and if you need electronics you need volume . . . so it's by necessity loud."

He admitted though that "it kills my ears. It's painful. I can still feel it." The big Loaf now wears earplugs on stage after a woman at a Sydney concert pointed out to him that he was bleeding from the ears.

The show's presenter, Betsy Aaron, claimed the amplified guitar was "the most damaging amplified instrument, because its high frequency sounds damage the nerves of the ear."

Deafness expert Dr Joseph Nadol of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Hospital claimed that "loud noise, however generated, is enough to do permanent damage to each of us." He claims that at least 16% of those who are hooked on discos risk some degree of permanent hearing loss.

"No one goes deaf — or very few people go completely deaf from this type of noise exposure — but the handicaps are very real and not trivial, and worse, they cannot be corrected by any medical or surgical means."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

THE VINYL TAKE-OVER

Woolworth now claim 40% and TV albums 20% of the UK record market. TV albums also provide a key to chart-rigging . . .

ONE OUT of every five albums now sold in the UK is a TV album. According to Brian Baird, the advertising manager for Phonogram, TV promotion is "the largest form in what is now, in growth terms, a static market."

Some idea of the success of the video-promoted vinyl can be gauged by the fact that the first 12 in EMI's series of "Golden Greats" have sold close to 7 million copies, each album going gold.

Only the conglomerates can afford to buy prime-time advertising spots on a national basis; costs run to approximately £20,000 for such a campaign, which guarantees that 75% of the market will see the advert five times. In addition to those costs, EMI must pay a considerable sum for the services of Collett, Dickenson, Pearce & Partners, a top advertising agency responsible for Heineken, Hovis and Texaco campaign commercials.

The trend is away from compilations featuring the work of several artists, and towards "Best Of" concoctions.

Business is booming too for all the merchandising companies. K-Tel, who recently sold a million copies of "Star Party", have now dropped all their other interests to concentrate on TV albums full-time. Arcade claim sales of more than two million for their "Elvis Presley: 40 Greatest Hits", while Ronco has had similar success with a string of movie soundtracks. In fact this is proving so successful that Barry Collier, managing director of Ronco, is now working with film producers from an early script stage, in order to tie the film and soundtrack closer together as one package.

Once again the bogey of rigging the charts raises its ugly head. *Variety* claims: "Although names and locations of chart-return dealers are kept secret for obvious reasons, it is sometimes possible for marketers to estimate, by checking a title's performance in the charts against a region-by-region TV campaign, which areas contain a high concentration of these dealers. In this way, the impact of a subsequent album on the charts can be maximised."

Selling records in vast quantities, the "can of beans" philosophy, has predictably led to the main trade in records moving away from records and into the big supermarket chains of Woolworth, W.H. Smith and Boots. Woolworth alone accounts for 40% of record sales in the UK.

All of which works against the interests of new bands. TV advertising can only work on albums guaranteed to sell in vast quantities, and will never be used to break an artist. In addition, the top five places in the album charts will almost always be filled with old material, and these retreads also take up valuable manufacturing time and retail shelf space.

It's a sign of the times.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

SUNDAY MIRROR, December 3, 1978 PAGE 23

ALL MOD CONS FOR 12½p

Sunday Mirror Reporter

"And I had to pay nearly four quid for mine!" complains a reader by the name of the Shades' No.1 Fan. Seen in the Sunday Mirror.

THRILLS

SEE WHAT'S NEW, THEN SEE WHAT'S BETTER

Every month there's a few more effects in the shops. They're maybe louder, brighter, slicker, shinier–maybe. You see them, try them, and then you know why MXR is better. Top recording stars world-wide buy MXR, and stay with us. MXR promise quality and reliability, and constant development.

Take the Phase 90; we've added a touch more regeneration for more intensity, without sacrificing that classic Phase 90 sound.–And we've dropped the price–we're like that at MXR.

Next time you're shopping around take a good look at MXR devices and you'll see that we're still the best.

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NME 23/12/78A

A NAKED LUNCH WITH UNCLE BILL

I FEEL into New York mag *Village Voice* and fish out an article called "Nietzsche in Alphaville" which is a typically *Rolling Stone* headline for this article as it happens. This being about some kind of Yankee doodle conference held in honour of ageing Jimmy Durante-lookalike William Burroughs — the most famous ex-ha-ha-junkie since Bela Lugosi or maybe Keith Richard (whoever he is).

So, quivering in the cocktail-sick grey morning, all these famous people gather for a newspaper article posey as can be and Patti Smith turns up — "stymied by bronchitis, she soloed toothily on sax, jammed briefly with Lenny Kaye (whoever he is) sang a few bars (wherever they were), and told a joke about a dog who loved to eat melons so much he was a little melancholy ..."

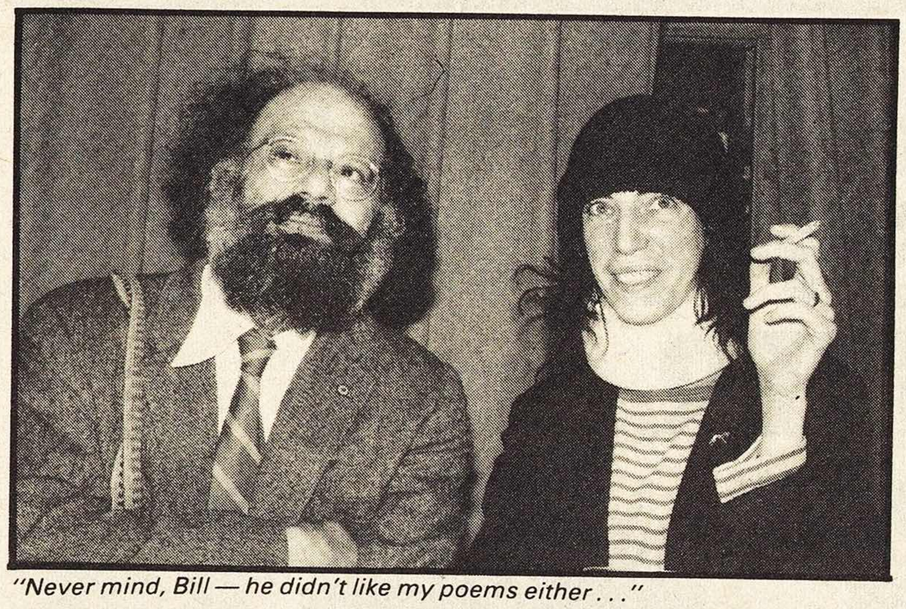
Other wearisome celebs such as graced the event included Frank Zappa, John Cage, Brion Gysin and Allen Ginsberg, who recited the following poem much to every hanger-on's delight:

PUNK ROCK YOU MY BIG CRYBABY

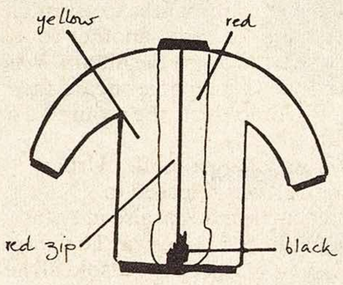
I'll tell my deaf mother on you! Fall on the floor
and eat your grandmother's diapers! Drums,
Whatta lotta noise you want a Revolution?
Wanna Apocalypse? Blow up in Dynamite Sound?
I can't get excited, Louder! Viciouser!
Fuck me in the ass! Suck me! Come in my ears!
I want those pink Abdominal bellybuttons!
Promise you'll murder me in the gutter with Orgasms!
I'll buy a ticket to your nightclub, I wanna get busted!
50 years old I wanna Go! with whips & chains & leather!
Spank me? Kiss me in the eye! Suck me all over
from Mabuhay Gardens to CBGB's coast to coast
Skull to toe Gimme yr electric guitar naked,
Punk President, eat up the FBI w/yr bug mouth.

which sound v. much to *Thrills* like a cent's worth of nothing, strictly for ageing beat poets who want to be seen to be seeing.
Seen?
Seen w/ greased pigmy and tusk up my ass
Seeing a great white explosion come from yr mouth
when I! I with my command over you, eloping from the
leather column inch of a Christmas charabang
Wherein fuck a thousand smurfs!
(Father Abraham was a nigger)

IAN PENMAN

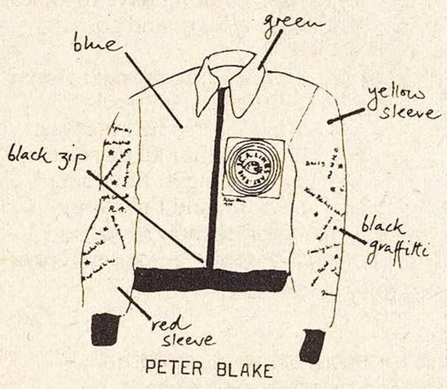


"Never mind, Bill — he didn't like my poems either . . ."

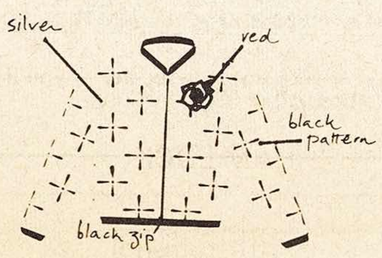


ALLEN JONES

. . . And yet more ART FOR THE PEOPLE!



PETER BLAKE



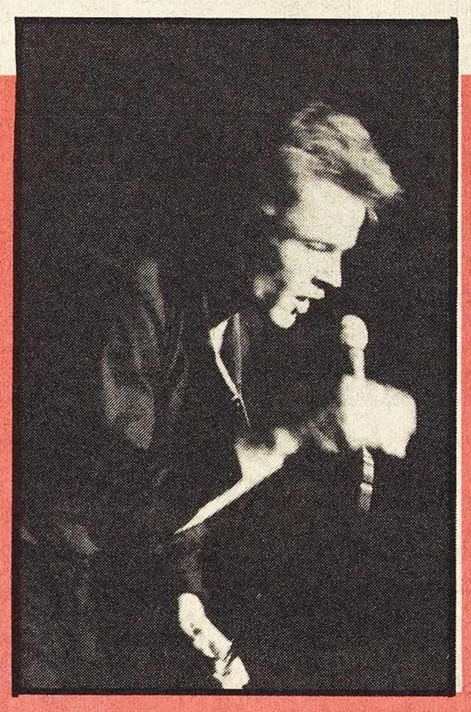
THE ICA have thoughtfully come up with a way of keeping culture close to the chest, so to speak, in the form of zipped bomber jackets, each flaunting the work of a successful modern artist. Commissioned by the Institute of Contemporary Arts, artists Allen Jones, Peter Blake and Patrick Caulfield have each designed their very own wind and shower proof jackets, hand-washable up to ten times. Just try that on your Renoir, you sceptics.

Jones' design is a red racing stripe on a yellow background, Blake's sports a green collar, blue front, one red sleeve and one yellow sleeve with black grafitti emblazoned on each, while Caulfield opts for spiffy silver and red embellishments. They can be bought direct from the ICA, or if you live in the culture-deprived provinces, by mail order from ICA ART JAKS, Nash House, 12 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1. Cost is £6.50 apiece, plus 35p per jacket p&p.

Next week, drawers by Dali, pants by Picasso.

IRENE MAGRITTE

JACK LEE



Jack Lee Didn't Have The Nerves (Ouch! — Ed) To Say No To Blondie . . .

"JACK LEE is in town," the voice said. Not *the* Jack Lee whom nobody knew from Adam until a song he wrote called "Hanging On The Telephone" became Blondie's fourth consecutive but second biggest hit? The very same. I stubbed out my cigarette and grabbed my hat and coat.

Within the hour a native of — the most unlikely of places — Alaska is sat in front of a pint of Ireland's finest relating the events that surrounded this sudden upswing of his fortunes.

He wears soiled sneakers and no socks. But this tell-tale air of living out of a suitcase is dispelled by a brassy self-confidence and new-found positive outlook. He refers to himself as Jack Lee. The Jack Lee.

At the start of '78 Jack Lee's band The Nerves, whom even fewer people will have heard of, had just broken up. Lee had been sitting around wondering what to do, and more to the point if anything would ever come of it if he did it, when he got a call from Debbie Harry. She said Blondie had been doing "Hanging On The Telephone", which they found on the one and only recorded legacy of The Nerves, a four-song EP released in '76, as their encore for the past few months. Would he mind if they recorded it?

Not only did he not mind, but he also wrote a song called "Will Anything Happen", caught the next flight out of his Hollywood hometown for New York, and persuaded Blondie to record that too.

He disputes any suggestion that it was a stroke of luck for Blondie to have uncovered "Telephone."

"Writing a song is not an accident . . ."

That particular song, however, happens to be the first he ever wrote. It was written during the years of hitching around the U.S., paying his way by busking. His most popular street-corner requests were "Tutti Frutti" and "Like A Rolling Stone" and on a reasonable day he could make upwards of thirty dollars.

From that he saved enough money to record a demo tape, but all the record companies wanted to see his band, so he formed The Nerves with fellow busker Peter Case on bass and one Paul Collins on drums.

Their first move was the aforementioned EP, copies of which can still be found. They recorded and released it themselves — an almost unheard-of venture at the time, but Lee's reasoning was simple.

"It never dawned on me not to. Nobody ever said that we couldn't do it."

His entrepreneurial spirit extended much further. The Nerves ran Hollywood's first punk club for a short time last year, which later earned them the resentment of the town's established club-owners, and even became the first band in America ever to book their own nationwide tour.

"The Nerves were ahead of their time, and we never got credit for it," reckons Lee. Audiences on the West Coast preferred their high energy, high flash pop fare from visiting British luminaries like The Jam, whom the be-suited three-piece Nerves quite coincidentally resembled.

"We'd break all this new ground and all these L.A. bands would come up and . . . By December last year we couldn't even get a place to play there.

"But then I had a very strict idea of The Nerves. The clothes, the music, what we would say . . . everything. Right from the beginning I said if we're gonna take this name then we're going to live up to it, and we did."

. . . Right up to an eventual Nerve-ous breakdown.

But at this moment Lee is in Britian putting a scratch band together to play Sham 69's Rainbow benefit for One-Parent Families on Christmas week.

His reasons for coming over were simple. He wanted to present Rachel Sweet with two songs he'd written especially for her — Lee being almost as convinced of Rachel's star potential as the girl herself — called "City Lights" and "This Song's For Lovers", and to give Frankie Miller a song called "Stand Back And Take A Good Look".

Then again, it should be obvious by now that his instincts for self-preservation and self-motivation are not lacking.

"I thought, Why be knocking my head against the wall in Hollywood when over here my song was being played like a toothpaste commercial all day on the radio?"

Why indeed.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

GOLDIE
(a.k.a. Genya Ravan)
BLITZES INTO TOWN
(without her Gingerbreads)

THERE ARE many new albums which I enjoy or admire; but this year there's been only one album that always has me dancing around the room, that slaps a silly grin of stone bliss across my face as soon as the first notes leap from the speakers. There's only one album I truly love, like an infatuated idiot, and that's Genya Ravan's "Urban Desire".

This is very probably a personal thing. Other people have heard it and said, "Yeah, it's very good, but it's just rock'n'roll." Well, alright. It's not new-fangled, it's not gonna realign the perimeters; but I'd forgotten straight-forward, street-tough rock'n'roll could be so devastating. Only Springsteen can do it as good.

Which is why, a few days ago, I went to see Genya Ravan in a luxury hotel near Oxford Street.

Upstairs, Genya sits in a surprisingly small, narrow room. Behind her is a spiral staircase. On the table before her are two drinks. One is for me, though I haven't asked for it, and haven't the faintest idea what it is. Sometimes I suspect the entire industry is an elaborate plot to turn writers into alcoholics . . .

"Three of those," says Genya, "and ya get really *blitzed.*"

Genya Ravan used to be called Goldie Zelkowitz. Her real name is Genya (hard G) Zelkowitz.

Born in Poland, she moved to New York's lower East Side at the age of 7, and during early teenage ran with a street gang called the Furies. She got into fights, rode motor bikes, was expelled from school for starting a riot. But, she says, she wasn't really a bad person. Not underneath.

"I didn't say, OK let's go rob somebody, let's go kill somebody. The only really bad thing I did when I was a kid was try to burn down the school."

She quit school at 16, ran away to California, and lived there for two years, hating it. Returning to Brooklyn, she took up "cheesecake modelling". "Cheesecake?" I ask, thinking vaguely of ads for dairy produce.

"Nude. Or almost nude. I was in *Playboy* and *Nugget*, girlie magazines. One time I had a great body, believe it or not." I believe it.

Today, dressed simply in jeans and a thin blue jersey, she looks remarkably young — a slight facial chunkiness and an air of easy authority the only evidence of her 37 years.

She began singing by chance. One night, listening to an oldies group in the Lollipop Lounge, she got drunk and a friend dared her to sing with the band. She did, and was offered a permanent gig. The Group were The Escorts, led by Richard Perry. They recorded together, had a hit in Detroit; but The Escorts were all at college, and Genya wanted to sing full-time. Chance intervened again. One evening she wandered into a bar — "there was a real shoddy group on, but with a chick playing drums. I blew my mind, ya know. I talked to her, and she was gonna leave home, so I said, come over to my place. She said, 'OK, I don't have much stuff.' The she turned up with a monkey and ninety pairs of shoes."

That was Ginger. She and Genya formed an all-women group, Goldie and the Gingerbreads (Goldie being Genya's nickname, on account of her coppery-gold hair). They played around the clubs for a couple of years,

GENYA RAVAN *Pic: ROB HALL*

doing four or five sets a night. Then they came to England, toured with the Stones, Yardbirds, Kinks, and Animals, produced.

In 1968 they split up, and Genya tried jazz-rock with Ten Wheel Drive. Then she tried solo albums.

"Total disaster. I had the worst producers ever. They didn't know or care who I was, or what I wanted to do. So I said, fuck it, and threw in the towel. I decided to learn production myself."

This she did — hanging out in studios, watching how sessions went, then working on demos with American new wave bands like The Shirts and The Dead Boys. And, inspired by the feel of the times, she decided to record again. She still couldn't get a record deal producing herself, so she did it the hard way. She made the album first, then sold it. It took her four months to assemble and rehearse the band, another couple of months to record the album. When the record companies heard the finished product, she scoured a deal immediately.

Her belief paid off. "Urban Desire" was released to near-unanimous praise in both England and America. To Genya's delight, it's already outsold all her previous albums.

"At least now I've got an album I can be proud of. I don't have to look at my other six albums and go YEEEUCH!

"Some people think my next album should be a little less, uh, rock," Genya continues. "No fucking way. I've found myself after all these years and I'm not changing it. I'm doing what I want to do, and I'm happy. What the fuck, ya know?"

A Pye person appears to say Genya has to be at the airport in half an hour; and there's a radio interview to do first.

On my way through the door, Genya shouts out that her next project is producing Ronnie Spector, that Van Morrison will sing on her next album, that she'll be touring here with her band in the New Year.

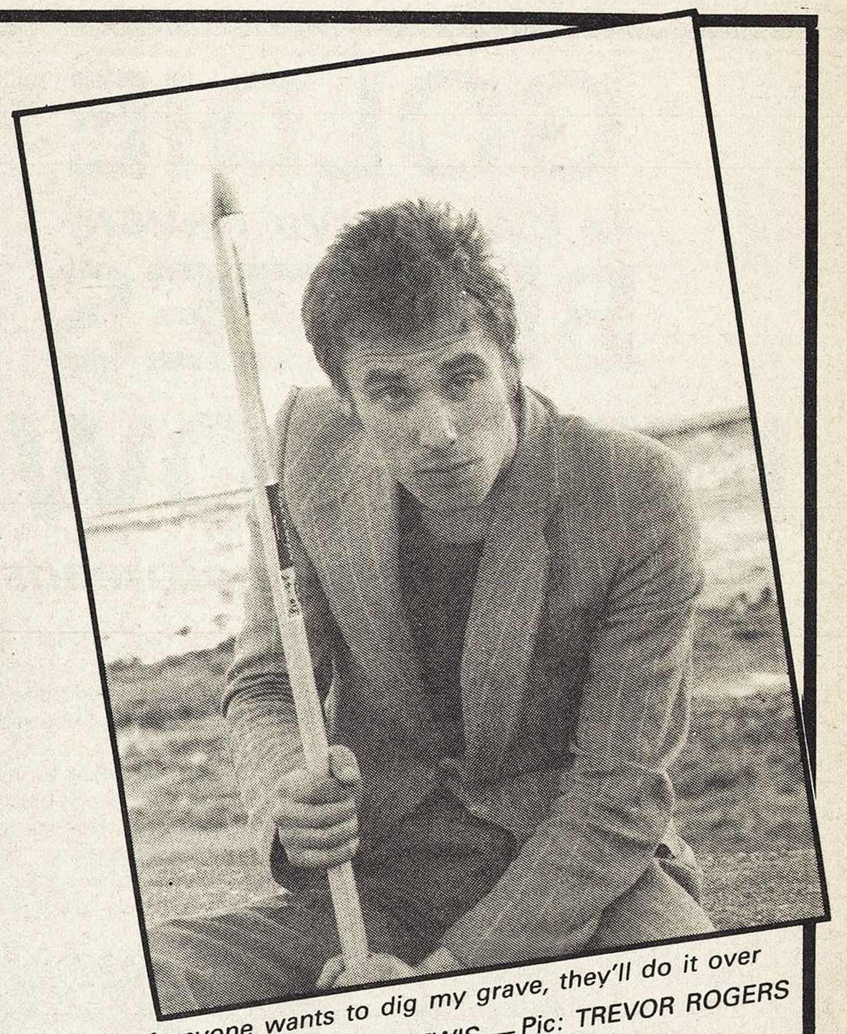
Make sure you see her — you'll get *blitzed.*

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

RAY LOWRY GETS WELL WEIRD FOR XMAS

LOWRY



"If anyone wants to dig my grave, they'll do it over my dead body." LEW LEWIS — Pic: TREVOR ROGERS

LEW LEWIS AXES PREMATURE RETIREMENT RUMOURS

HE SHAKES like a man who knows the shortest distance between two pints; he wears Dean's jacket from *Rebel Without A Cause;* he blows harp with enough reckless power to leave me deaf in one ear for a week.

With half a dozen hot bands in regular action, the R&B scene looks healthier than it has for years. People used to say it was dead, but it's never been buried, and now Lew Lewis, notorious ex-Hot Rod disaster area, is making a staggerback.

His last outfit floundered after an abortive northern tour, playing their last set to thirty die-hards somewhere outside Stoke-on-Trent. No management, less money and slender recording prospects sent Lew back to roof-tiling and living off royalties from "Boogie On The Street".

One scheme that came and went in that time was to scour Southend for string-bass and washboard players, put together a purist blues band and play it note by note. When I caught Lew shivering in the unheated bar of the Nashville ("It's either the cold or DT's"), he explained that he had no permanent residence, therefore no record collection — and "I'm not an encyclopaedia of the blues."

So he's still blowing it as he feels it, with the familiar lanky frame of Johnny Squirrel on bass and new faces Richie Taylor (guitar) and Buzz Well (drums).

The set's scarcely changed from "Lucky Seven" to "Out For a Lark". Lew's still cartwheeling and chucking harps like confetti. They're not there to be analysed, they're a dance band.

If the man can hold it together long enough I want an album this time round.

KIM DAVIS
THRILLS

THE END

ROBBY KRIEGER and the ghost of Jimbo. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

Doors (L-R): KRIEGER, DENSMORE, MANZAREK and new member. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

THE MORRISON LEGACY

JIM MORRISON'S body may lie a-moulderin' in his grave but his soul goes marching on.

When Elektra organised radio playbacks before open ticket audiences in America recently to launch the release of the posthumous "An American Prayer", they were more than gratified by the response. In New York, 16,000 people applied for 3,500 seats, sat through the record enthralled and demanded another spin. And another.

In Philadelphia, they held a seance with a qualified medium in attendance. The Lizard King wasn't around, but a black cat skulked out from behind a curtain, flashed its tail and split out the window. Another transmigration is successfully completed.

In London, Ray Manzarek, Robbie Krieger and John Densmore, the remaining disbanded Doors, looked far from ethereal when I met them at their hotel. The years have settled with dignity.

Manzarek is the spokesman, as always, in Jim's absence. A tall man impeccably dressed with every hair in place, Manzarek calls the interview shots. Understandably, the last survivors of Los Angeles' premier revolution band do not suffer fools gladly.

"It really was too bad, the papers always calling Jim the prophet of acid rock or orgasmic rock. That and the continual harrassment by the narco squad wore us all down in the end."

Inevitably, to talk with The Doors now is to exhume a selection of memories, some that cut too close. After Morrison's demise, Krieger, Densmore and Manzarek released two further albums, "Other Voices" and "Full Circle", then played out their last gig together at the Imperial College. Apart, they failed to capture the public imagination — hardly surprising given the nature of their previous incarnation.

Manzarek applied his talents with the greatest success; a vague interest in Egyptology was nurtured by a visit to the King Tut exhibition in the British Museum and an album, "The Golden Scarab". An aural crash course in the legends of sun worship, Heliopolis and the legend of Nefertiti was the result.

The critics refused to accept that a Door could achieve anything of merit in the absence of Morrison and panned it mercilessly. Needless to say, it's a bargain bin regular and a fine, amusing, relaxing piece of nonsense.

"Yeah, I've always been taken with sun worship, ever since I lay out on the beach at Venice one day high on acid, infused by the power of the huge orange disc.

"It's true that we seldom get recognised for our musical contributions even when Jim was alive. Session musicians used to say, 'That playing on "L.A. Woman" or "Riders On The Storm", now that was special,' but generally it was assumed that we were submerged behind an image."

KRIEGER MAINTAINS that they released "Other Voices" too soon after their singer's death in Paris.

"Together we had a balance. As we strayed farther apart there was nothing to bind us together, we lacked out focal point. Before, it was sufficient for us to be in The Doors. Y'know if Jim had sung 'Tightrope Ride' it would have been a hit. There *were* good songs on those final albums."

They aren't anxious to dwell on the past either. "An American Prayer" is the first post-Morrison material to get an airing.

Densmore says that if they'd wanted to exploit the past they could have done so with guaranteed results in 1972. Consider how the genius of Jimi Hendrix has been bastardised and prostituted for greed, and you'll appreciate that these three are not mercenary.

"We tried to get back to the purity of The Doors, an uncluttered sound without technical sensationalism. There was no attempt to play like we used to — instead it was like recording with Jim, music to fit the mood of the words, to amplify a train of thought, just like any Doors album.

"Every time we finished a piece we'd know he would have loved it. A psychic told us that now this record is completed, his soul is accomplished, he's free to move to another plane."

The material for "American Prayer" was originally recorded with engineer John Haeny in an Elektra studio late at night. Haeny seemed sympathetic to Morrison the poet, and when the author died he kept the master tape, suspecting the worst. It was Krieger who remembered the tapes and contacted Haeny with the idea of working up a record, as a suitable time had elapsed and the other musicians were free from commitments.

Densmore was — and still is — part of an acting workshop in Los Angeles; Manzarek's spell with Nite City had left him in a production seat, and Krieger was having no luck as a solo artist on Blue Note. His "Robbie Krieger And Friends" album was disastrous, he knows that.

This project was something all could be proud of. Rather than indulging a morbid sentiment for a dead figure, they managed to shape a unique achievement, a coherent rock poetry experience which sets Morrison's muse in its traditional, crystal-cut settings.

"We imposed the structure because there was no definite organisation. Jim went into the studio actually to make an album — he would have finished it himself after Paris. We used logical categories to reveal his life. We had no model to fall back on, so we used a film format."

Morrison, Manzarek and production coordinator Frank Lisciandro had all attended UCLA's film school in the '60s. Lisciandro was a long-time buddy of the singer's. Together they'd prowl down Sunset Boulevard and hang out on the Strip preparing footage for class, and from here arose the beginnings of Morrison's pet project "A Feast Of Friends" — pointing the camera at passing soft parades, the blocks of cars on Sunset and Vine that continued to fascinate Morrison.

The car was symbol of escape.

Lisciandro says: "It was, still is, the American escape. It's a Californian phenomenon, a view of getting out by using available progress.

"Jim had a universal voice, which is why he made a great poet — probably the finest young American poet of his generation — but he was adamant that he was that American."

A recent American survey fed names into a computer in order to come up with a new John Doe. The name the computer chose was James C. Morrison, Mr Average American.

IN REALITY, Morrison was far from average. The son of a well-heeled admiral from Florida, he spent his childhood travelling the hot south, New Mexico, Texas and California. "An American Prayer" includes a fragment of a Morrison/Lisciandro conversation detailing the poet's major childhood memory, the dead Indians on the side of the highway who enter vinyl immortality on "Morrison Hotel/Hard Rock Cafe". (Incidentally, these two landmarks, both mission houses for hobos and the financially deprived victims of the Promised Land, burnt down after Morrison's death.)

But another success in the recorded format lies in the integration of Morrison's poetic reading of "The WASP (Texas Radio And The Big Beat)", the single greatest interpretation of what it was like to discover rock and roll, the Devil's Music, for the children of flower power.

Manzarek takes up the line: "The biggest radio station in the South was in Texas, XERB, the Wolfman Jack station. That broadcast right up to Chicago where I lived — because there were no laws on radio power in Texas, it had to be the biggest. Before Wolfman came on the air, all we'd had was Connie Francis. Now here was someone playing the dirty low notes of R&B, Muddy Waters to Buddy Holly. The Wolfman had the minor notes, the backbeat."

Morrison associated rock and roll with the message of Dionysus and opposed it to the Appollonian rigour of the Eisenhower/Nixon regimes. Like Hunter S. Thompson, Morrison maintained a bitter hatred of everything Nixon stood for, pre-Watergate.

Manzarek believes that they lost the battle.

"We won the fight for appearance, but not power. Now the greed is upon the land. In LA, everyone talks of a quick killing, real estate, me, me, me. There is no united front, no universal spirit. Viet Nam was an easy focus to distract the people — we had to band against an insidious enemy. Now the enemy is death, and people ward against it with prosperity.

"In his poetry and the songs Jim always came to terms with death, welcomed it like an old friend. He never needed possessions to protect him."

MORRISON ON the road took nothing except a duffle bag, a shirt and reading material. He absorbed magazine junk, anything from *Hit Parade* to *Police Gazette*. A voracious reader and a considerable intellect (though he's been denounced since as a mumbling, incoherent drunk), Morrison lived out the life of the intellectual on the road. His favourite authors were Kerouac, Blake, Jung and the mystic poets. The first time he read Nietzsche's *Birth Of Tragedy*, it's said that he stayed awake for 72 hours, certain that he'd found the confirmation of his own voice at last.

Lisciandro, a quiet, pleasant man not given to bullshit or Californian psychobabble, remarks: "People have borrowed his style but not his universal thought."

I'd like to mention Patti Smith, Iggy Pop and Alice Cooper, but the words stick in my throat.

Lisciandro laughs off the *Melody Maker* review of "An American Prayer", but I didn't think it was very funny. The only stumbling block between assimilation of Morrison the poet and Morrison the rock singer is the insensitivity of the listener. Frankly, the aim of the record was not to come up with another "Electric Rimbaud", so Geoffrey Cannon can hive off back to the *Radio Times* where he belongs, editing letters about *The Archers*.

The film maker Sam Fuller remarked that Morrison had the rare power to "elevate an audience, to unify the spectator's ego". True. Krieger puts it differently.

"He was like the roadman, the shaman in the peyote ritual doing this strange Indian dance, hopping around waving one maracca. Our job was to produce music for the trance, a hypnotic rhythm . . . afterwards the audience would leave having heard 'Celebration Of The Lizard', and there was no applause — the effect was cathartic."

IN MANY WAYS The Doors' career closed at precisely the right time. "L.A. Woman" was as close to total mastery of the rock style as their debut. Morrison had gone to Paris to re-charge. The Doors' contract with Elektra was over, as were the '60s.

Steve McQueen had approached Morrison with a film script based on the life of a rock star which the singer had read and approved. Not for nothing did Nic Roeg place a strategic picture of Jim on Turner's bathroom wall in *Performance*. In the words of the immortal Harry Flowers, "That boy's a performer, it's his whole life."

How Morrison would have coped with his performance in the '70s is a matter for conjecture. My guess is that he was close to retiring from live rock shows. He already sounds worldweary on "Absolutely Live", the warts and all masterpiece which provides the bridge to this current album.

"An American Prayer" isn't family entertainment exactly — some of the language offends corrupted minds, but that hasn't prevented it outselling Elektra's wildest expectations. This way to Far Arden, Morrison's enigmatic English garden paradise, the tracing back to Gaelic beginning.

And this way for the best seats. Lisciandro calls the record a movie. Manzarek says, "Relax, set aside an hour, light a joint, pour a beer, turn down the lights." Good advice.

Right now The Doors are considering collecting the last rites for another live record. They won't put it out unless it's good, rest assured. Rumour has it that they might reform with Iggy fronting. On this I pass in disgust; others salivate.

It's best to let the legend rest now. Eventually Morrison might gather his friends together on the slim raft . . . Whatever, here you have a classic example of selflessness — the principal actor won't be earning a dime. So come on, people, respect those who delight and inspire you. This writer thinks that Jim Morrison was the only rock and roll artist who ever touched on vision.

Give the singer some.

MAX BELL interviews THE DOORS

MORRISON. Pic: CHRIS WALTER.

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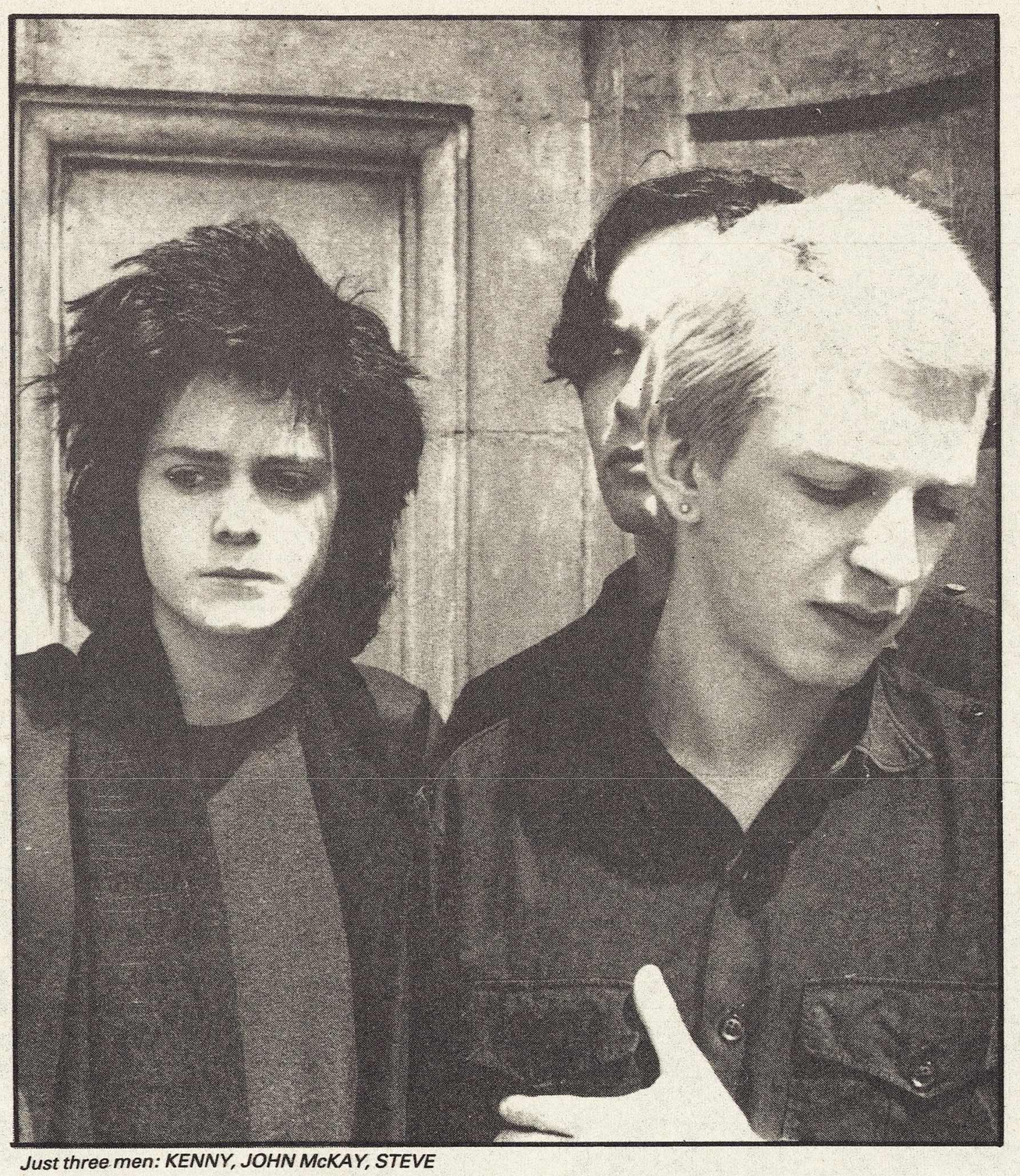


Just three men: KENNY, JOHN McKAY, STEVE

In defence of Siouxsie and the Banshees

By PAUL MORLEY

*"Have a competition in the NME. In less than a hundred words, what do they get out of Siouxsie and the Banshees?" **(Siouxsie Sioux)***

*"Everyone wants something more out of their lives. To be true to themselves or whatever. It's just that some people realise it and some don't." **(John McKay)***

*"I think that people have got to face themselves eventually . . . the whole of society's got to face itself. Not that we're going to achieve that . . . but we're gnawing away at the bottom." **(Steve Severin)***

*"We have a responsibility to ourselves . . . we our facing up to our problems, problems that should cross over to other people." **(Kenny Morris)***

I WOKE UP one morning and decided to travel up to Liverpool to see Siouxsie and the Banshees play a rearranged date at the University.

I travelled back down to London with the unit and talked with them. Recalcitrant Sioux, reasonable Severin, thoughtful Morris, cool McKay.

They are not as difficult or dour in conversation as is generally maintained, but they *are* wary, intent to some extent on keeping mysteries intact. Only about the most trivial things are their answers definite. Deeper probing, such as asking them to be specific about a certain song, draws a guarded response: "From the listener's point of view, you don't want to rob them of using their imagination — and if you're saying, 'This song is about a boy next door', then the listener doesn't have to ponder."

*"We don't read a newspaper. We step into it the way we step into a warm bath. It surrounds us, it environs us in information." **(Edmund Carpenter)***

SIOUXSIE: "I never used to read the music papers that much when I was younger. I used to buy certain people's records that I like — I never really went by anything that critics wrote, I just used to buy records. I just hope that that's the same today, but somehow I don't think that it is. I think it has changed quite a lot."

The most popular and pungent rock journalist of modern times poetically murdered Siouxsie and the Banshees' debut album "The Scream" with vindictive venom. Remember? In this very paper . . .

Siouxsie: "On one level it got me angry because people who had never seen or heard us would take that review as gospel — and that's where the danger is.

"If someone said something genuinely constructive but heavily critical — and on reasonable grounds — it would sink in a lot more. I wouldn't just think they were being stupid for no reason at all. I'd probably question it with myself. But whether I'd change is a different thing . . .

"The only thing you can say to someone like that is, 'well, if you hate so much of what is around you, and you're noticing everything that is wrong, why aren't you doing anything?' Why isn't she? She slags everything off, why isn't she doing something for the 'kids'? She's not doing anything being a journalist, just being negative."

The curtain drops on that, for now. But generally the Banshees claim to feed off their adverse criticism.

"However it's motivated," spits Siouxsie, "it has added to us becoming stronger."

"The critics' apathy or stupidity has supplied us with strength," Kenny Morris adds.

"The press is just a symptom of everything we see around us," offers John McKay. "They're not the reason we started, obviously, but they're a symptom."

It's ludicrous that we should be enemies.

SEVERIN: "We needed the press to sustain interest whilst we had no record deal, which was frustrating but the only way. Before we got the deal it got bad, we were so desperate it got as close as — on the record — signing to the BBC for them to release the John Peel tapes legitimately as an EP and — off the record . . . (buggering about with 'legal' bootlegs) . . .

"But it's not surprising to see, now that we're in with Polydor, why it took so long for us to get signed. There was nothing heavy about it. They never go and see gigs.

"And a company like that has only got ten bands to sign a year, so they have to be careful. They didn't sign us until they were absolutely convinced that we were going to make lots of money for them. And even then they were hedging their bets a bit."

Morris: "We needed, or wanted, to work from within a big record label. It's probably been said before — it's just the idea of taking a big record company to progress, to work through, otherwise you'll probably fall short all the time. We wouldn't be able to do as much as we want to."

McKay: "Public attitude will never change, if the big record companies never change. Because the A&R men won't sign up the right bands. So you've got to change the big record companies before anything else, which is what we're better able to do.

"At first Polydor thought that we were a bit of a joke, like always asking for things. They didn't really think we were serious, that it was just our 'gimmick'. But they soon realised that it's something that we're going to carry all the way through. Keep hassling them for little bits and details."

Morris: "As far as control goes, we can ask them to do things and pressurise them to do things, but it's like constantly swimming against the tide. Because they just hold you back all the time. We have to be at Polydor a lot of the time, pushing them and repeatedly telling them to do things."

McKay: "Yeah, it's enough to make you crack up. But hopefully the tide will change. Once they realise and start to move with us, things will be a lot easier.

"And it's the same with the press. To a certain extent, so many people who interview us think that they've got a nut to crack. It's like a bit of a chip on each individual's shoulder, it's their aim in doing something. They have got to have a nut to crack, rather than go *with* us."

Severin: "But as far as Polydor goes, the success of 'Hong Kong Garden' brought them over a bit."

IT WAS NO surprise that "Hong Kong Garden" should spiral into the charts just weeks after the group became Polydor people. The mystery and enigma of the single, coupled with the similarly seductive reputation of the group itself, immediately landed it with plays on the radio. Its oriental 'authenticity', its flickering eroticism, its simple beauty pushed it deep into the charts.

People really did care! The Banshees really were that subtle! That observant! That good!

The single's success gave the group a perfect base to develop from — a total, laughable contrast to their isolated position just a few months before.

The group themselves viewed it

■ CONTINUES OVER PAGE

Those were the days (L-R): STEVE SEVERIN, KENNY MORRIS, SIOUX, P.T. FENTON. Pic: STEVENSON
Just three men: KENNY, JOHN McKAY, STEVE

Photography by PENNIE SMITH

"When I get to the bottom I go back to the top . . ."

■ *From previous page*

with wry detachment, even their natural excitement kept in check.

Severin: "That was freaky. A very strange period. We'd finished it a month before it came out, and we'd pushed it away — and it was just a very strange feeling having people rush up and say how great it was. We were working on the album at the time, so we didn't have much time to think about it, except every Tuesday we'd look at the new charts . . ."

Siouxsie: "I was excited at the time."

McKay: "But the silver disc was like one of those little gold stars — you get a pat on the head and a little gold star like at primary school. It was a bit ridiculous. They were going to present it, but we refused any presentation.

"It's a pretty bizarre thing to have. It doesn't mean anything to what we're doing, it's just part of the record company clockwork machinery. It keeps them happy."

Severin: "It's funny thinking that 250,000 people have got 'Hong Kong Garden' in their homes. It just meant to us that a lot more people were going to buy the album."

"In Expressionism we move into a world of sound that presents a reverse situation to Impressionism's muted dissonance, transparent textures, low level of dynamics: heavy, dense (which is not to say impenetrable) textures, an often high level of dynamics (certainly extreme contrasts in dynamic range) and harmonic invention charged well nigh explosively with explicit tension (i.e. a high rate of dissonance). Expressionism in its own remarkable way involves the listener in the sound it makes." ***(Donald Mitchell)***

THREE, FOUR months after the single drifted out of the charts, the heavily anticipated "The Scream" appeared, a jagged, jarring album in bleak contrast to "Hong Kong Garden".

The music on "The Scream" is unlike anything in rock. It is not, as some would say, chaotic — it is controlled.

Each instrument operates within its own space, its own time, as if mocking the lines of the other instruments. Known rock is inverted, leaving just traces of mimickry of rock's cliches — satire that often bursts with glorious justification into shaking celebration (as on "Helter Skelter").

It is easy to gain attention by doing something which is crudely obviously out of the ordinary, but the Banshees have avoided such futile superficialities; it is innovation, not revolution, not a destruction but new building. It has grown out of rock — Velvets, "Station To Station", Bolan.

And Siouxsie's staggering voice is dropped, clipped, snapped prominently above this audacious musical drama, emphasising the dark colours and empty, naked moods.

Severin: "We can always fit into the ordinary level of things, but there's most of the music comes from something else, basically all the alternatives, and that's the way I want it to be really. *(Far out, man — Ed.)* Y'know it looks like a rock album, and I like it to look like a rock album, I like it to look flash, I want it in the racks next to Sham. I don't want it in Rough Trade for twice as much as it should be.

"There's four very powerful egos in this band, so I'm certainly not going to sit back and just play a rhythm, like Eno's theory of the anchor bass and drums."

Morris: "All the instruments do integrate together as a total thing, but at the same time they're all as individually strong as they can possibly be.

"You have to maintain that line between the traditional and the unconventional all the time. But I can't see us slipping and producing something traditional."

McKay: "If we were going to slip we would probably have the next album written already. But every song that I come up with lately, I think, no, it's no good, it's 'normal'. I just come out with things with my fingers and they just don't sound any good, so you wait and chuck out all those things that 'normal' bands would keep. And maybe the day I feel that I've passed my peak is the day I start accepting those things . . . or the rest of the band do . . .

"The new songs are being written with the studio in mind. At first the studio was frustrating for us because we all knew how the songs were going to sound and that limited us, but I can already hear how the new stuff is going to sound in the studio and that's really intriguing. We can't wait to do demos of the new songs, just to fiddle about and experiment in the studio.

"But I still don't think that this kind of thing will lead us into any sort of self-indulgence. I couldn't see us finding a tape loop and fiddling about with that. That's not the way to work."

Severin: "It's a constant struggle with bass, drums, guitar to get a reasonable sound together. It's been used for so long, that set-up. But it's a definite decision of ours to use that set-up, the most orthodox set-up, and to manipulate it as much as we can, rather than, say, bring in a synthesizer.

"That's how we feel now. Maybe when we've pushed this as far as we can we'll go into some other areas".

McKay: "But I don't like to separate the words from the music. And the way we put the songs together, I can't really look from just one angle. If it wasn't for the words it wouldn't be worth bothering. And you can't get away from the sounds of those words that Sioux is singing — even if you're not taking in the actual meanings of the words, it's just the sound."

Severin: "What we're trying to do with the music is what we're trying to do, not necessarily with the English language, but certainly with the rock lyric: just to tear it apart and put it all back together again in different pieces. Because we live everyday with the English language and we can't achieve that as well as we can with the music".

THE WORDS on "The Scream" blend the disquieting deadpan style of Ballard with the colourful conveniences *(Musical toilet rolls? — Ed.)*, of Bowie and Bolan. The words glare and glitter.

The landscapes they scourge and swab are those of the living room and of the mind; the same thing — confinement. The music reflects this private, clinical landscape, the tensions and euphorias of day to day living. There is a twisted passion, but no compassion, and that really is unnerving; the record's fragments seem almost a calm before the storm — which can be seen as being the album's final track "Switch", where even a mental breakdown is dispassionately detailed, Siouxsie's voice grossly, offensively parodying mental collapse.

The group are aware of the futility of most means of 'relief' from boredom, which fail to bring to life that whole person — his deeper feelings, his imagination — like a bulky food without any nutrional value. The person continues to feel empty and unmoved on a deeper level, anaesthetising this uncomfortable feeling by momentary excitation: 'thrills', 'fun', liquor or sex.

The boredom remains: a boredom that can erupt into violence, aggression, suicide, breakdown, perversion. This is what the Banshees depict, slanted from the way they themselves were brought up, mundanely 'comfortable' and middle class. Their use of "Helter Skelter" in this is crucial: *"When I get to the bottom I go back to the top of the slide"* — roll the boulder up, roll the boulder down . . .

The album took two years to come together, and its timing was perfect. If it had been attempted six months earlier it would not have been as vivid.

"YOU HAVE to do something, says John McKay, when I ask what motivates the Banshees. "Write or music or something."

Morris: "As far as I can remember I always had to be doing something."

Severin: "Also, we feel people have fucked rock up so much — this whole genre and everybody's pissed it up. And I care about it because it means so much to so many young people. It did to me. Everything I wanted when I was young I'm trying to push into this band."

Morris: "The basic need to create is an obsession with us."

That the Banshees have successfully utilised the basic unconscious desire of the intense revolution of '75 / 76, to inspire something positive out of boredom (literally), is significant.

"The Scream" also seems to focus and capture the last three years' chaos and concern.

Yet the Banshees are often used as an easy example of how 'punk' destroyed itself, by people who ignore both what the Banshees are trying to do and say, and how they're trying to do it — by allowing themselves to become absorbed into the mainstream or operate from within and use its advantages to communicate.

The fact is the Banshees, an openly populist and accessible group, are at the head of a whole horde of new rock groups who take risks unimagined three years ago, who use access astutely and advantageously, who remain underivative and ambitious.

What 'punk' was reacting against was sterility and narrow-mindedness. A revolution like '75/'76 can only by its very nature happen once in a while, and it seems unforgiveable that everyone should ignore the true diverse, exciting effects of the commotion and rummage about instead for a constant state of revolt and orgy.

The Banshees always insisted that they wanted to be successful, and have always understood that if they *were* successful they'd be so far the wrong reasons. They chose the way they wanted to go long ago.

THEY are not elitists — "except in our influences, about our music, about who we choose to play with us."

Siouxsie: "We're not setting ourselves up as perfect. We're affected by things that other people are affected by, of course we are — and we're going to be affected by other things as we develop. It's just that you've got to realise that you *have* been affected, and if you can, you can usually get yourself out of that nasty situation."

Severin: "We've had old fans on this tour who've said they don't like the new audience because they've only come for the single, but we love that. And we love playing the single every night. Although I can understand people do get precious."

Morris: "We've never been dictated to by modes of music or modes of the times or the press, and that's something we've strove for from the beginning, and we've got a strong hold on that."

Severin: "What we've tried to do is not only confined to music how we treat the press. Like we booked the whole of our last tour. We didn't go with Goldsmith or anyone. So, for instance, we have our own security guys, we tell the Top Rank people what not to do, where not to go — things like that. We try to be effective in as many areas as possible . . . and it's tiring."

Siouxsie: "I am personally not deluded by the fact that what I'm doing is going to change the world or anything like that. Which adds to the frustration of carrying on, doing things that I want to do but realising that you're doing something and it's just for a small percentage of the world . . ."

McKay: "But that percentage grows with each little revolution — like punk was the last one — it grows all the time, the number of people who are prepared to listen to something more political. A little bit more of the population are willing not to go out and have a good time and hide all the rest of their personalities in the back of their brains, so they don't have to think about anything . . . who just listen to Travolta or whatever and never think about it."

Morris: "It never occurs to me in that sense. It's just like a personal strength that we are trying to build within ourselves, and we're putting that over and we're being responsible to ourselves, and we're trying all the time, and that's going over to people's ears."

Siouxsie: "We're learning that there's more to learn."

"One must be convinced of the infallibility of one 's own fantasy and one must believe in one's own inspiration." ***(Arnold Schoenberg).***

"Sensitivity towards destructiveness / cruelty is rapidly diminishing and necrophilia, the attraction to what is dead, decaying and lifeless and purely mechanical, is increasing throughout out cybernetic society. The spirit of necrophilia was first expressed in literary terns by F. T. Marinetti in his Futurist Manifesto in 1909. The same tendency can be seen in much of the art and literature of the past decades that exhibit a peculiar fascination with all that is decayed, unalive, destructive and mechanical." ***(Erich Fromm).***

SIOUXSIE: "We're saying all these things and it's not meant at all in a dictator way, it's not telling someone, 'You're boring, you are stupid, you must change.' We're maybe saying these things and hoping someone will think for themselves, 'I am boring, I want to change' . . . It's not ramming these things down people's throats, because there would be no point in doing that."

The group remains naive, though less so than this time last year.

They're another new rock group caught in the distorting and destructive glare of publicity and post-punk hypocrisy, vulnerable to cynicism and disrespect from people who by their own broadcast ideals should be on their side.

They're a group growing up, discovering, admittedly naive, who make natural mistakes — frivolous mistakes that stick and stain. It's pointless to dwell on certain ugly protrusions in their growth; let's just say that since that dumb fashion fetish the group have worn Lenin badges without anyone noticing or reacting.

1978's change has been rapid and hazy, a scattered intensity compared to the suffocating intensity of 1977, and more so for Siouxsie and the Banshees than anyone else. They have handled everything abruptly new and awkward with calm, curiosity and ultimate effectiveness, But people insist on shooting for the bad things . . .

"Like, people sneer about us discovering about certain things in *Time Out,* a chic decadence or something. That is so narrow-minded, because it doesn't matter where you pick up something that is good. It doesn't matter if it's in the *Radio Times,* or on the ground or in the gutter. I mean, so what?

"And reporters have got this big thing about being middle class/working class — and we really despise that because there's nothing in class at all."

They've made two of this year's best records . . .

"And I don't think anyone has ever mentioned anything positive about the music, whether it's criticising it, or acclaiming it. I don't think anyone has."

And they've slid smoothly through from the Nashville to the Hammersmith Odeon in just nine months, unfashionably but pensively deciding that they prefer the large seated venues for their music . . .

"We've had some really good reactions at seated gigs. It is very alienating for a group like Siouxsie and the Banshees to play a place like Hammersmith Odeon, and we like that."

But these achievements are all glossed over, accepted without a second glance. The new rock music's skill and speed at adapting to new tests has been given no credit — typical of the lack of respect it receives.

TV is a good example of how Siouxsie and the Banshees have approached and conquered things that are new and complicated. Their performance on *TOTP* was dream-like and disturbing, their appearance on *The Old Grey Whistle Test* loud and lucid.

Severin: "We just storm in there and make a fuss. Doing the *TOTP* video was frustrating . . .

McKay: "It didn't work out as well as it should have done. It didn't really look very good. But it still looked better than *TOTP* would have done, although they still went into that star and then Tony Blackburn."

Severin: "On *The Old Grey Whistle Test* we knew we were dealing with 24-inch and we knew what two songs we wanted to do, and we put a lot of thought into it, how we were going to move. It's totally different from a gig, where your eyes can go everywhere."

"Art which adds nothing to the experience of the public, which leaves it as it found it, which wants to do no more than flatter rude instincts and confirm unripe or overripe opinions — such Art is worth nothing. So-called pure entertainment produces a hang-over. There is just as little value in Art which has no purpose but to educate and thinks to do this by flagellation, abandoning all the varied methods available to the Arts: this will not educate the audience but simply bore it. The public have a right to be entertained. This helps to reproduce working strength. But it must not only do this. And the Artists have a right to be allowed to entertain." ***(Bertolt Brecht).***

SIOUXSIE AND the Banshees leave 1978 composed and confident. The only thing that got them as far as 1978 was intensity of feeling. Their immediate future is vague — 1979 should be much slower than '78.

They continue patiently tackling Polydor's dumb quirks; they've just refused to appear on their label's pretty punk package.

Severin comments: "I just don't think it will be a good album. It's just a commercial enterprise, like *Jubilee,* I don't want to be involved with that shit."

They prepare the follow-up to "Hong Kong Garden", claiming there's no real pressure . . .

"There was never a pressure to have a hit in the first place," Morris muses. "A hit will give us a better standing. Also, it's a new standing. There's the single, then the album, then this new single, and they have all come from the last two years. The next material will be a completely different repertoire. And we want to record that really clean, almost disco."

"The Scream" and "Hong Kong Garden" could be their peaks. Who can tell?

But tell me, Siouxsie, do you get recognised in the streets?

"Yeah — in the tobaccanists."

What happens?

"I get embarrassed."

Now everybody . . . .

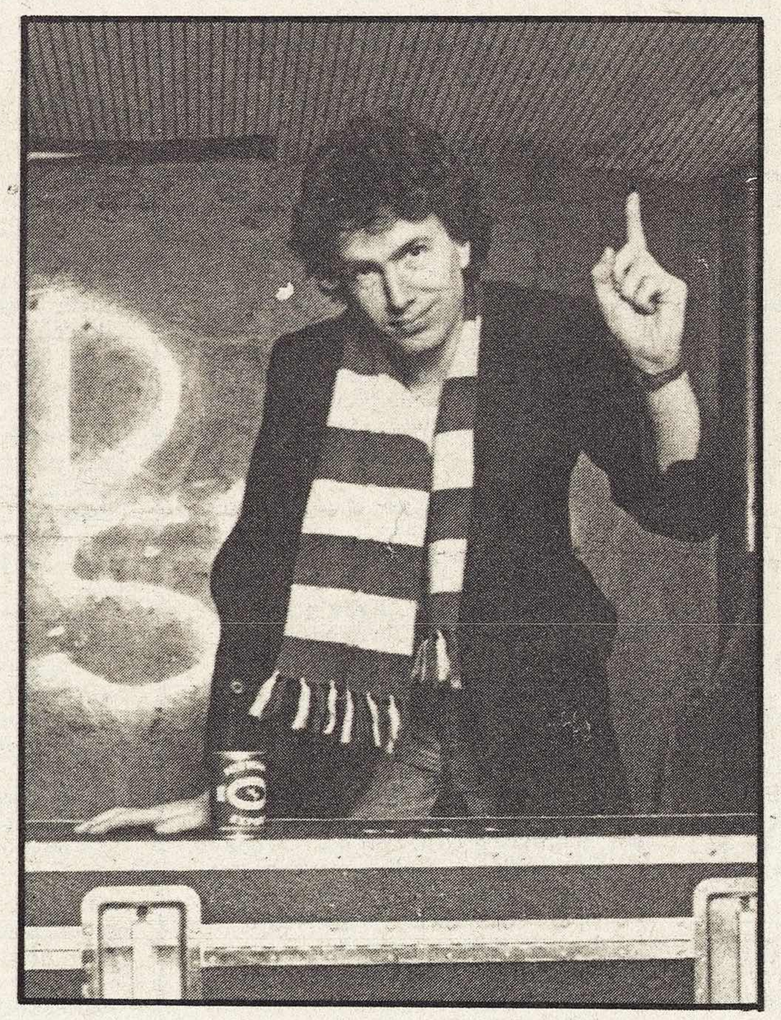
AAAAAAH!

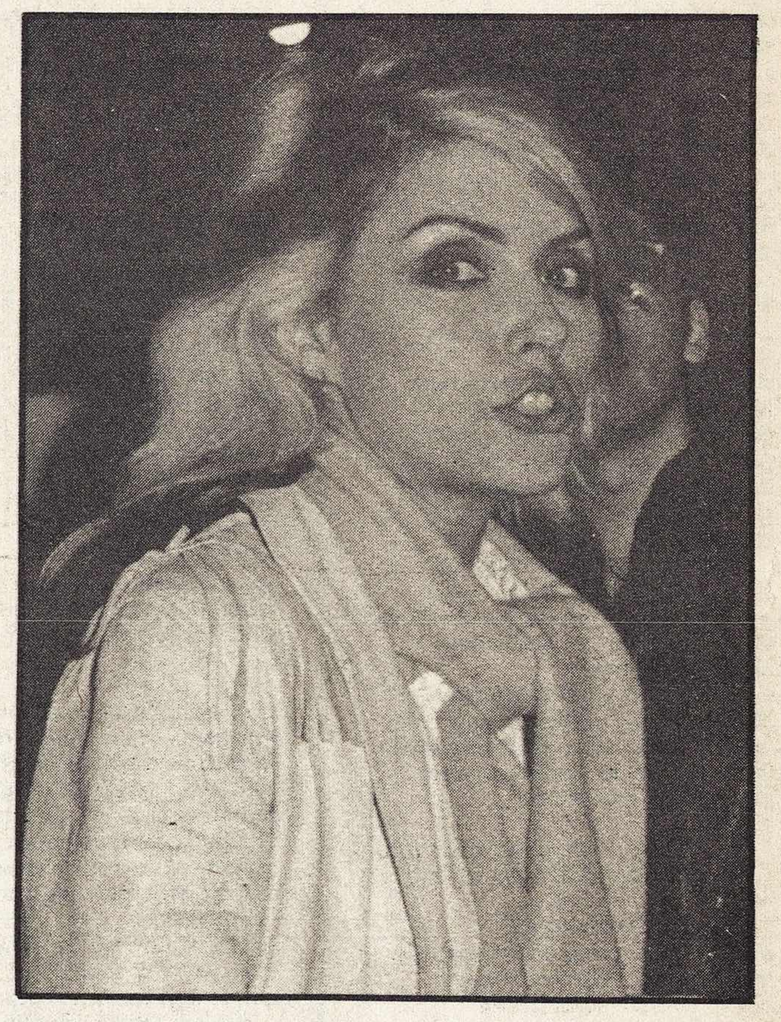
(The show is over. The audience get up to leave their seats. Time to collect their coats and go home. They turn round . . . no more coats and no more home.)

HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

The Bozos'

A Test Of The Theory That Imitation Is





DART TEAMS IN DANDRUFFED CLOTH-CAPS by Jemmy Spam & Spam Asinine

Dart teams in dandruffed cloth-caps,
Dart teams of working-class chaps,
Blokes! Like Tom-mee Steeeele!
Now listen here, Thomas, if we're gonna have some fun,
I musn't tell me Mummy coz I'm only thirty-one,
I'd like to saw off her head,
She'll be blooming sorry when I am dead.
Oh, no! Oh,no! Don't let on I'm from Surrey!
Oh, no! Oh, no! Please don't tell I'm from Surrey!

We're all sitting in an inn!
My mate Trevor knows a Skin!
Dart team in dandruffed cloth-caps,
Dart teams of working-class chaps,
They're hard! Like Arthur Mullard!
If we see a hippie we just might start acting stroppy,
We're all lads together coz we think girls are soppy,
We drink our shandy in half pints and we're hardly ever sick,
Act naughty all the time coz we are dead thick!

Oh, Gawd! Oh, Gawd! Is that really the right time!
Oh, sod! Oh, bum! Is that really the right time!
Oh, sod! Oh, bum! Dad told me to be in my half nine!
My old man will tan my hide,
All next week I'll be kept inside.
There'll be no dart teams in dirty cloth-caps,
No japes with gutter-snipe chaps,
Just nagging from Dad's trouble 'n' strife,
As I pick my spots and ponder the meaning of life.
But if we were together we would never be apart,
It's so flipping obvious it just makes me want to fart.

Oh, strewth! Oh, strewth! Who told yer ah wuz frum Surrey?
Blimey! Strike a light, Honest, John, Guv' ah ain't frum Surrey!

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR HOMICIDAL MANIACS by the Tom Robbersfriend Band

There's a brother in New York City
Son Of Sam is his name
He shouldn't have shot those girls
But society is to blame.

CHORUS:
Axe murderers have feelings, just like any other
No, I wouldn't be concerned if one of them married my brother.
Muggers have emotions, like any other mister
No, I wouldn't be concerned if one of them mugged my sister.

There's a brother in England
Who'll never see the light of day
His name is Ian Brady
But society made him that way.

There's brothers in Ireland
Being robbed of precious time
They say the I.R.A. killed innocents
But society did the crime.

There's a brother in California
They shut him in a vault
His name is Charlie Manson
But society is at fault.

CHORUS:
Rabid dogs have their good points, if only you look and see
No, I wouldn't be concerned if one of them bit me.
Terrorists are noble and believe in what they do
No, I wouldn't be concerned if one of them killed you.

PICTURE DISC by Bluntie

All I want are promotional devices
Cutesy references to well-known vices
All I want is to sell some tacky product to you
Ohh-oo-woa-woa
All I want is to cock-tease the lemmings
A sensitised equivalent of something sweeter smelling
All I want is to be attractive to you
aaaaa-yaaaa-oo
PICTURE DISC
Limited edition
Nine quid a go
We've only pressed a million
All I want is stupid coloured vinyl
A small token of something more final
Give me big sellers and I'll give my affection to you (and you and you and you and).

MUCHO MACHO W.C. by

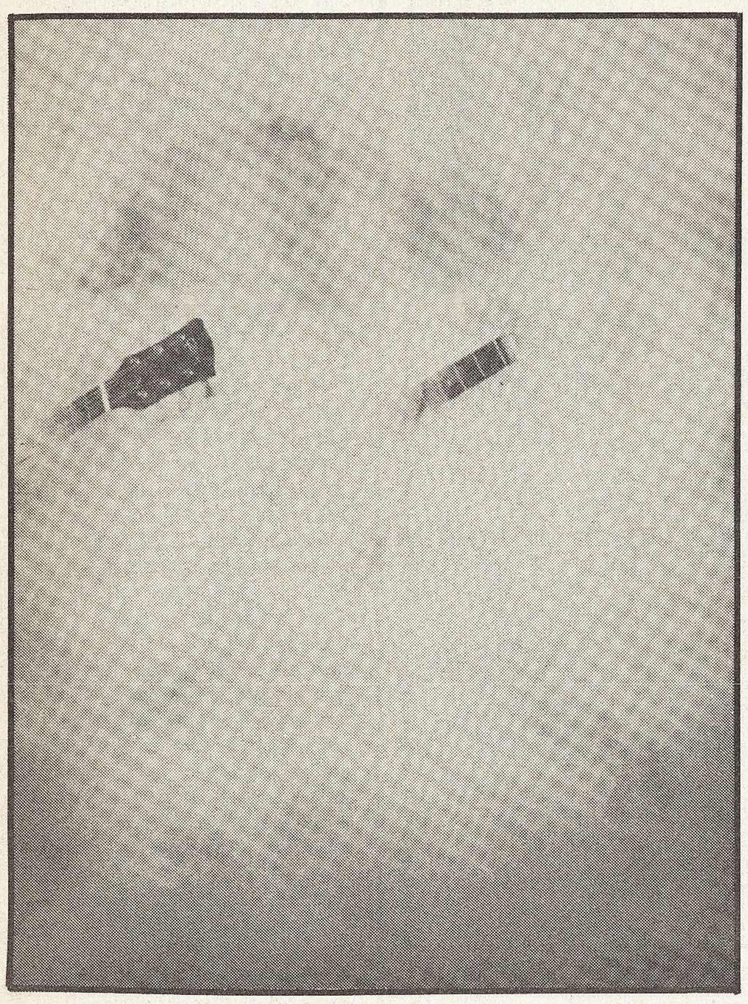
(Young man) so you've lost your best friend
(Young man) and you think it's the end
(You're about to) go round the bend
But wait till you've heard about the latest trend!
(Don't put) a small ad in *Time Out*
(Those guys) don't know a cub from a scout
(That won't get you) a hunky great lout
You'll end up with a drip!
With a lisp or hare-lip!
But the hunks that are really hip ...

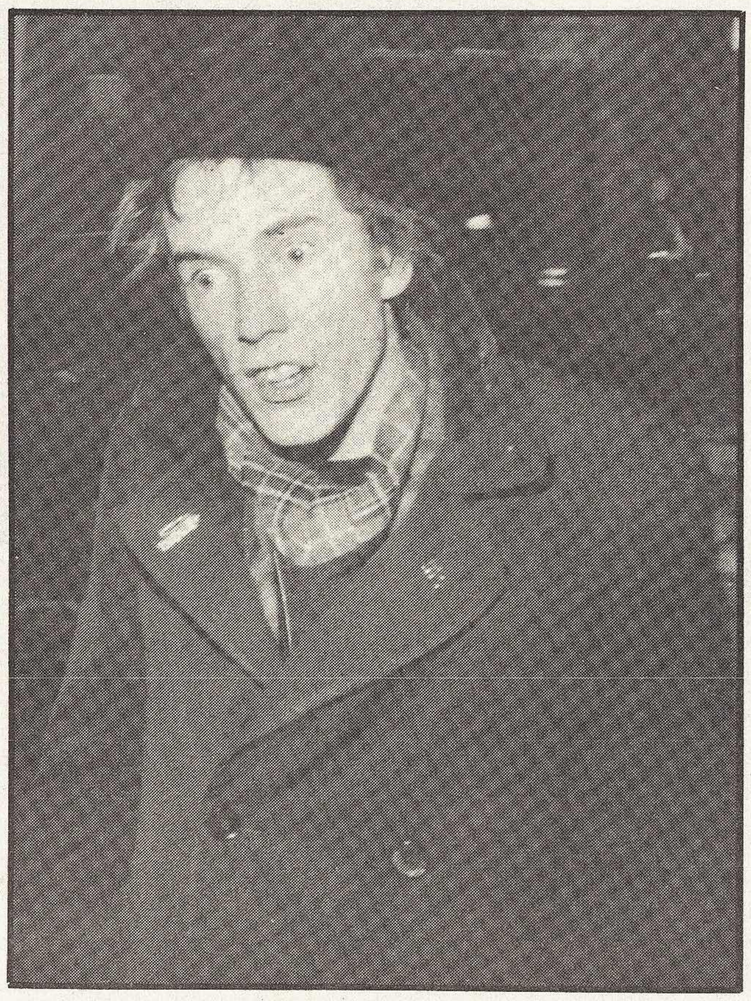
CHORUS:
(They all go down the) Public Latrines!
(It's fun to hang round the) Public Latrines!
You can blame your V.D. on a lavatory seat!
You'll find people you'll love to eat!
Public Latrines!
(MPs go down the) Public Latrines!
You have anonymity!
You can keep yourself free!
Don't have to be nice to nobody!

(Young man) I was once very shy
(Young man) just a one-toilet guy
(Until one day) I was caught on the hop
In a downtown shopping centre!
(That's when) he peeped under my door
(And said) young man, please don't think I'm a whore
(But if you like) I'll put my hand through this hole
And we'll pretend this isn't sordid!

Songbook

The Most Sincere Form of Flattery (Or Something)





AGAIN AGAIN
by Inflatus Blow

Again again
Again again
Again again
Again again
Again oh shit again
Oh no not again not again again again again

Again again
Again again
Again again
Again again
Again oh shit again
Oh no not again not again again again again

The Cottage Creatures

CHORUS:
Public Latrine!
(Actors go down the) Public Latrines!
Change is good as a rest!
You can sample the best!
You can carve notches on your vest!
Public Latrine!
(Wrestlers go down the) Public Latrines!
Lots of liberated fun!
You can have it then run!
One that carries a gun!
One that weighs a ton!
One that pretends you're a nun!
One that calls you "my son"!
You can have every one!
You can get you own back on MUM!
Public Latrines!
(Doctors go down the) Public Latrines!
Butchers, builders and bakers!
Clerks and undertakers!
Burly footballers too!
Hungry oil-rig crew!
There's a National Front boy for you!
(All down the) Public Latrines!... (fade)

I'M NOT A PUPPET IN A PULPIT
by Johnny I'Smith and Private Icon

Ho hum
Fee fi fo fum
I smell the blood of a holy man
I'm hanging on a cross
My gain is your loss
It's not a game of Ludo!
Oh no!
Or a game of Cluedo!
I'm not your glove-puppet
Go and stick your hand up some other cassock,
O obese vomit-inducing vicar
You are a verger on the verge of vegetating
Bored choirs sing Beefheart songs
While I give the public what they want
Nothing
Nun today, nun tomorrow
Don't believe what a pathetic ex-member of the Love Guns said about how I used to wear a great-coat and go down the Roundhouse to deal acid to Lemmy
I have never swallowed acid, just thrown it in my eyes when I get bored
Ho hum tedium
Don't you think I look speedy on the album sleeve?
I took some especially for the photo-session.
The speed of life
The blood, the bread, the holy knife
I always wanted to be in a dance band, and now at last I am
The last fast
The last supper
At last my band is super
A super-group
Like Blind Faith
All faith is eyeless
I am a one-eyed leader in the land of the blind
BUT!!!
I refuse to be your punk
Your bloody sacrifice
Take your bleeding heart and shove it up you dirty habit
I refuse to be flaunted like a magician's rabbit
I do rabbit on a bit
It's all the speed I took for the photos. I'm not used to it
I smoke quite a bit these days.
Though I don't think you could tell unless I told you.
I don't think it shows
Do you?

ROCKABILLY THE KID
by Nick Schmoe and Dazed Headcase

I got a six-string six-gun and I get my kicks
As a riff rock rustler stealin' them licks
If my buddy can nick it
I can sure as hell pick it
And that's what we're gonna do
They call me Rockabilly the Kid (bang it down)
Playin' stolen goods on borrowed time
Yet Aaaahhhh'm Rockabilly The Kid (tart it up)
An' even if it don't scan
I'm a rockabilly man
And I'm sure gonna make it rhyme

The guitar sound is Sun an' the drum sound's Chess
Backing vocals are the Everlys, Spector's the rest
Find a song, Basher'll rape it
Me I'll multitrack tape it
And Jake is gonna sell it to Y-O-U
They call me Rockabilly The Kid (overdub it)
It's a 12-bar shotgun aimed straight at your teeth
Yeh Aaaaaahhhhhh'm Rockabilly The Kid (if it moves club it)
I play guitar like Chuck
Sing like Howard The Duck
An' I'm just off to jam with Keef
They call me Rockabilly The Kid (don't take the Michael)
Playing rhythm with my elbows and piano with my feet

Yeh Aaaaaahhhhhh'm Rockabilly The Kid (when in doubt recycle)
The only thing that's new is the lyric sheet
Clone clone on the range
Nothing's ever gonna change
Aw I love that rockabilly beat

(Fade out with first three bars of solo from "Promised Land", next five bars from "Let It Rock", last four from "Oh Carol", etc).

Why Must We Be Teenagers In Love?

JULIE BURCHILL treks through Jilted John's wasteland

JJ & friend in front room after party.

JILTED JOHN
True Love Stories
(EMI)

Teen-age, it's the ice-age, it's not a nice age. People make a good deal of noise about wanting to go back there (16) again once they touch hands with twenty, but anyone with sense knows that when they were 16 they were just too healthily confused and unco-ordinated to push it anywhere.

Child actresses aside, who don't need anything but prettiness and pushy mothers, kids don't make it; they don't have the goods, the drive, the dead-line to be great. You think your teens could no more end than the world blow up and for the first time in your life, you're wrong.

Jilted John seems to be the first person to help teenagers (meaning, in this case, Me!!!) feel less terrified about the not-too-distant day when they won't be able to strike poses to "Teenage Depression/Rampage/Dream" ever again, the first to sign, seal and re-live the scummy side of teenage life. This is a very good record, but it's also a relief; if she has to hear one more maudlin song about being a teen street rebel hanging out in the subway, she'll scream! It's been going on forever; Eddie Cochran may have mouthed it was frustrating being a teenager, but he still made certain that Teen Frustration seemed glamorous (just like the ones with pretentions to being spokesmen always do.) He still rambled on about his boss and his baby and his car, and he never once mentioned his complexion, surely the obsession of 99.9% of teenagers (especially in those days, what with all those burgers).

Joan Jett and The Runaways are the grating same these days, with their "I'm the mean teen queen of the neat streets" fatigue-rap. I mean, what great songs could have been written about being a fat, unpopular teenybopper at a snooty Californian school! Credibility it would have brought her, too, but that's not the point; it would have been *innovatory* and *interesting*.

Pride stops pop singers writing about their lousy times truthfully. A sudden new image to feed and support, too proud from hating all the sordid details of off-beat adolescence, madly wanting to be new and glamorous and hanging everything on that fickle clothes-horse.

Jilted John's youth (I'll pass judgement on Graham Fellows later) was one of communal cider and youth clubs whereas mine was one of solitary seances and shoplifting but, good Lord, we were both born in 1959 and, if that isn't a year for tortured genius battling to keep from being strangled by prolonged childhood, I don't know what is. Don't throw T. Rex in my face, dear — you had a peer group, you should worry!

I think Graham Fellows is infinitely less Jilted John than Bowie was Ziggy Stardust — Bowie was desperate for it, he's an old rock and roller and he's too old to change. Graham Fellows is a Manchester drama student who, hopefully, will actually do what Bowie paid worthless lip-service to: create a pop star and then move on to other diversions. Bowie making films this late in life is **ridiculous; hopefully Graham Fellows will never make another album, but will become the only actor on earth capable of writing his own scripts.**

Here we follow Jilted John from early to late teens, living in a Manchester wasteland on no sex or drugs and just the occasional threat of violence. He is generally recognised by the lads as a wimp, but still lovable, and is a totally unknown quantity to the girls (these being two separate worlds), who willingly go out with him until he starts talking about his Gran. Then they realize he is soppy and jilt him by kissing someone else — and in retrospect you can see their unconscious point. All the girls' voices on this album are done by men imitating girls. Gumby voices, no less. To Jilted John, all girls except Kate Bush are Gumbies.

Unlike most pop singers in their mid-20s who attempt to hang on to adolescence (age 14 to 20) by shooting pigeons or sleeping with anything, Jilted John is fresh out of adolescence and throughout side one is clinging to pre-pubescence (pubescence — 12 to 14) like a dying man. It makes a change, and half the time he does it well. Graham Fellows must have either kept a meticulous diary or have a vicious imagination to write something as painful and funny as the opening track "Baz's Party": *"I am drinking as fast as I can/While we all sing "Telegram Sam"/And now the boys are dancing too/A silly dance that skinheads do."*

Unfortunately, side one also features "Fancy Mice", a track presumably included to add a wacky facet to John's persona lest we think he is only **interested in girls, while the album version of the "Jilted John" hit single is pathetic, played slapdash and nasty to cock a snide snook at people who bought the album because they liked the single. No law against it, is there, John?**

Side one is remarkable for its memory/imagination/honesty (whoever wrote a song about a swinging teen party saying *"There's a boy puking up in the lavatory/His name's Baz/It's his party"*, even though it happens every weekend?) but, what with the elitist "Fancy Mice" and the cynical version of "Jilted John", it comes off rather like a flat fancy-dress parade.

Side two, though, is a concept within a conceptette, and towards the end it actually gets great. John is now on the dole and does a paper round, which he loses and in his efforts to win back meets Karen, a paper girl, whom he takes to a disco and courts in a bus shelter. Having slogged through half the side, we finally realize John's songwriting potential.

The last three tracks really cut. Throughout the album there are lovely musical clues (Zombies, Doors, especially Love) which, because of their totally '70s lyrics, sound beholden to no one. Jilted John has no voice to speak of, but like a good drama student Graham can merge along with any backdrop, and the scenery he favours most is drifting '60s, a film score wherein a Susan Hampshiresque blonde and Una Stubbs vye for Cliff's affections, an "oh it's so groovy to be young and free before the permissive society happens" sound.

Goodbye to the '50s, '60s and innocence go Martin Zero's productions on the last three tracks, dreams only made real by detail. "Karen's Letter" is a soapy yet serious killer, a deserter-girl's lament read by John in choicest Shangri-Lamonologue. "Shirley" is gorgeous, a moral "Maggie May" (John knows he should be searching for a girl, not playing pool) in which John co-habits with an older woman for a few days on his way to London and then gets his escape thwarted: *"Where have you put my shoes and anorak?/Oh this is silly, come on, give them back/I feel sorry for you, I can see that you're unhappy/But so will I be if you make me stay/So please let me go."*

"Shirley" has the most brilliant music, like The Seeds' one and only riff high on reserved English desperation instead of dumb acid; "Goodbye Karen" makes John end up sick of scouring a massive, messy London for some headstrong skirt, tired of trying and hell-bent on falling out of love: *"If it's true/I mean the world to you/You would have let me know/And asked me to go with you/Silly girl/In a big cruel world."*

The last quarter of this record is stupendous, about half of the rest is witty. At its worst side one is like Jimmy Pursey writing the script for *Coronation Street* but at its best side two is like Love singing Bacharach and David.

If Graham stays in the muse-biz, he may grow up to be anything as a good as a Buzzcock, but let's cross our fingers for him and hope he gets out while he's still smart (and young) enough to start a second career.

Julie Burchill

GUY CLARK
Guy Clark *(Warner Brothers)*

I feel for Guy Clark. The possessor of soft-grit vocal style and a writer of some imagery, he's become a victim of the ace debut album problem.

You know the pitch. A guy comes from seemingly out of nowhere, unleashes everything he's stored up through his lifetime on his first piece of vinyl, and the result proves to be an unqualified ear-pinner.

But, by the time he's got to second base, things have soured slightly. The writer has less to offer. He's perhaps become the victim of the record contract, the two albums per year requirement or suchlike. Pressure cooker creativity. Whatever the reason, everything thereafter, though good, seems to lack that ultimate spark, that extra ingredient that, to quote that well-known box bromide, reaches the parts the others fail to reach. And to some extent things have happened that way with Guy Clark.

His "Old No. 1" album, which came out in 1975, was one of the finest country-rock offerings to ever emanate from Texas — or anywhere else for that matter. "Texas Cooking", which followed, proved slightly disappointing. Well above your usual run of Range-rider rock, of course, and good enough to win a healthy wad of plaudits. But, nevertheless, disappointing when compared to Clark's original master statement.

"Guy Clark", the Texan's first shot for Warners, is also the victim of that same tough deal. Again, it registers high on the creativity graph, sometimes making it lyrically — Clark cuts in almost Waits-wise on "Shades Of All Greens", commenting *"Gonna sit on the front porch till the lightnin' bugs show up, and it really gets dark and there's dogs in the trash"*, later employing the neat line *"Using stumbling blocks for stepping stones"* on "Comfort And Crazy" — while at other points, it's the musicianship that really grabs hard — David Briggs' church piano on a version of Townes Van Zant's "Don't You Take It Too Bad", Buddy Emmons' never-cloying pedal steel throughout the admirable "Shades Of All Greens", and Albert Lee's usual display of *so* right pickin' throughout.

But even Clark's Texas turnpike has its fair share of bumpy sections and his workout on Jimmie Rodgers' "In The Jailhouse Now" perhaps, predictably, lacks the spirit that made Sonny James' Tennessee State Prison Band's cut such a chart success Stateside. Another "borrowed" item, Rodney Crowell's "Viola — An American Dream," proves to be a cork-tipped, menthol-flavoured touch of ganja: Jamaica, the US Tourist Board way, all rum and Coca-Cola. Bland in the sand.

I know I'm hard on Clark. However, I'm sure this release will pick up higher praise further down the street. And deservedly so, because the good cuts outnumber the poor by around seven to ten, which ain't a bad ratio these days.

But I can't get it out of my noddle that "Old No. 1" was a real ten out of tenner. Which means that GeeCee really has something to live up to.

Fred Dellar

TAPPER ZUKIE
Tapper Roots
(Virgin Front Line)

A what? Front Line Release? It *mus'* be bad!

And what was I greeted with 'pon receiving my review copy? A horrendous 'sexist', 'racist' and 'sadist' cover caricature for you,
A nice Christmas card.

Hate. Hate the voice which says that it's just a standard record company machination. This demeaning pic got through from designer and manager Rob Hallett (note the name and black him, sisters), through the printers, through Virgin, through the Front Line (separate offices), and presumably through Front Line's artiste.

Virgin, you may not actually produce your FL artistes, but the ways and means of a Western alternative-capitalist organisation screened across the intrinsically chaotic day-to-day business of J.A. music, imposing its accountants and accountability, its publishing company . . .

Most of "Tapper Roots" — most of any talkover album, any reggae album — is re-hashed old and older material ("Simpleton Leave Violence" stands out), all suddenly published anew.

"Some o' dem a come wi' dem plastic smiles . . .". Zukie has his own company anyway, so he — if no-one else — is probably on the right side of a rachet somewhere. And go deh — *New Star Records* — 'cos this album is NOT roots. Strictly poots?

Since Zukie's memorable "Man Ah Warrior" and Big Youth's "Screaming Target", little in the way of innovation has come our way, talkover street wise. This is a shoddier than usual example. "Peace In The Ghetto" — Zukie's other '78 Virgin release — did feature his humour and purposefulness in patches, but this, as symbolised by the cover, doesn't.

He raps and rumbles out all the expected speech rhythms, progressions, phrases, turns and twists. It is dry, droning, drab-a-dub style.
Tapper routes. This is a diversion. I still have faith in him.

Ian Penman

JACK TEMPCHIN
Jack Tempchin *(Arista)*

Jack Tempchin is a San Diego singer/songwriter who used to play support to the likes of Jackson Browne and Tom Waits. The Eagles gave him a measure of fame, recording his "Peaceful Easy Feeling" and "Already Gone", and, after working with a group called the Funky Kings, he's finally surfaced with his debut solo effort.

A lot of people help him out — J.D. Souther co-writes one song, Tom Waits another. Jackson Browne and Glen Frey sing on the album, as does Jennifer Warnes doing a great Joni Mitchell impersonation on Tempchin's own version of "Peaceful Easy Feeling".

The result is an album of archetypal West Coast mellowness, all aural valium and self-pity. Tempchin ends up as an example of a genre instead of an individual. His voice and his music are a cross between Jackson Browne and Jesse Winchester, only glossier, more superficial. He's not their match as a writer either — most of the songs here are rather inconsequential — "life is just a bowl of cherries/but some of them are sour" is a fair example of his level of profundity.

Graham Lock

Grover Washington Jr
Red Seed *(Motown)*

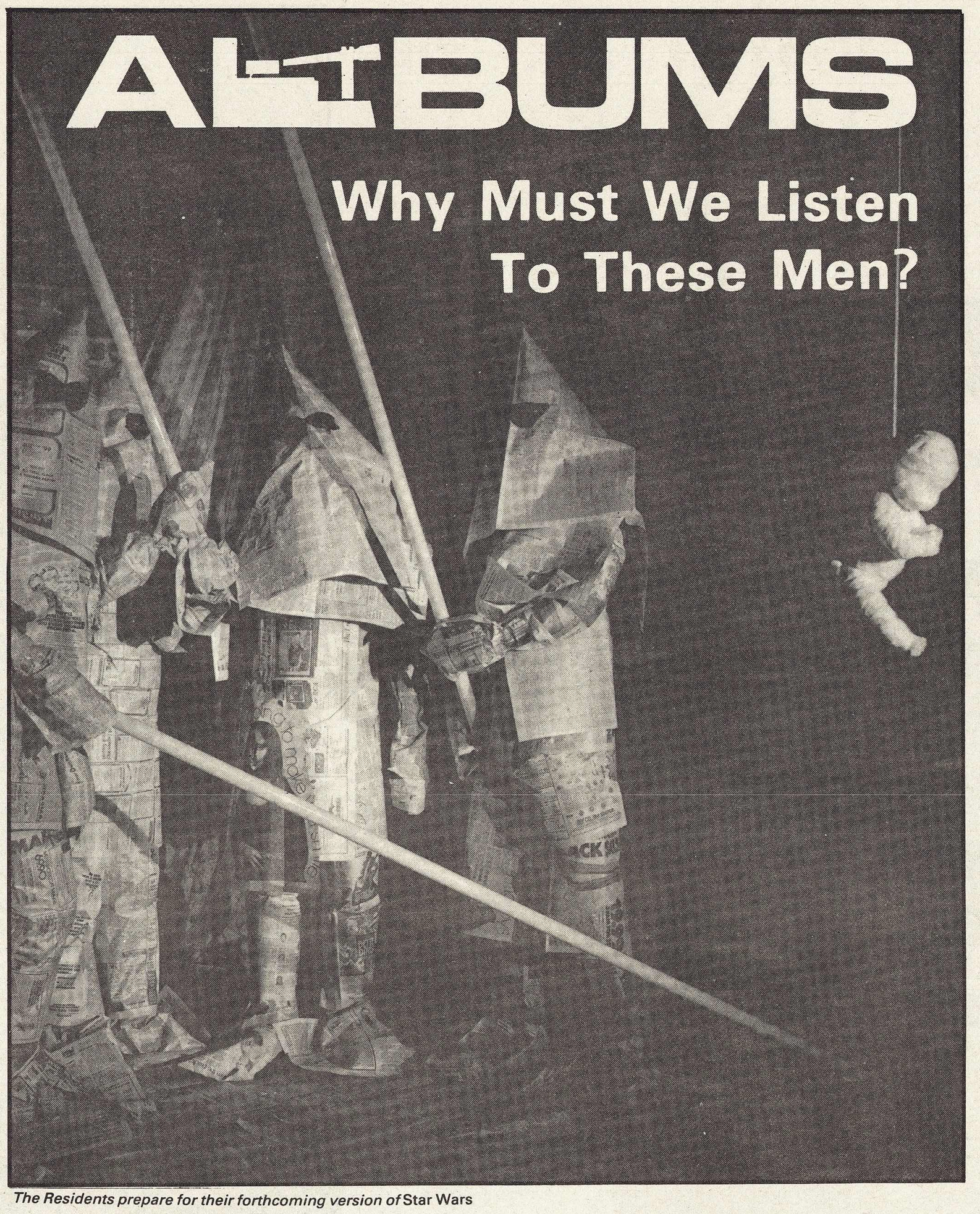
A sheer delight, fusion mood music; seductive, rhythmic, melodic, round and well-shaped. Washington plays clear, unblemished, unhurried and quietly dominating sax throughout — six 'band' originals and Billy Joel's "Just The Way You Are" — and is backed by the unpresumingly excellent Locksmith.

Music to sit and gaze at pictures by, it requires no active participation from the listener, just a sympathetic ear and a mellow mood. Play it at night when you're too tired to read.

JOHN HAMBLETT

ALBUMS

Why Must We Listen To These Men?



The Residents prepare for their forthcoming version of Star Wars

THE RESIDENTS
Buster & Glen
(Ralph Records Import)

This is the second Residents release in less than a month. Comprising on one side this year's "Duck Stab" EP and on the other a new recording called "Buster & Glen", it's no less than the rest of the Cryptic Corp's catalogue and no more sensible either.

Most people will have heard The Residents at least once by now, and some may even have been able to reconcile themselves to what they heard. Others will simply be adrift in the hipness stakes, living in a fear, which the Cryptic Corp shamelessly exploit, of missing the cultural boat.

Which raises the question of humour. Residents records — especially their later efforts over which the hold of the left-field aesthetic of "Fingerprince" and "Third Reich'n'roll" has somehow waned — seem at times to physically giggle at the listener. Even the vicious solipsism of a lyric such as *"Happy Birthday to me"* contrives to take on the emotional dimensions of a pair of cackling toy dentures.

It's well known that human beings fear what they don't understand, and what they don't fear but still don't understand they are prone to mock. Listening to a Residents record is like waving to a coach load of day-trippers from the funny farm. They wave back but who's laughing at who, and why?

To all intents and purposes this sounds like Walt Disney on mescaline. Or a cuckoo clock that won't stop cuckooing. Or perhaps a musical Heath-Robinson contraption that hoots and whistles and bleeps a lot, then boils an egg.

Of course, a practical comparison would be Eno. "Buster & Glen" recalls the flimsy whimsy of Eno's first two solo albums with other cross-referneces in the (admittedly rarified) field of hypnotic dissonance. Titles like "Weight Lifting Lulu" and "Krafty Cheese" exemplify the frantic nursery wordplays.

It's all so Dada though. The "phonetic re-organisation of sound" to which the Residents subscribe surfaces in, for example, "The Booker Tease" as just a parched musical joke.

It doesn't matter when "Buster & Glen" was recorded, or that Snakefinger plays on it, because the crucial question in the *de facto* recognition of The Residents existence is whether or not they come from North Louisiana. How many people do you know from North Louisiana? Quite. It doesn't matter who they are because you've never heard of them anyway.

The fact is they're here. And it's up to you to decide what you're going to do with them.

Paul Rambali

GRUPPO SPORTIVO
Back to 78 ***(Epic)***

Dipping lustfully and deep into your public pocket, the simulated and soiled Gruppo Sportivo transparently dart from nursery rhyme tinsel to uncivilised sexual slang with all the frigid effectiveness and mild detonations of impolitely palgiaristic popl

Insincere, tongue up the nostril, ulcer in the cheek, the Dutch sextet have followed up their lame commercial compendium "10 Mistakes" with another ramshackle and anti-personal collection of strained and poorly detailed selections.

The over-zealous guys and gals fail to suppress their mundane, callow fantasies as they capably combine their unstable images of sex, school, dental hygiene, romance, corruption and me with their mechanical, innocuous and at best racy pop-bop-rock. Their narcissistic sound is a farcy, fancy delicacy, a probable purchase if you're a sucker for the nosensically robust and don't examine your product too carefully. Then again . . .

This long player's superior sliver of underdone whimsy was inspired by yours truly. "Blah Blah Magazines" is a bitter bite back at a live review I once dribbled out where-in I implied the group should be committed and that they were the missing link between Devo and Abba — which, theoretically, is the formula for the world's perfect pop group this side of the Ramcocks

In fact, I was too kind to them — guiltily they respond, sarcastically agreeing with my affectionate jibes about their cheap eclecticism using a clarity and whimsy only hinted at elsewhere. Good for them. Maybe this review will give them a hit single. I use my typewriter like a toothbrush, they use their instruments like a dustbin. Waste and paste, the two true ingredients of lumpy toffee pop.

The naively sophisticated and over-prolific Sportivo popsters achieve a manner that is entirely transient (intentionally so?). The album consistently fails to startle and lacks style and sparkle, but isn't necessarily a failure. It can even be looked upon as a blemished, derivative and synthetic semi-surreal study of past-war mentality. Although I fully realise there is less to it than meets the ear, it still has a more pertinent pattern about it then XTC or The Rezillos or Blondie. And it's quite cute in parts. Feeble, but cute.

I hate it, but not as much as I thought I would.

Paul Morley

VARIOUS ARTISTS
20 Original Rock And Roll Classics
20 Original Rock Hits
20 Soul Sizzlers
(Pickwick)

Welcome to the wonderful world of marketing ploys.

The copy on the back of these "Limited Edition" collections (there are 20 of 'em, each 'limited' to a quarter of a million copies) makes great play of the fact that these cheapo cheapo records are manufactured "to the same exacting standards" as full price records. They make it sound like a public service, but I always thought it was a legal requirement that records and tapes were subject to certain standards of quality control, whatever their price.

Another curious Pickwick claim is that the tracks are "All by the original artistes". Oh Yeah? then how come that "Lucille" and "Johnny B. Goode" on the rock'n'roll album are performed by Bill Haley? "In The Midnight Hour" and "Knock On Wood" on the soul album by Geno Washington? And since when was Donnie Elbert the original performer of "Stop! In The Name Of Love", "My Cherie Amour" and "I Heard It Through The Grapevine"? Maybe they mean the original Donnie Elbert sings here, rather than the cardboard Donnie Elbert who later became so famous.

Look, the few genuine classics on these albums are available elsewhere in more worthwhile company. The rest are deservedly obscure tracks by deservedly obscure artists, or early work by artists who didn't become very famous (or very good) until much, much later. In brief, records like these are a rip-off, no matter how cheap they are.

This review has been a special collector's item, limited to a finite space, featuring many popular adjectives, and written to the same exacting standards of spelling and punctuation as on the sleeves of albums more than six times the price of the *NME*.

Graham Lock

KEITH JARRETT
Sun Bear Concerts ***(ECM)***

This is a massive work with many implications that cannot be criticised or described in such a small space, so I offer only a vague, uncommitted guide.

Twenty sides (five 1976 Japanese concerts frozen by Manfred Eicher) of Jarret's uncanny and timeless solo piano seems idyllic, yet all the humbling spirit and vivid eroticism of the music is strangely numbed by the unavoidable absurdity of the release's concept.

As it is, "Sun Bears" initial impact isn't as momentous as Jarrett probably anticipates. A couple of weeks' constant playing has not got me into ecstatic raptures. It is two times ten sides of spasmodically breathtaking, mostly enthralling and occasionally ordinary acoustic piano. Thus a failure. No classic — or so it seems.

Jarrett's genius — a genius fought for as much as intuitively arrived at; the man is a rigorous perfectionist — never lets go. Streams of meticulous, eclectic melodies jut, flow and dribble — plangent and introspective, touched with neurosis, as emotional as a scream from a window on a dark night. His fund of melodies is sweet, inexhaustible and super-sensuous.

His piano is a lush, flawless distillation of the romantic, the exotic, the conventional, the ancient, the gospel and the unknown. It seems abstractly housed within an omnipresent sense of rhythm that shifts and switches in sympathetc yet somehow off-synch patterns. The technique and composition is classic and unique. The music is rich, austere, joyful and melancholy. This much is *known.*

Twelve balanced and brilliant sides of Jarrett solo piano are already available: the focused and economical triple "Solo Concerts"; the intense and majestic single "Facing You"; the double "Koln Concert", wherein Jarrett's impressionism seemed crystallised and complete. "Sun Bears" confirms the loveliness and versatility of the music already available, but rarely enhances it. There are many patches of exquisite symbolism; they possess an almost surreal beauty, as Jarrett blatently drifts somewhere dangerous and translates harmlessly and accessibly. His touch is individual, immediately identifiable and immensely inventive.

But as Debussy — a torrid influence — once said, there should be no development for the sake of development. "Sun Bears" seems unnecessary, Jarrett petulantly emphasising his genius. It is such a mass that the shadow of its hulk somehow contrives to crush the delicacy of a particular passage. Subconciously the listener is continually made aware that any deliberate and delicious constructions are just fragments of an unintentionally and tragically ugly whole. It is too awesome. It scowls and repels. It doesn't invite.

And, astonishingly, Jarrett's increasingly annoying quirks and mannerisms, his overly pompous flurries and flourishes all are magnified in its length as much as are his grace and spatial sense. The chords and progressions may be different, but the delivery often isn't.

Five systematically released and more strictly selected double albums (Jarrett seems increasingly intent on releasing all his performances as if not to let *anything* go) would have been more logical and thoughtful — if still superfluous. This would have at least given time and perspective to the listener to absorb the drifts and depths of the music without his or her having to tremble. "Sun Bear" is less attractively packaged and presented than the triple boxed set, and seems unwarranted and effectively unambitious — only its size is especially unusual. It adds little to the other works.

Jarrett is self-obsessed and self-indulgent. Up until now this has hardly mattered. Suddenly the balance has tilted. By releasing this monstrosity he questions his sensitivity and responsibility to the listener. His crusade seems ruptured by such a release. Again it all comes down to the way I and most other people use, listen, respond to and understand music — naively, hopefully and comfortably.

But the forty odd quid price tag isn't something to be ignored. For that "Sun Bears" needs to be perfect. And it isn't. It finally fails not because of quality or application but simply because of its pedantic *presence.* It is a freak. But I won't be selling it . . .

Paul Morley

THE ARABS
Crystuff Dub Encounter Chapter 1
(Hit Run)

Given through the inspiration of *Record Mirror's* favourite DJ Prince Far I, this LP is plain, bald, bold and, thankfully, unadorned dub music at very nearly its most compelling. No frills, few thrills, merely straight ahead bass, drum and percussion. African roots.

Through ten tracks of such exposition, high spots are regurgitations of *Gregorianischer choralschola* Mr Isaacs' "Thief A Man" rhythm ("Ghardaia Dub") and U Black's similarly expressive "Tribute To Prince Far I" cry of love ("The Right Way").

Other items of merit are "Mansion Of The Almighty", "Abederrahmane", "Prince Of Peace" and "Mozabites" — each charting their respective courses through the rock steady consistencies of insistent and numbering bass beatitudes.

Don't ask me what it all means, it's like a walking shadow that struts and frets its hour upon the stage and then is heard no more.

Penny Reel

45 FROM 78...

leaves 33, but that's your problem. What we're concerned with here are the 45 persons, organisations, events and (surprise!) bands who did most to make 1978 what(ever) it was, rockwise.

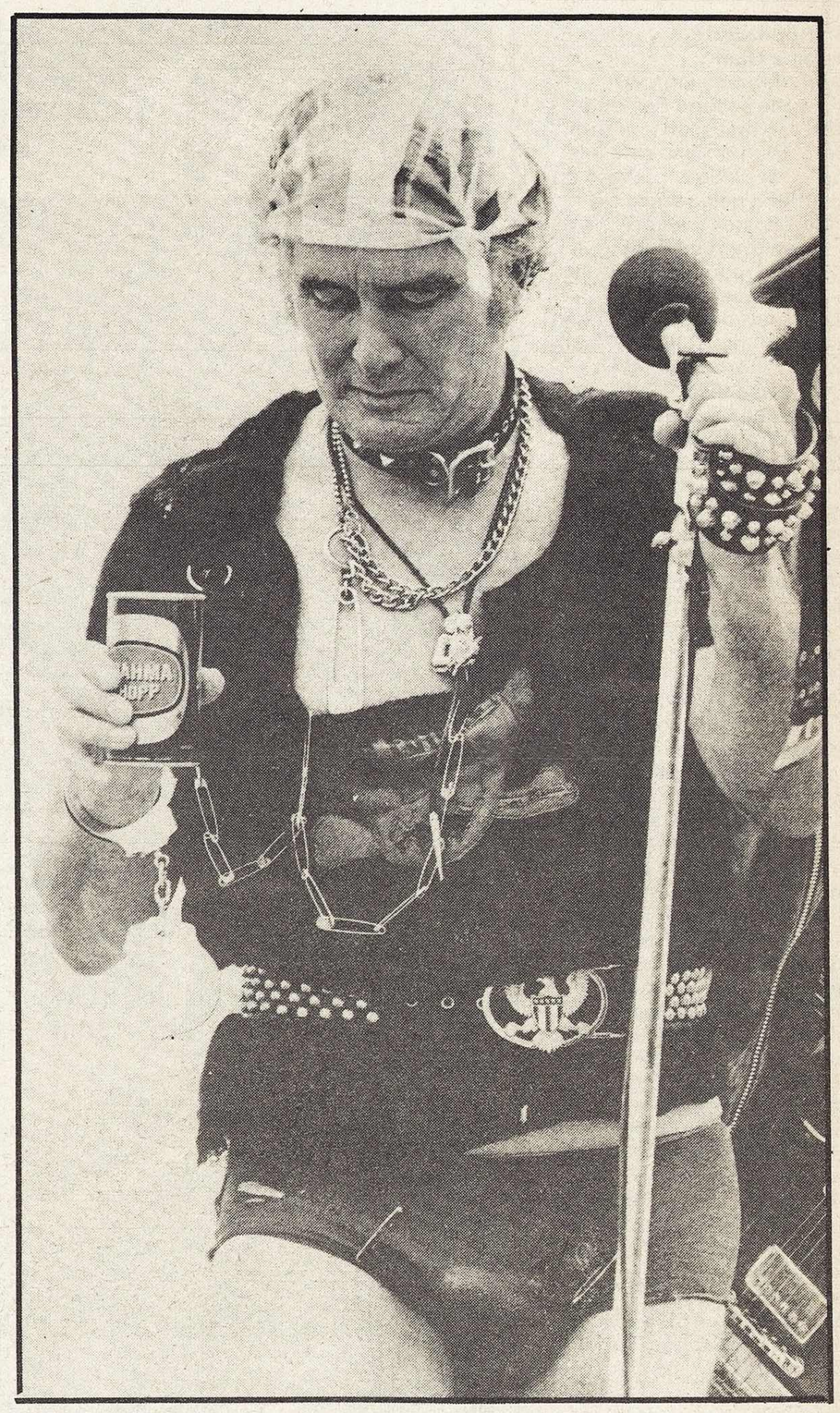
Here they are: the good, the bad, the ugly, the praiseworthy, the culpable and the simply misguided. Their achievements, their talents, their failings, their transgressions and some spectacularly awful pairs of trousers — all these and more have been taken down and held against them.

In a year when the corporations struck back after the great shake-up of '77, we had a new manufactured idol (move over Soul, Glaser, Winkler et al) to gawk at, puzzle over and loathe, plus a large amount of prepackaged, prepublicised, presold and practically pre-bought movie/record entertainments. Still, even after the dust had settled there were a healthy handful of talents who emerged during the Great New Wave Thing and held onto pre-eminent Rock Scene positions even after things slumped back into corporate normality.

Face it: modern popular music is now composed of a series of interlocking parallel universe — fragmented but not isolated, never touching but close sometimes. There's a Clash universe, a Travoltanewtonjohn universe, a Rush universe, a reggae universe and a whole herd of semi-uncharted cosmos (where drummers are outlawed, diagrams of refrigerators rule and boiler suits are *de rigeur*) becoming ever more familiar to astronomers.

The only alternative to 1978 is 1979: will the universe fragment or merge?

Last one into next year's a sissy.



● **THE SEX PISTOLS** made a Biggs-er splash this year with a record as exciting as it was tasteful after an ignominious disintegration in, of all places, San Francisco. The Kamikaze squad lived up to all our expectations by turning into fashionable derelicts-about town and behaving like bouncers between gigs. A nation was not outraged.

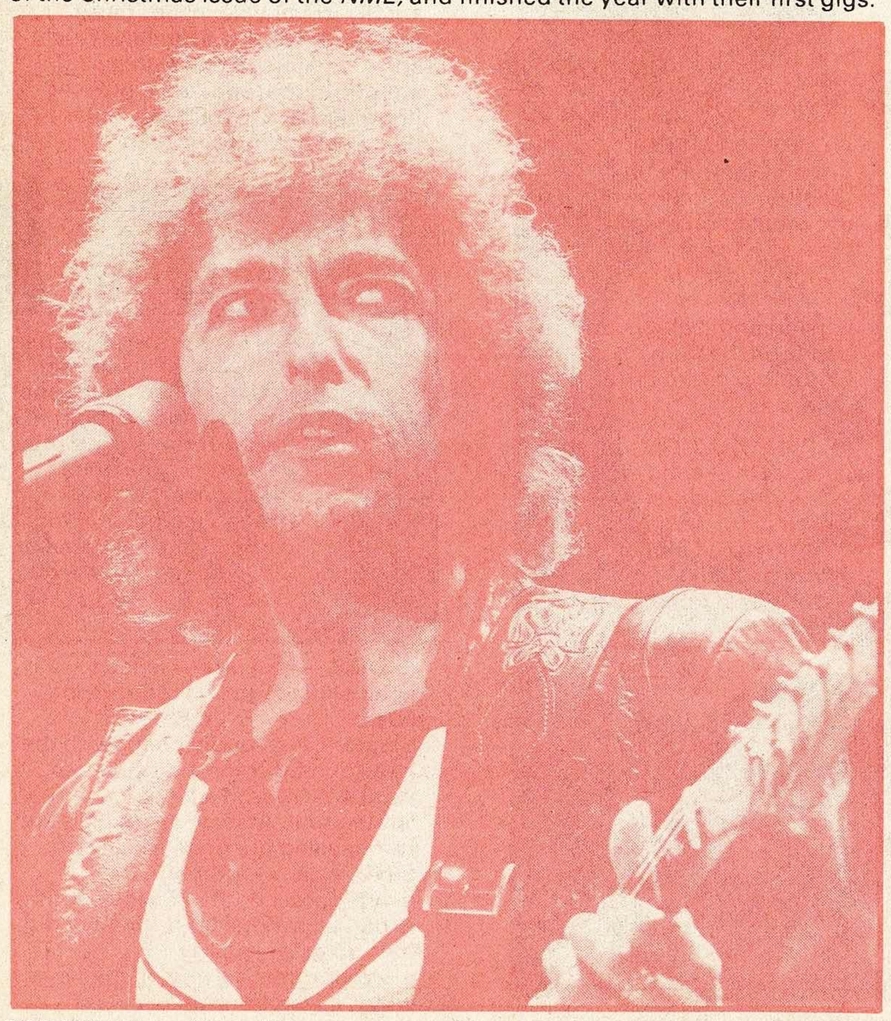
● **KEITH HUDSON**: the man who turned Shooter's Hill into a respectable suburb, told us what growing up on the wilder side of life was all about via his "Rasta Communication" album. He also gave us "Brand", the dubwise version of the album and rhythms that furnished the material of Alton Ellis and Militant Barry, among others.

● **TOM WAITS** thumbed his nose and cocked his hat at his former environment of spilled liquor and human debris. He took a room in a different motel, threw the empties in the trash-can, and on "Blue Valentines" discovered a compassion and insight into his beloved losers that is the equal of Springsteen, if not so thunderous. Next time we see you, Tom, we'll buy you a bourbon.

● **PENETRATION** trod the steady road from second league punk obscurity to UK bill toppers, offering the world a surprisingly mature debut album in "Moving Targets" and one of the new wave's best female voices in petite Pauline.

● **ROCK AGAINST RACISM/ANTI NAZI LEAGUE CARNIVALS.** Nowhere to play your bongoes in the dirt this year, but plenty of chances to express inter-racial solidarity, and we sincerely hope you had some inter-racial solidarity to express. Rocking Against Racism became the **only** way to relieve a social conscience without interrupting the party.

● **PUBLIC IMAGE** formed, released a sleeper single that eventually excited everybody, released an album that divided everybody, made the front cover of the Christmas issue of the *NME,* and finished the year with their first gigs.



BOB DYLAN confirmed his status as rock legend of our times and payed off most, if not all, his alimony by touring the world — Japan, Australia, Europe, America — and releasing his second major album of the '70s, "Street Legal". He also scored a hit British single with "Baby Please Stop Crying", and gave lots of lovely old hippies one of the highpoints of their year with his sterling performances at Earl's Court and Blackbushe. He also persuaded himself to chop his film *Renaldo And Clara,* from 4½ hours to 2½, collecting a basin of reviews ranging from the ecstatic to the disgusted.

● **FAST PRODUCT & ROUGH TRADE** both maintained the level of audacious excitement that only the smaller labels can, with releases ranging from the artily synthetic to the rootsy and rebellious. The world would surely have been more glum without the effect of, say, the latest Mekons and Subway Sect singles, not to mention the fact that it would also have been minus a few hip items to possess.

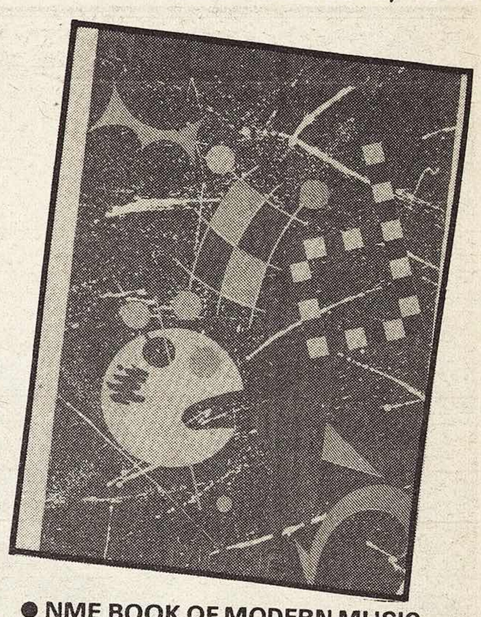
● **BRYAN FERRY'S** year was one long buzzcocks song; his best girl Jerry Hall jilted him for Jagger, his patchy "Bride Stripped Bare" album and a sting of singles all failed to chart. with the exception of his "Sign Of The Times" — they deserved no better. at the end of the year Ferry was recording with the re-formed Roxy Music. this move could be embarrassing or rewarding, probably both.

● **THE REZILLOS** got the breaks in the teen-trasherama stakes, broke into the top twenty twice, and then broke up. God bless their gaudy day-glo sox.

● **ELVIS COSTELLO** enthralled, infuriated, intrigued, irritated and got into lots of backstage fights. with two smashes out of three singles ("Chelsea" and "Radio Radio" seduced the mass ear, while "Pump It Up" didn't) and a single success with his "This Year's Model" album, the man who did for hornrimmed glasses what Elton John did for hair transplants — also achieved the dubious honour of being the first new wave(ish) artist to have one of his songs recorded by Linda Ronstadt.

● **DAVID BOWIE** neared the end of his contract with RCA proclaiming his interest in rock music ever-dwindling and saying he wanted to paint, act and generally be creative. This didn't prevent him embarking on a successful world tour or releasing a well-duff live album documentation of this sojourn. In the *Just A Gigolo* movie he tried to look smouldering, waltzed with Kim Novak and got to wear a Nazi helmet.

● **SID VICIOUS** achieved the notoriety he seemed to want, though not quite in the way he might have wanted. We'd like to wish Sid a merry Christmas in Riker's Island this year. And maybe next year, and the year after that . . .

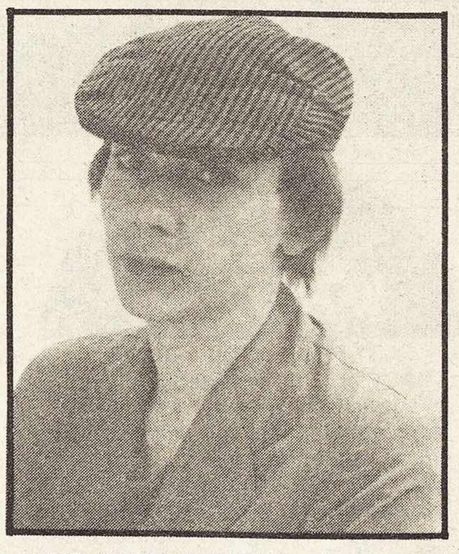


● **NME BOOK OF MODERN MUSIC** gave you the lowdown on rock possibilities for '79 and beyond. So whatever happens don't say we didn't warn you . . .

● **KEITH RICHARDS'** response when he heard in court that he had virtually gotten away with possession of a large quantity of heroin was to give a clenched-fist salute. But the world's most elegantly wasted reputation was still perceivably tarnished.

● **BLONDIE** made the dizzy, glamorous world of cover-girl pop sit up and drool not once but four consecutive times. Other than that, they jammed with the reclusive Robert Fripp on versions of Donna Summer toons, and nearly caused a spate of adolescent suicides by making public Debbie Harry's full and meaningful partnership with Chris Stein.

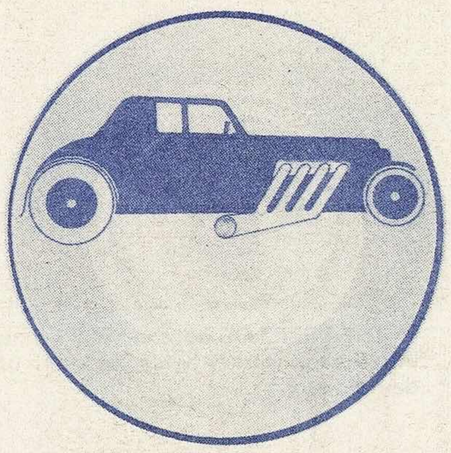
● **SHAM 69** hadn't released a record at this time last year. This year they released two albums and two of their singles achieved terrace anthem status. The ever charismatic Jimmy Pursey met the traumas of their success head on, the main one of which was probably the unpleasant Sham Army.



● **HOWARD DEVOTO** found favour for his widow's peak and gormless facial expressions with an album of 'progressive' updates of old John Barry themes. An enigma in his own time, which most people seem to think has yet to come.

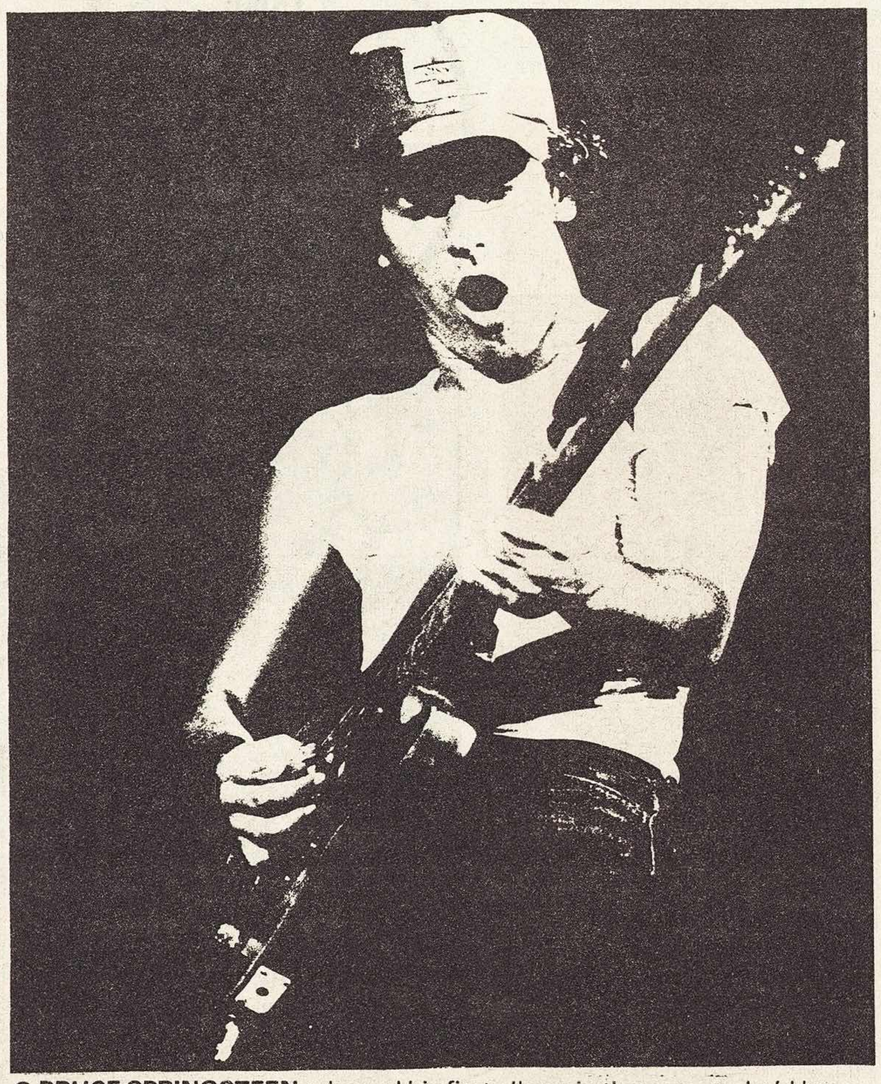
● **BUZZCOCKS** were living proof that sensitive souls are just not built for touring; the same songs night after night, motorway food, boring hours in the back of a transit, etc. But if they looked like they couldn't give a shit live, they still managed to knock-out a string of catchy love-burns pop songs, totally irresistible in sub-three minute doses. Pete Shelley feels sorry for himself better than anyone in the land, but if he's flogging the same riff this time next year, he'll really have problems.

● **JOHN COOPER-CLARKE** looked like Bob Dylan, talked like Eddie Yates and motormouthed rock audiences with welterweight verse about monsters from outer space, health fanatics, nipples in the *Daily Express,* kung fu kids, readers' wives and other important subjects, and transformed all this into a sublime album. A spiky stick insect in shades, J. C-C turned nightmares into poetry and poetry into rock and roll.



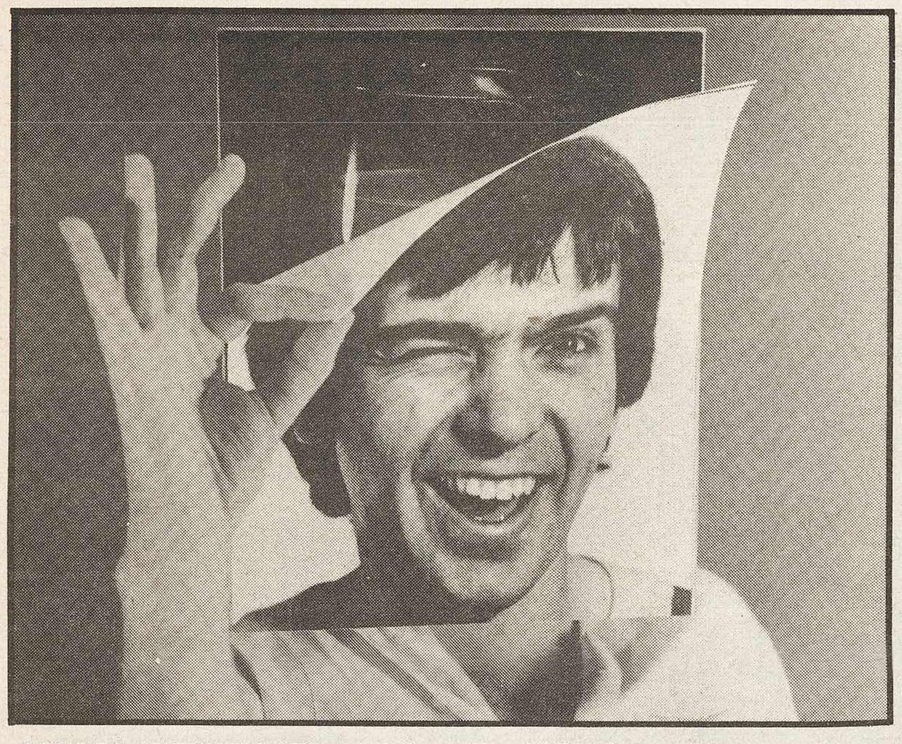
● **COLOURED VINYL** and lately the picture disc superceded the 12 inch single — and became the year's prize marketing ploy.

● **SUICIDE** turned out to be capable of living down the convenient death vogue decadence tag occasioned by their name and New York City origins. They nearly lived up to it when their psychotic electronic surf music and visual cabaret met with hostilities on the Clash On Parole tour. The duo took it in their stride — they've been doing this kind of thing for years.



● **BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN** released his first album in three years: he'd been kept out of the studio by gruelling and protracted legals with his manager. His new album not only demonstrated what he'd been put through, but also gave the measure of the man: from the fevered mythmaking of his previous work through depression and bitterness and out the other side with an attitude of clarity and positivism, "Darkness At The Edge Of Town" and its attendant singles provided a blend of compassion and strength. Still think he's just another rentastreetpoet? Wash your ears out!

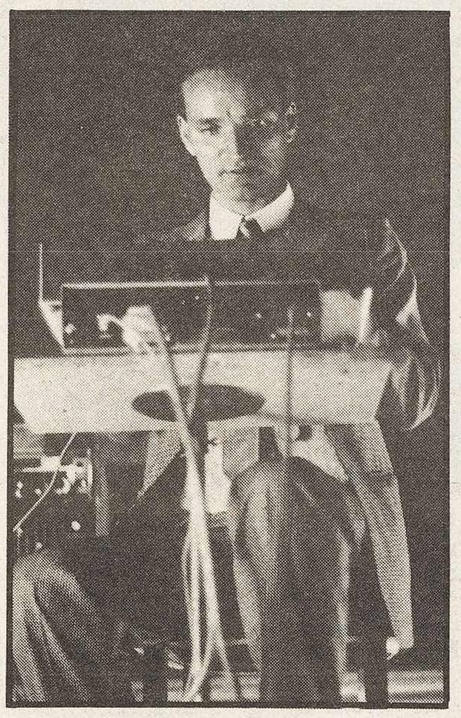
● **JAZZ** — real jazz — failed to rally against the high 'n' higher-flying Fusion Thing. Even Pharoah Sanders, last loudly heard with the late John Coltrane a decade ago, went AWOL with a disco 'statement'. At least the majors are re-releasing old gold (Blue Note, Savoy, etc.) — although the avant-garde, both in Europe and America, seems determined to dig its own grave, still as uncompromising and, in many ways, as uncommunicative as ever: forced to sail so far out, it's lost the nerve to come in again. Fusion rules the roost for the forseeable future, so find your faith in Weather Report who, despite the disappointing "Mr. Gone", played some sublime and serene stageshows.



● **THE BOOMTOWN RATS** only left the *Top Of The Pops* studio to tour, record, rehearse and lig: the world's cuddliest and hard-working New Wave outfit hit the jackpot with three hit singles and two chart rides for their "Tonic For The Troops" album, topped off with a number one hit for "Rat Trap" (the first New Wave number one the BBC owned up to). All this despite being totally neglected and ignored by *NME!*

● **PETER GABRIEL** continued uncompromised on course from Genesis to self-revelation: no 'easy' singles; no 'obvious' image. The year saw him release a second alienation-absorbed "Peter Gabriel", a self-explanatory 45 in "D.I.Y.", shave his head (again), stage his own shows, and even support The Stranglers at Battersea.

● **TALKING HEADS** proved that the tidy domestic look is not a severe impediment to rock progress. Mild-mannered David Byrne was mistaken for a Communist and a scatologist. But few people could have made a mistake in acquiring their Eno-produced "More Songs About Buildings And Food" album, which incidentally made them the only new wave artists apart from Patti Smith to make the US top thirty, albeit no higher than number thirty.



● **CLOSED-CIRCUIT EXPERIMENTAL BANDS** were, in retrospect, inevitable. Synthesisers got cheaper and the future (or a romantically stark and mechanical version thereof) got fashionable. Using mostly the German electronic bands as their blueprint, the vanguard of this new Frequency Generation numbered Cabaret Voltaire, The Normal and The Human League.

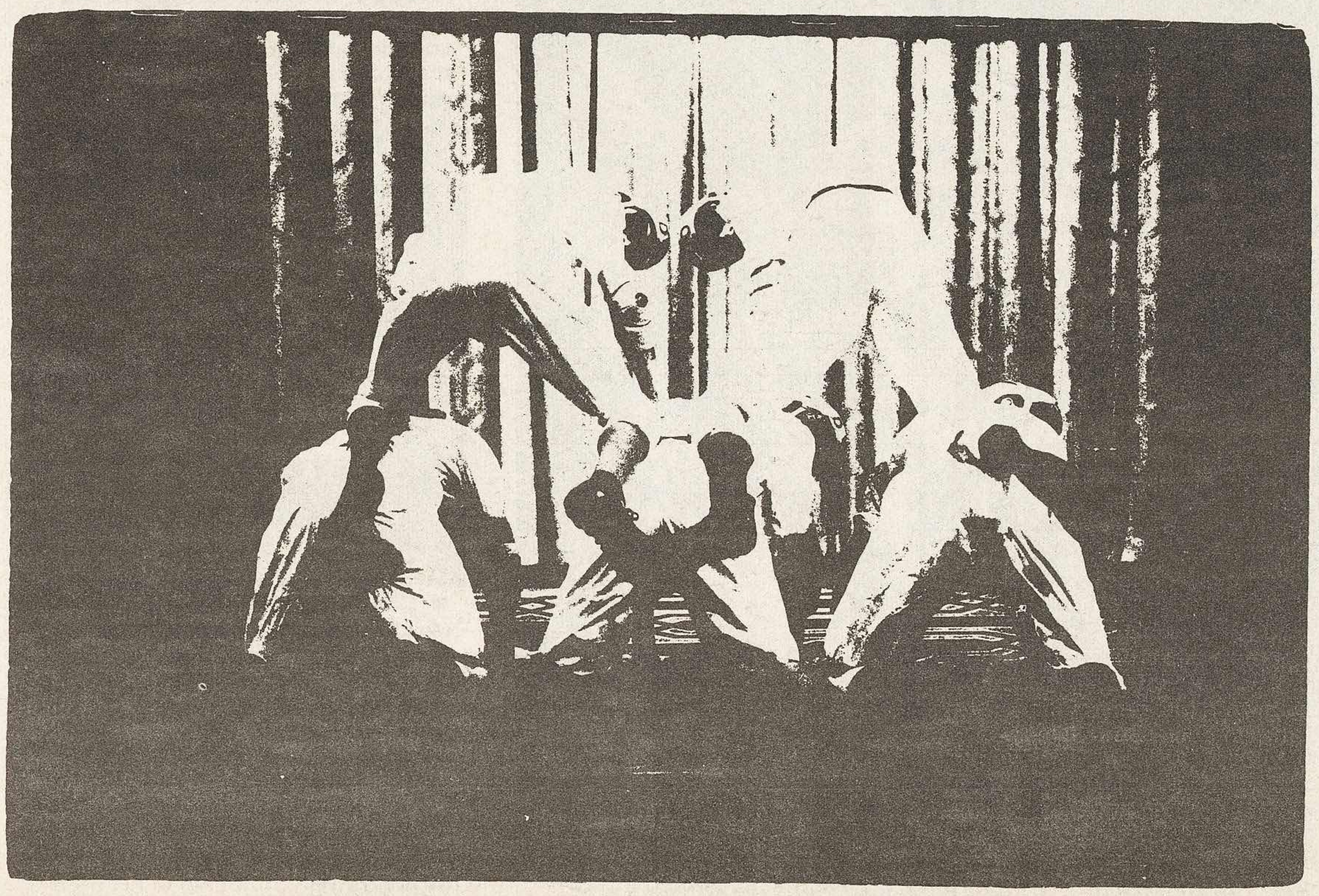
'ERE WE GO 2-3-4

● **JILTED JOHN** was teenage thespian Graham Fellows, who skippered off Manchester drama school for Do-It-Yourself discs and found himself with the most infuriating catchy novelty single of the year, also elevating the term 'moron' to new heights of common usage.

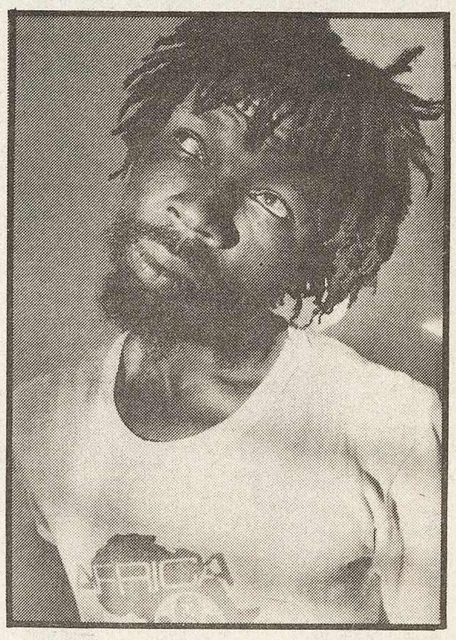
● **KATE BUSH** gave us the years most bewitching looks, and in "Wuthering Heights" some would say the years most bewitching single.

● **REVOLVER** tried hard to be an alternative T.V. rock programme, succeeded in being a modern Top of the Pops, was scorned by the hipsters and ignored by the block-heads.

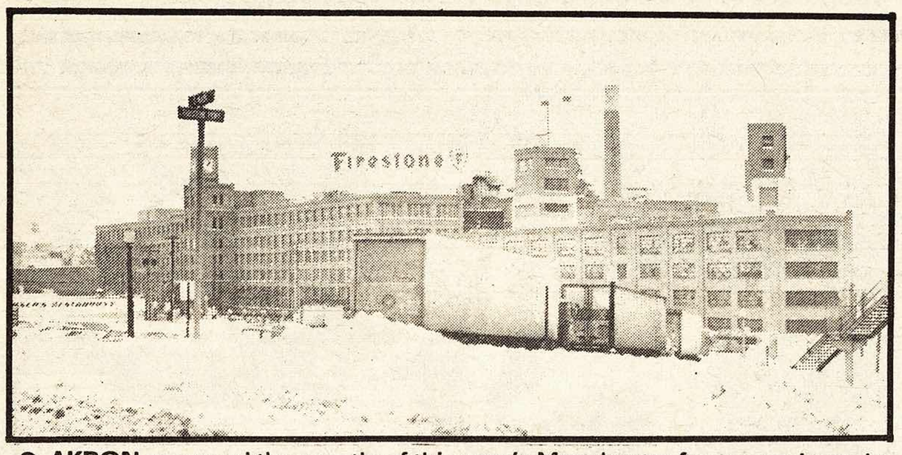
● **X-RAY SPEX** signed with EMI and seven-inch chart hits of Poly Styrene's Consumer Nightmare version came in spurts. They faltered in mid-year when Poly claimed to have been visited by an extra-terrestial being who ordered her to forsake all things plastic and get back to nature. She pulled back from the fruit-farm precipice just in time, and said it was the result of smoking too much 'erb. The early shambolic charm of their music has been somewhat suffocated in the studio but Poly remains one of the most interesting, innovatory, unpredictable characters to have emerged in the latter half of the decade.



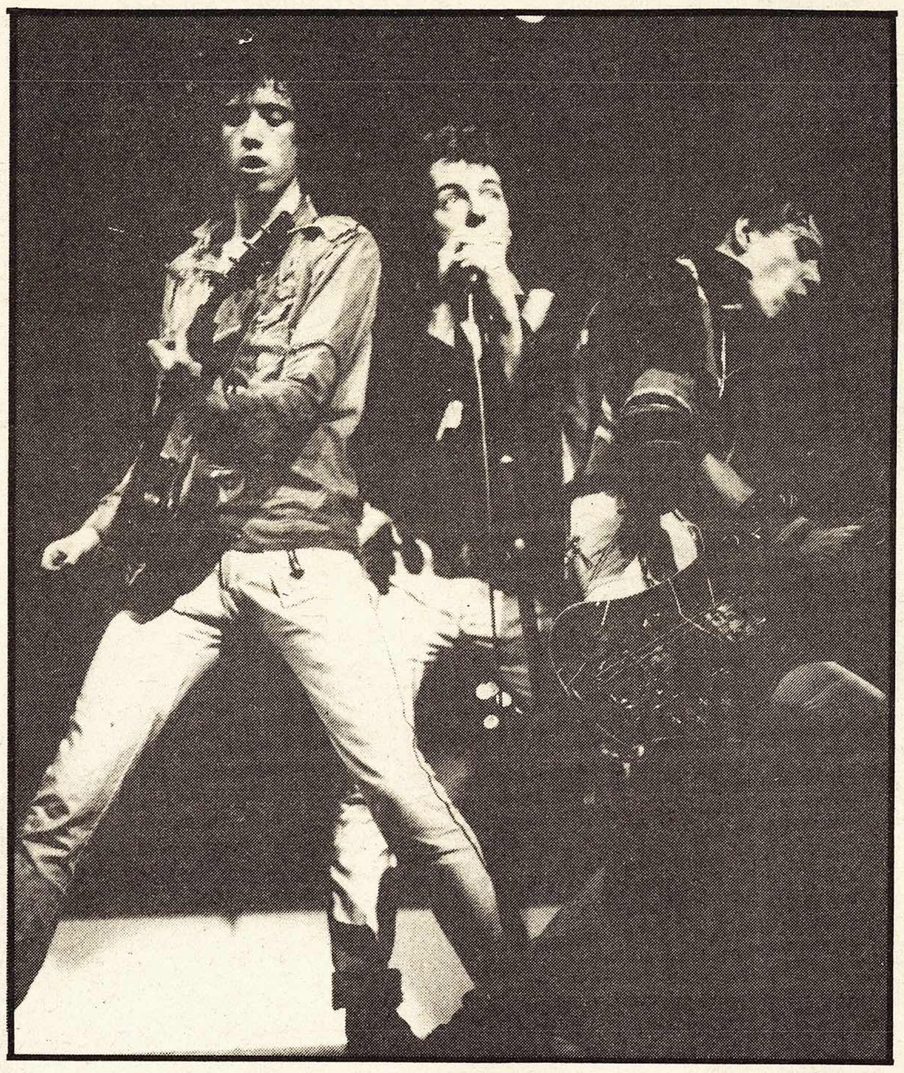
● **DEVO** gave the Spuds a Big Mac Attack on tour, on vinyl and on video. The Spuds response was mixed but undeniably feverish. They Devo-danced to "Satisfaction", chuckled at the films, and leapt out of their seats "the sound of things falling apart."



● **CULTURE**: Joe Hill's glittering isle of springs jewel, proved the 1976/7 promise of "Two Sevens Clash" and "Trod On" with a brilliant album in "Africa Stand Alone" and one of the year's ultimate reggae singles "Natty Never Get Weary". Also a fine UK tour. Draw your own seasonal greeting.

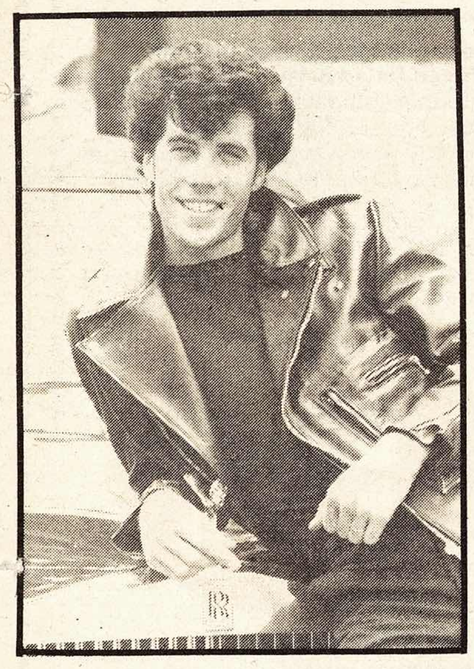


● **AKRON** assumed the mantle of this year's Manchester for approximately the duration of one flawed but appealing compilation album before people grew tired of it — then the surburban mid-western home of Devo became merely last week's Leeds.



● **THE CLASH** made promises they couldn't keep, kept promises no-one else could've made, resolutely stuck themselves in the firing line with the singleminded courage of lunatics or small children, got knocked down, got up, made fools of themselves, dusted themselves off and carried on. They finally delivered their second album "Give 'Em Enough Rope" and took lumps over it, and whacked out a brace of excellent singles. Their self-appointed position as Bastions Of Ingegrity is by no means unsullied, but ultimately The Clash made it through, bloody but unbowed.

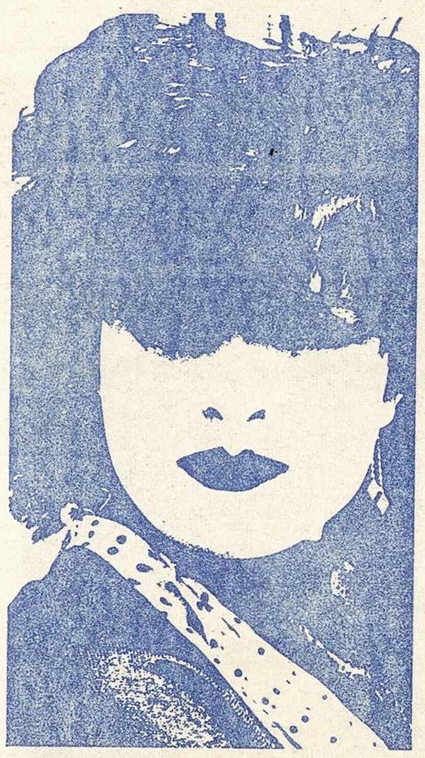
● **PATTI SMITH** came out of traction and into action, promising to revitalise the new wave with "Easter". She hit singles pay dirt with Springsteen's "Because The Night", and scaled new heights of hysterical abandon with "Babel". All in all, both pro and anti Patti Smith factions had their money's worth, and the latter camp had to keep very quiet about ever thinking Patti's year came and went in '76.



● **JOHN TRAVOLTA / ROBERT STIGWOOD.** Before RSO boss-man Stigwood there was Disco, but it was the property of kids, confined to their clubs, very private and tribal. Stigwood's *Saturday Night Fever* handed it to the masses and the faces on the dance-floor aged before your very eyes. The film also turned the Bee Gee's into a more bankable commercial property than the Beatles had ever been and made John Travolta THE Youth Icon of the '70s, whether rockbiz hipsters liked it or not.

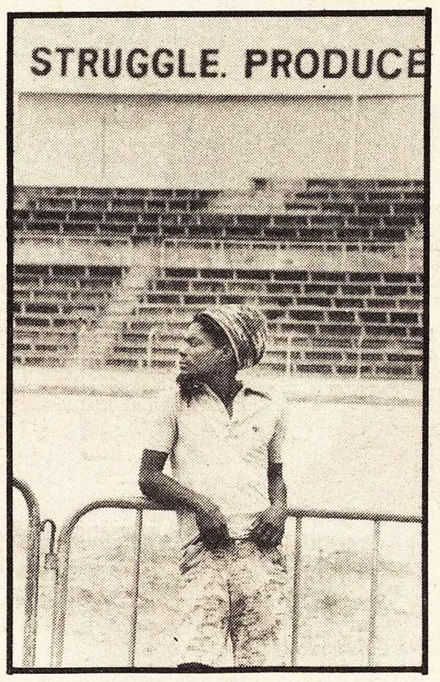
Grease was pure escapism, '50s High School fantasia. It also said more about post-pubescent social and sexual mores and manners in, say, "Summer Nights" than every rock 'n' roll outlaw had mustered all year.

Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band was meant to be Stigwood's third box office bomb-shell and final step towards world domination instead it was unbelievably chronic. The Bee Gees and Peter Frampton pretended to be Fab Beatles and skipped through a landscape reminiscent of Walt Disney's corpse on bad acid.



● **SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES** wore their radical shock troops credentials on their arm-bands for the first part of the year — then a quick about-face found former Bromley Contingent go-go dancer Siouxsie doing her high-kicks on *Top Of The Pops* to the strains of one of the year's primo singles, "Hong Kong Garden".

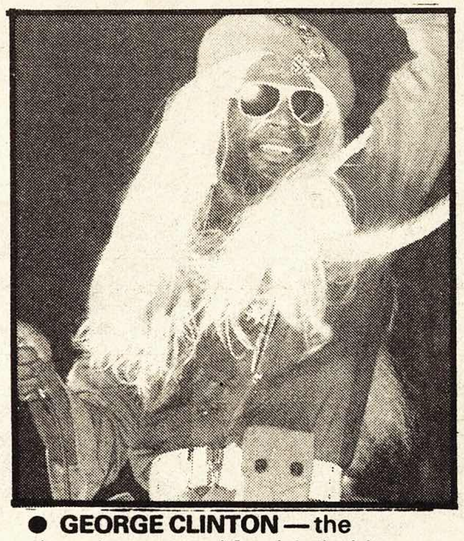
● **PERE UBU** gave a colourful eccentric dissonance to the sound of '78 with two consistently brilliant albums and tours. Their singer loomed larger than life and twice as perplexing, while their following grew stronger with every move.



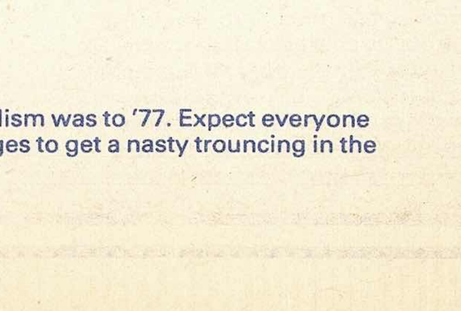
● **THE KINGSTON PEACE CONCERT** in Jamaica was called to celebrate the truce between the warring political ghettoes of Kingston. It assembled a stunning array of reggae talent, an audience of many thousands of Jamaicans, two hundred foreign journalists, and finaled with Bob Marley — returned from exile — holding aloft the uneasy hands of the Jamaican Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition. It was memorable both as a concert and as an event, even though the peace it celebrated soon lapsed into an uneasy and disturbed truce.

● **THE STRANGLERS** had a relatively quiet year, released a hugely succesful and 'experimental' album, and precious little else. They failed to conquer America, which didn't seem to bother *them,* and came home to produce onstage strippers and live out their role as Quasimodos of the New Wave.

● **THE JAM** took the sound of '65 into '76 and '77 and when "The Modern World" looked as if they'd run dry, they took the sound of '66 into '78 with "All Mod Cons", an album which not only contained their best work but also surpassed what anybody had expected from them. They even (in their spare time) knocked out a brace of chartwarming hit singles: one ("David Watts") charming and nostalgic, one ("Down In The Tube Station At Midnight") chilling and contemporary. From the dumper to the front ranks: the rise, fall and rise of The Jam.



● **GEORGE CLINTON** — the chocolate-coated freak in habit form — took his maltifarious thang to the British stage and caused pure funk catharsis or acute sensory overload, depending on whether you see it, or no see't. The Mothership Connection also upheld its rich and varied release schedule with the likes of Bootsy, Funkadelic, and The Brides Of Funkenstein.



● **KEITH MOON** drove his Rolls Royce into the great swimming pool in the sky after 15 years of conspicuous consumption as showman drummer of The Who. Some of the tears shed were crocodile but those who mourned the most knew him the best.

● **BACKLASHES** were to '78 what nihilism was to '77. Expect everyone you've seen on the preceeding five pages to get a nasty trouncing in the coming weeks.

NME VINYL FINALS '78

The NME Collective List Their Winning Spins

SINGLES

1 **Ever Fallen In Love** Buzzcocks (United Artists)
2 **Public Image** Public Image (Virgin)
3 **What A Waste** Ian Dury (Stiff)
4 **Miss You** Rolling Stones (EMI)
5 **Radio Radio** Elvis Costello (Radar)
6 **I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea** Elvis Costello (Radar)
7 **Hong Kong Garden** Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)
8 **White Man In Hammersmith Palais** The Clash (CBS)
9 **Shot By Both Sides** Magazine (Virgin)
10 **Sign Of The Times** Bryan Ferry (Polydor)
11 **Shame** Evelyn "Champagne" King (RCA)
12 **Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick** Ian Dury (Stiff)
13 **Rising Free** Tom Robinson Band (EMI)
14 **Satisfaction** Devo (Stiff)
15 **Ambition** Subway Sect (Rough Trade)
16 **Take Me To The River** Talking Heads (sire)
17 **It's The New Thing** The Fall (Step Forward)
18 **I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass** Nick Lowe (Radar)
19 **What Do I Get** Buzzcocks (United Artists)
20 **Germ Free Adolescents** X Ray Spex (EMI)
21 **I Am The Fly** Wire (Harvest)
22 **Because The Night** Patti Smith (Arista)
23 **Damaged Goods** Gang Of Four (Fast)
24 **Mr Know It All** Greg Isaacs (DEB)
25 **Night People** Allen Toussaint (Warner Brothers)
26 **Mighty Real** Sylvester (Fantasy)
27 **Private Plane** Thomas Leer (Company)
28 **Where Were You** The Mekons (Fast)
29 **Hard Workin Man** Captain Beefheart (MCA)
30 **Down At The Doctors** Dr Feelgood (United Artists)

ALBUMS

1 **Darkness On The Edge Of Town** Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
2 **All Mod Cons** The Jam (Polydor)
3 **This Year's Model** Elvis Costello (Radar)
4 **More Songs About Buildings & Food** Talking Heads (Sire)
5 **Africa Stand Alone** Culture (April)
6 **Peter Gabriel** Peter Gabriel (Charisma)
7 **Street Legal** Bob Dylan (CBS)
8 **Dub Housing** Pere Ubu (Chrysalis
9 **Germ Free Adolescents** X Ray Spex (EMI)
10 **David Johansen** David Johansen (Blue Sky)
11 **The Modern Dance** Pere Ubu (Blank)
12 **The Scream** Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)
13 **Moving Targets** Penetration (Virgin)
14 **Shiny Beast** Captain Beefheart (Warner Brothers)
15 **Rasta Communication** Keith Hudson (Head)
16 **An American Prayer** Jim Morrison (Elektra)
17 **Who Are You** The Who (Polydor)
18 **Some Girls** Rolling Stones (EMI)
19 **Marcus Children** Burning Spear (Island)
20 **Real Life** Magazine (Virgin)
21 **Blue Valentine** Tom Waits (Asylum)
22 **Go 2** XTC (Virgin)
23 **Jazz** Ry Cooder (Warner Brothers)
24 **We Are Not Men . . .** Devo (Virgin)
25 **Another Music In A Different Kitchen** Buzzcocks (United Artists)
26 **Dynamite Daze** Kevin Coyne (Virgin)
27 **Give 'Em Enough Rope** Clash (CBS)
28 **First Edition** Public Image (Virgin)
29 **Live & Dangerous** Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)
30 **Man Machine** Kraftwerk (Capitol)

And Mentioned In Despatches

SINGLES

ALSO RANS, SINGLES
Little Way Different Errol Dunkley (Arawak); **Don't Come Close** The Ramones (Sire); **Dangerous Woman** Tapper Zuki (Front Line); **Love Don't Live Here Anymore** Rose Royce (Whitfield); **Surrender** Cheap Trick (Epic); **Dry Up Your Tears** The Bold One/Clint Eastwood (Cha Cha); **Stayin' Alive** Bee Gees (RSO); **Badlands** Bruce Springsteen (CBS); **Tommy Gun** Clash (CBS); **Jilted John** Jilted John (Rabid); **Human Fly** The Cramps (Vengeance); **Natty Never Get Weary** Culture; **Picture This** Blondie (Chrysalis); **Shank Bloc Bologna** Scritti Politti (St Pancras); **Which Way Is Up** Starguard (MCA); **Statue Of Liberty** XTC (Virgin); **Tomorrow Night** Shoes (Bomp); **News Of The World** Jam (Polydor); **D.I.Y.** Peter Gabriel (Charisma); **Dangerous Woman** Tapper Zukie (Phensic) (Front Line).
ALSO RANS, albums

ALBUMS

Tonic For The Troops Boomtown Rats (Ensign); **Power In The Darkness** Tom Robinson Band (EMI); **Dread Beat & Blood** Poet & The Roots (Front Line); **Wavelength** Van Morrison (Warner Brothers); **The Real Kids** The Real Kids (Red Star); **Road To Ruin** The Ramones (Sire); **Hearts Of Stone** Southside Johnny (Epic); **Some Enchanted Evening** Blue Oyster Cult (CBS); **Suicide** Suicide (Red Star); **Smooth Talk** Evelyn "Champagne" King (RCA); **Roy Hill** Roy Hill (Arista); **Tell Us The Truth** Sham 69 (Polydor); **Comes A Time** Neil Young (Reprise); **Disguise In Love** John Cooper Clarke (CBS); **The Image Has Cracked** ATV (Deptford Fun City); **Midnight Express** Giorgio Moroder (Casablanca); **Dark Album** Wigwam (Love); **Fool Around** Rachel Sweet (Stiff); **Love Bites** Buzzcocks (United Artists); **Black & White** Stranglers (United Artists); **Easter** Patti Smith (Arista); **Love** Twinkle Brothers (Front Line); **The Akron Compilation** Various Artists (Stiff); **Cruisin'** Village People (Phonogram); **The 5th Power** Lester Bowie (Black Saint); **Rosewood** Woody Shaw (CBS); **One Nation Under a Groove** Funkadelic (Warner Brothers); **V.S.O.P.** The Quintet (CBS); **Enhance** Billy Hart (Horizon); **X Dreams** Annette Peacock (Aura).

BEST REISSUES

Greatest Hits Eddie Floyd (Stax); **Psychedelic Sounds of** 13th Floor Elevators (Radar); **No 1 Record/Radio City** Big Star (Stax); **Man Ah Warrior** Tapper Zukie (Mer).

BEST COMPILATIONS

Cannibalism Can (United Artists); **Datapanik In The Year Zero** Pere Ubu (Radar); **Best Dressed Chicken** Dr Alimantado (Greensleeves); **The Akron Compilation** (Stiff).

CHARTS COMPUTED FROM THE INDIVIDUAL LISTINGS OF: Danny Baker, Max Bell, Julie Burchill, Roy Carr, Steve Clarke, Fred Dellar, Bob Edmands, Nick Kent, Angus MacKinnon, Phil McNeill, Paul Morley, C. S. Murray, Tony Parsons, Ian Penman, Paul Rambali, Penny Reel, Monty Smith, Neil Spencer, Tony Stewart, Adrian Thrills.

Quotes Of

Jan

Crocus Behemoth (David Thomas), of Pere Ubu: What we are is not pretty. *(7.1.78)*

John Otway: When I was at primary school they wanted to send me to a special school because they thought I was mad. There are a lot of people like me now, and teachers still treat them badly. *(7.1.78)*

Dee Dee Ramone: UUURRRGHHHEEERAH!UUURRRGHHHEEERAH!UUURRRGHHH Uh, one of ma tooths fell out. I'll put it under my pillow. *(7.1.78)*

Joey Ramone: Marriage is worse than dying. Why stay with *one* for 50 years? We advise against marriage. *(7.1.78)*

Johnny Ramone: Let's get Generation X to play *after* The Rezillos and before *us*. Generation X are *so fuckin' bad*, man. *(7.1.78)*

Dee Dee Ramone: I don't mind being gobbed on . . . it looks like snot. I mind it when it's in my eyes because then I can't see. When it's on my hand it makes my plectrum slippery to hold! *(7.1.78)*

Siouxsie Banshee (on her childhood): I was very lonely, actually. When I was eight I tried to commit suicide to get noticed by my parents. I used to do things like fall on the floor upstairs so that they'd think I'd fallen downstairs, and I'd have bottles of pills in my hands. I've always felt on the outside, really. *(14.1.78)*

Sid Vicious (to Texas audience): You cowboys are all faggots. *(14.1.78)*

Tony Mascia (Bowie's bodyguard): David's 100 per cent man. But he'll tell anybody anything. When you're coming up you tell them anything they want to hear. Meantime, he goes to the bank with the money. What's he care?

David's a good kid to work for. I got offered twice the money to work for Rod Stewart, but I turned it down. *(14.1.78)*

Bob Dylan: *Renaldo and Clara,* to me, wasn't long enough.

New Wave groups? No, I'm not interested in them.

I don't really live in the actual world. *(21.1.78)*

George Csapo (Bethnal): I've got nothing against Tom Robinson, but he's a white middle-class kid and if the National Front came in . . . well, it would affect him because he's queer . . . *(21.1.78)*

John Cooper Clarke: It's probably a very good thing to maintain a mistrust of intellectuals. You can hear intellectuals all the time condoning some of the worst barbarities.

I don't think I've ever seen a punk rock group that didn't have something very imaginative about it. It's not being a traitor to your class to go into those areas, it only widens your perspective.

I like punk rock because it allows the softness to come through. It's not like hard-rock — throwing somebody's crutch in your face. They're human beings singing about being human beings. It's stupid to say that people who don't act like rapists can't play rock'n'roll. The trend in the early 70s — when it wasn't decadent and limp-wristed — was towards things brutish and moronic.

I try to talk in tune. That's what I do — talk in tune. *(28.1.78)*

Malcolm McLaren: Rock'n'roll is dead. *(28.1.78)*

Johnny Rotten: I didn't leave the band. The band left me. No comment on the reasons why. This is not the death of punk rock, it's the demise of one band of many. It stopped the rise of The Rolling Stones of the '80s ever happening. *(28.1.78)*

Frank Sinatra: Punk rock is a bad scene, and I don't understand why it has to exist when there's so much in life. *(28.1.78)*

Feb

Debbie Harry: I might not *like* it when a crowd shouts at me but I certainly *thrive* on it. If a band full of men is on stage and an audience of girls is screaming then everything is as it should be . . . but if it's a girl on stage then suddenly everything is cheap. Reaction to me has to be *cheap* because I'm a girl and they're not used to that. If it was The Bay City Rollers up there then everything would be cool.

When I first started getting interviewed and talked about being a junkie and a groupie — which I was, right? — when my Dad and Mom saw it in print it *really* hurt them and that hurt me more than anything . . . but it *was* the truth.

Do you like Donna Summer? It's commercial, but it's good, it says something . . . I Feel Love . . . that's the kind of stuff that I want to do.

I manage to look so young because I'm mentally retarded. Actually I think the reason I don't look as old as I really am is because of the junk and the yoga. I'm not a Communist, I'm a Humanist. That's why I'm attracted to Lenin. *(4/2/78).*

Ian Dury (reviewing Blondie's "Denis" 45 on the singles page): It makes the heart water. Debbie Harry sings beautifully and everybody at London Airport is whistling this tune already. Consequently this is up for high placements top in the threes. Denis does not wear tight trousers that make his balls look soppy and have poetic hair and is French. A single. *(4/2/78).*

Sid Vicious: When I get so annoyed over something, I need an enemy — somebody who's done something to me — so that I can take it out on them and beat them to a pulp. And I always find I'm sitting in a room with a load of friends and I can't do anything to them, so I just go upstairs and smash a glass and cut myself. Then I feel better.

I'm so glad that I'm out of that group. I disliked what the Pistols finally came to stand for but that's down to John, because he was what the Pistols were all about. Ever since John got beat up he's never gone out unless he had about 30 people with him. That just finished him up. One of the things that saved *me* was . . . I'm more . . . I'm more animal mentality than any of them. I don't think about what I do very much. We just kind of *do* things. *(4/2/78).*

Nancy Spungen: I take a lot of brandy. Pour a small one for Sid and a large one for me. Sid's not supposed to drink. Otherwise he'll die. *(4/2/78).*

Millie Jackson (on stage at the Hammersmith Odeon): Issa grey tabby inyor wunnderful cuntree! I know y'll cuss sometimes 'cause I been hearing people saying 'Sheee-it'. But there ain't no such thing as shee-it. It's only got but one syllable. It's *shit*. Let me hear ya now, after three . . . *(4/2/78).*

Audience at Hammersmith Odeon for Millie Jackson concert: SHIT. *(4/2/78).*

Johnny Rotten —on the demise of The Sex Pistols): I was bored chronic of singing the same set that we'd been doing for two years and I was bored stiff with Sid's juvenile behaviour. Biggs is a fool, a buffoon trapped down South America way. He didn't get no money. He's a loser and I don't celebrate losers. If you're going to worship a train robbery, why not the one who got the money? *(4/2/78).*

Britt Ekland: I'm the most unavailable woman that you ever met. *(4/2/78).*

Wilko Johnson: Wordsworth was one of the first poets I ever read to any extent. I always wanted the Feelgoods to do 'Ode To Immortality' as a 12-bar, but Lee couldn't seem to get the delivery right. *(11/2/78).*

Keith Richard: Oh, I hope the Stones can keep going forever. A lot of the old black boys kept going until the day they dropped.

I think that, personally, drugs are purely a matter for the person concerned. I mean, it's like a blow-job, you know, in some States that's still illegal. It's just a matter of how far people are prepared to put up with so-called authorities prying into their lives. If they really don't want to accept it then they'll do something about it. Because there's no way the so-called authorities can enforce it.

I'm extremely careful, I've never turned blue in somebody else's bathroom. I consider that the height of bad manners. I've had so many people do it to me and it's really not on, as far as drug etiquette goes, to turn blue in somebody else's john. *(11/2/78).*

Ray Davies: He's the prince of the punks and he's finally made it, thinks he looks cool but his act is dated, he acts working-class but it's all baloney, he's really middle-class and he's just a phoney, he acts tough but it's just a front — the prince of the punks... He's much too old at 28, but he thinks he's 17, he thinks he's a star but he looks more like a queen. *(11/2/78).*

Ray Davies: Prince Of The Punks' is not about Tom Robinson. *(11/2/78).*

Tom Robinson: I don't know how I feel about going to play in Middlesbrough. I see all these butch young men who are either working down the docks or the steel works or unemployed, who I used to be in terror of having my head kicked in by when I used to live there, standing there waving their scarves, going, SING IF YOU'RE ... I don't know how I feel about that. All the time I lived in Middlesbrough I was terrified out of my life in case anyone found out I *was* gay ...

Lesbians from the Gay Liberation Front in Bradford stormed the stage and accused me of being patronising to women when the band does "Right On Sister". It's cool. I stopped playing it at once. It was written as a statement of solidarity with those women, and if they don't want it, I'm just gonna do the next number. There's such a danger with the Left generally — and people involved in sexual politics in particular — that the things they attack are on their own side. For instance, the Bradford GLF lesbians zap us but not The Stranglers. It's their party trick.

Kids pay £1.50 to see you, £4 for an album, 80p for a single, £2 for a tee shirt ... if you can't give them a three pee tuppenny ha'penny badge, write back to all their letters personally even if they forget the stamped addressed envelope, if you can't do that for them, what's it all about then? If you make people feel you care about them, that makes *them* care about *you*. It makes perfect financial sense.

I wanna be a star. *(11.2.78)*

Art Pepper: I'd always tried to stay well clear of heroin because I was aware that I had an addictive personality. But after that first snort ... I felt so good and immediately forgot all about my problems. I probably wouldn't have gotten hooked if my wife had still been with me. The whole time I was on hard drugs the only way I could justify it to myself was that all the other musicians I knew were doing it. *(11.2.78)*

When I was in San Quentin a lot of inmates got jealous simply because I played a horn. They called me a punk, a rat, although I never once tried to claim that I was any better than the rest of them. There were many times when they tried to draw me into a fight so that I'd get killed or be forced to kill somebody. *(11.2.78)*

"Okay, so I learned the hard way." *(11.2.78)*

Andy Warhol (on sex): I just don't do it anymore. *(11.2.78)*

Andy Warhol (on politics): It bothers me that people are tortured in Iran, but I'm a personal friend of the Empress. *(11.2.78)*

Andy Partridge of XTC on a Glasgow gig: They threw their knitting at us. *(18.2.78)*

Andy Partridge: Our drummer Terry Chambers recently met a real live mercenary soldier. It was like introducing a school-girl to Marc Bolan.

Comparisons to Bill Nelson? Well, I did think of wearing an eyepatch at one time and having an arm removed, but I couldn't do the tremolo action so well.

We used to have this singer who used to come on stage in a Marc Bolan cut satin jacket with no shirt and a big piece of metal around his neck, and these satin loons and enormous stack heels with lightning flashes down the side. He was the kind of George Hatcher figure at the front going *Whoah-whoah-hey-yeah!!* and eating his buffalo daily and being Mr Fur Chest, and we were at the back experimenting gently, and it didn't go on ..."

Can I just say today that Richard Branson's got ridiculously enormous teeth? One day all these cretins with big teeth and long hair and cheesecloth shirts started turning up at our gigs. These people were from Virgin Records. *(18.2.78)*

A National Front spokesman commenting to Steve Clarke on NF threats to Capital Radio DJs that they would be knifed if they continued playing reggae discs: You're a moron. *(18.2.78)*

The Residents: Our film ... aah ... it's a kind of musical comedy romance tragedy adventure epic. There's a lot of one-armed midgets in it. They're not *real* midgets, you understand. They're fantasy characters who squatted down behind midget clothes with one arm-hole in the front. These one-arm midgets are the inhabitants of Vileness Fats. Vileness Fats is a place, you see.

Well, The Residents' *musical* influences are too numerous to mention; they also have influences outside of the sphere of music. Such as The Light Across Louisiana. It's a light seen at a railroad crossing in Louisiana. A man swings a light, and shortly afterwards, strange accidents happen in the area.

We're financed by Ralph Records. They get their money from real estate. *(18.2.78)*

Bob Marley: Homesick for Jamaica? Yeah, me can say me really miss the yout' 'cause me like to have plenty yout' around me, but me not get depressed because me like what me do when me not there. Me really dig it. Me been in Miami a lot, but the weather wasn't good for Miami. Me make a wood fire and it nice.

This is a spliff ... a spliff, right? And this is the earth ... the earth a smoke the spliff and leaves a come out of the spliff at the same time ... and the roots, yeah! Man who make this really 'ard ... really 'ard worker. T'ing is ... you shouldn't smoke too much. You shouldn't smoke 'erb like me.

People on the street them *ignorant,* mon! None of them know how to live! Alright, I don't say, "Don't teach about Marco Polo, but teach 'em of Selaissie I, too, or Marcus Garvey or some a dem people. Else people grow up on the street *ignorant.*"

Y'wan' some 'erb, mon? *(18.2.78)*

June Bolan (former wife of the late Marc Bolan): Two weeks after Marc's death I suddenly conceived. I've no idea why. Marc always had this thing about reincarnation. *(18.2.78)*

Howard Devoto: I wear my flat hat pulled down at the front to hide my distinguishing feature. *(25.2.78)*

Joe Strummer (from a hospital bed when he caught hepatitis): Either you're a junkie or you've been licking a toilet bowl out *or* people have been spitting at you for hours on end all over the country. I got one down my throat in the middle of the tour, see. *(25.2.78)*

Sandy Pearlman: There is a real revolutionary, anti-authoritarian, subversive consciousness in The Clash songs. I've been asked to produce their next album to bring their sound more in line with what's acceptable to American ears. *(25.2.78)*

John Cooper-Clarke (supporting Be Bop Deluxe in Glasgow, to the audience after he was forced to leave the stage after ten minutes of missiles and abuse): Let's call it a draw. *(25.2.78)*

Mar

Neil Peart (Rush): Look at Britain and what socialism has done to Britain! It's crippling! And what it's done to the youth. What do you think The Sex Pistols are really frustrated about? They're frustrated because they're growing up in a socialist society in which there's no place for them as individuals. They have literally no future and I lived and worked here and I know what it feels like and it's not very nice. *(4.3.78)*

Brian James: Lulu should get his own band together. *(4.3.78)*

C. P. Lee: I was listening to the radio the other day. They were playing Fleetwood Mac and I thought, "This is how I want to be remembered, for my fight against this kind of music" . . . you know, one man's mission. *(4.3.78)*

Bryan Ferry: I came into pop music from a different angle and a lot of people still resent me for it. That was one of the strengths, and also the cross that I was sort of impaled upon.

In America they like to have their emotion smoothed down, with all the edges taken off. In America they just cringe, there's something that doesn't get through. Your average British person will get into it much more because of something to do with temperament. Except your black American can get into emotional music. It knocks me out when I see black people in the audience. *(4.3.78)*

Bill Nelson: Tom Robinson's initial publicity was all to do with his politics. They were selling his records on his political leanings. I find that disgusting. The music business is marketing his ideals like soap powder.

I'm not worthy to provide answers and basically I don't think anyone else is either. *(11.3.78)*

Jimmy Pursey: The first forms of punk, if you wanna talk abaht it, were people like the Vikings who were rowing boats across, and when they was getting whipped and that, they was singing, right, because you sing in pain and you sing from the heart. *(11.3.78)*

Glenn Tilbrook (Squeeze): Although punk has been an influence I don't think we ever want to be associated with it.

When I first heard "Anatchy" I thought it was a load of crap. I thought the chord sequence was dumb. *(11.3.78)*

Devo (on Johnny Rotten): He's a press wanker. His inhospitality seems to end at the back door of the press. *(11.3.78)*

Kid Strange (Doctors Of Madness): Dylan and Lennon have abdicated now, they've let me down terribly. I'm up here on my own now, and it's lonely. *(25.3.78)*

Kate Bush: I think I'm going to have trouble because people tend to put the sexuality first. I hope they don't. That's what I'm trying to fight. I want to be recognised as an artist. *(25.3.78)*

Lou Reed: I believe in glamour. Tom Waits? Why would I want to listen to him? He's ugly and grubby. They call Elvis Costello four-eyes for a reason. How can you look at him and get off? *(25.3.78)*

The Year

Lenny Kaye (on P. Smith): We feel honoured to work with her. *(1.4.478)*

Patti Smith: I don't want to be like some Hare Krishna weirdo, but there are some times when I don't give a fuck about anything else. *(1.4.78)*

Glitterbest; Bugger off, you stupid bunch of hacks. *(1.4.78)*

Levi Dexter (of The Rockets): It's pretty trendy for punk birds to be seen with a Ted right now. It'll soon die down, though, then we'll be beggin' for birds just like anyone else. *(1.4.78)*

Dave Cash: I'm a rebel person. *(1.4.78)*

Paul Weller: I don't think I'm very intelligent. My I.Q.'s really dropped in the last year. I dunno — I think it's terrible. I can't speak properly to people anymore. I think it's because I don't read so much anymore. Reading does a lot for your brain.

(To Phil McNeil) Hello. You've cut your hair. Company policy, is it?" *(1.4.78)*

Ricky Neilson of Cheap Trick: My ambition is to have as many guitars as Rick Wakeman has sparkles on his cape. That would be mind boggling. I saw him playing in the States — terrific. He was pushing a Mellotron over an ice rink on skates trying to catch it. That's art. *(8.4.78)*

Fee Waybill of The Tubes: England's *terrible!* It has got the worst air, the worst water, the worst food, the worst anything-you-wanna-name. It is the pits. Every single person in the whole country smokes cigarettes, and they all have brown teeth and rotted out gums. Everything is black from coal. The buildings are black, the streets are black, the signs are black. After you go there for two months you're wishing for the USA. You go crazy over there. We're big stars in England. *(8.4.78)*

Captain Beefheart: There aren't very many men and they're aren't very many women, and I tell ya, I hate to see that — it's the fish food. *(8.4.78)*

Billy Idol: The one thing I've got against punk is this concept of no emotion; surely the music should be ringing with emotion. No wonder people in straight jobs can't take rock 'n' roll. It must be *soooo* painful to see people enjoying themselves and making a loud noise and then they've gotta get up and go to work in the morning. I realised when I 0aw the Pistols that if I didn't do it then I'd be just like all those people I hated. *(8.4.78)*

Tony James: There isn't a single name punk musician who doesn't have some skeleton in his cupboard — even if it's only education. Although Rotten has managed to cover his traces very well; maybe it's because he's genuine. Who knows? *(8.4.78)*

Patti Smith explaining to photographer Paul Slattery why she repeatedly kicked him during her gig at the Rainbow: You hurt me by not dancing to my song. *(8.4.78)*

Jordan: Working-class people did *not* start punk! It was just kids everywhere, influenced by Vivienne Westwood and me, the clothes, the fantasy that Vivienne had of a country over-run by kids. You don't *believe* that Johnny Rotten wrote the lyrics to "Anarchy", do you? It was written by Malcolm's assistant, Jamie Reed. He used to have a political magazine.

Gay people are so *precious* about themselves . . .if they get beat up, it's because they're gay, if someone steps on their foot, it's because they're gay. They're so *weak!* If Tom Robinson didn't make such a song and dance about being queer, no-one would take any notice of them. Gay people can hide what they are, but I can't. Why do I look the way I do? Why did Picasso paint pictures? *(15.4.78)*

Jim Capaldi (on Traffic): For one night in the States I earned more than my old man did in all his working life. *(15.4.78)*

Tapper Zukie: To be honest, I didn't know Patti Smith. One day I was sleeping and Barry Militant woke me up and say someone phone an' say this girl Patti Smit' introduces me down by a concert, and when I went down there she said she appreciate it, y'know, an' she was excited and ting an we started to talk, an' she say she's gonna introduce me to her audience. So I say, "I need to prepare to do something' an' she say, 'You can be a preacher, you can even preach to them tonight." *(15.4.78)*

Johnny Rotten: The British race are generally the most spiteful, contrived, deceitful bunch of hypocrites to ever hit the planet. The way they fuck us about — they are incredibly sly. The way they banned the Pistols from doing gigs under the obscenity act — what's so obscene about singing? I wasn't stripping myself naked and dangling all I've got in the breeze — and even if I did I don't see how that's offensive. *(15.4.78)*

Kevin Coyne: Rock 'n' roll . . . Christ, it doesn't have to be adolescent music. It's got to grow up, for chrissake. That's what I believe and that's exactly what I'm putting into practice. Right now, I'm sitting back and waiting. In the last year, I've eased up. Now I get so much more out of just looking at the sun. *(15.4.78)*

Ian Dury: I can put it into a nutshell. Only two things matter in life — one is tits and the uvver is prison . . . I fink we've all been psychosomatically sexually attacked at an early age in one way or annuver. There's statistics that 60 per cent of all child assault cases in Holland or Sweden was brought about by children, like winding up the geezers for their own reasons. *(15.4.78)*

Graham Parker: To be honest with you, I think that the working-class are as bigoted and conservative as the other classes anyway. In fact the working-class mentality is pretty stupid. *(22.4.78)*

Lee Brilleaux: Don't take the brown acid, maaaan! Stay away from them towers! *(22.4.78)*

Martin Gordon of Radio Stars: It's a shame Gerry Ford isn't President of America anymore. He was really entertaining at his peak. *(22.4.78)*

Bob Dylan: What I have to fall back on is my own isolated existence.

That particular song about Sara, well . . . some songs you figure you're better off not to have written. There's a few of them laying around.

I feel proud of my accomplishments.

Twelve, thirteen years ago . . . we were taking a lot of chemicals back then, which doctors prescribe for entertainers and athletes . . . But those were different days, things were a lot simpler then, we were all on the way up. You don't really have much of a chance to think on this level. At the top it's pretty difficult because you could fall at any time. It doesn't really worry me. Because morning always comes so quick that I don't have a chance to think about it. It's not a healthy thing.

I don't have that youthful desire to go out and prove I can conquer the masses. A tour like this is just a tour. There's no great meaning to it.

It's a nice thing, to make a film, if you believe in it. ! haven't done so much painting for a long time. I'd like to get to a place eventually like Churchill, you know, just sit around and paint! And write your memoirs.

Marriage was a failure . . . husbandry . . . husband and wife was a failure. I don't know what a good husband is. But I feel my true family life is ahead of me. I like coming home to the same woman.

I just try to understand that . . . tomorrow is another day.

Willie "Loco" Alexander of The Boom Boom Band: Do I think we're New Wave? Call it New Wart, New Warp . . . anything. It was rock 'n' roll when it started. Then everybody became intellectuals because they dropped a lot of acid, seeing God every time they listened to a record. It just got out of hand and the music got more bland. Now it's just coming back to rock 'n' roll, all this New Warp. *(29.4.78)*

Phil Collins of Genesis: Piss on the floor if you want to, maannn. We're a rock band, maannn.

When Peter Gabriel left, Nick Lowe auditioned to be singer. We had his pictures and biog in the rehearsal room and *NME* carried a news item about it. I bet the thought of it really makes him freak now.

John Cooper-Clarke: He makes love like a footballer. He dribbles before his shoots. *(29.4.78)*

Siouxsie of The Banshees (introducing "Hong Kong Garden" at the Music Machine): This one's for all you A&R men at the bar! *(29.4.78)*

Jan Teiger (Norway's entry into the Eurovision Song Contest, after failing to get a single vote); This was my greatest success. *(29.4.78)*

Bob Marley, prior to the Kingston One Love Peace Concert: It's a good heart this thing come from. A good heart. It couldn't come out o'politics. The world gonna follow the example we set. Because only Rasta know himself and know God. *(6.5.78)*

Dennis Wilson of The Beach Boys: Look, is there anything else you want to talk about? You see, I get tired of doing interviews with guys like you who pick apart the show and it's irritating as shit. I left the stage during the show because I don't like Mike Love and Al Jardine's Transcendental Mediation songs. I'm not an advocate of TM, so I don't think I want to sing about it. I just think that people come to see The Beach Boys music and I think we should do just that. *(6.5.78)*

Bo Diddley: This group The Sex Pistols pukes on stage? I don't necessarily like that. That's not showmanship — that's nasty. No discredit to them, but they gotta get an act. You gotta put in the respect because *they're* gonna grow up and have children, and how would they like for their kids to get a group and pull the same stunt on stage? They wouldn't dig it. They would NOT dig it. They'd talk about them like dogs — "What is this shit? — I didn't train you to do that". So, you don't go do this for other people's kids. I useta tell those hippies, "Don't keep bitching about the police. You can't change those seasoned head-busters. Cut off your hair and join the police yourself, *then* you can make the changes." *(6.5.78)*

Tom Verlaine: I almost wish I'd never called myself Verlaine. *(6.5.78)*

Tariq Ali, at the first Anti-Nazi League Carnival: People will come to Rock Against Racism today and realise that it should be Rock Against The Stock Exchange tomorrow. It was the same with Vietnam. *(6.5.78)*

Jean-Jaques Burnel: I haven't been able to stop myself listening to our new album. *(13.5.78)*

Poly Styrene: You get boys coming around trying to find out if you're gonna screw 'em, because I've got this sort of asexual image. . .you know, I said that I wasn't a sex symbol and that if anybody tried to make me one I'd shave my head tomorrow. And so they come round and they say, 'Oh, I really fancy you', they want to see how far you'll go and I say, 'All right, you can sleep under the table.' A lot of them come round probing me about sex. That's quite weird. And, of course, if I sense that someone's trying to probe me about something I just feed 'em bullshit. I just give 'em what they want to hear. Young kids would come around dressed up from Seditionaries and they're probing me about all these rumours they've heard about me. Such sexual questions; they must be perverts, you know what I mean? If you can't sort sex out for yourself then there must be something a bit wrong with you. I think a lot of kids are hung up about sex and that's bad. A lot of kids come up to me and I'll just contradict myself all the time and say that I think sex is great or that I hate sex. . .because I don't like being probed about questions like that. If they really want to know, sex to me is like a beautiful thing and shouldn't be abused. You shouldn't sleep with just anybody, you shouldn't sleep with anybody for money, you should sleep with somebody you really like and that's it. And it's not a power or control thing, that's what I *don't* like about sex. That's why I haven't slept with anybody for two years. When I was younger I was really insecure, really full of complexes. I used to think that I'd never get a boyfriend because I'm a half-caste. *(13.5.78)*

Steve Hillage: Cauliflowers are a particularly pleasing example of the vegetable kingdom. You can think of them as lumps of dirt that we stuff into our bellies. Or you can think of them as living beings who have minds and would very much like to communicate with us. *(20.5.78)*

Jonathan Richman: I was very, very lonely when I was 15 years old. I heard The Velvet Underground's "Heroin" and I said, 'Oh, God, this is beautiful!' No-one sounds like this! 'I don't-know-where-I'm-going!' I got a chill right there and then. Such beauty. Such beautiful, beautiful music. I must have seen that band between 75 and 100 times. I couldn't see what they were singing about was wrong so it didn't matter to me at all. I didn't care what other people's preconceptions about them — the band — I knew that they weren't like that at all. I had no interest in falling for that heavy image because I met them, talked to them like real human beings, followed 'em round. The early Modern Lovers had a *crusade* feel to it, certainly concerning drugs and what they do to people. I never took a drug in my life. I like playing to pre-adolescents. My professional ambition is to play more dances. Who said love songs aren't for dancing? *(20.5.78)*

John Lydon: Johnny Rotten? He's not here. . .I was far more corrupt when I started than I am now. These days I'm not corrupt at all. Ronald Biggs is someone to avoid at all costs rather than seek out. People seem to have forgotten that that train driver is still a vegetable. Things now are worse than when the Pistols started. Pathetic. Still, I did try. *(27.5.78)*

Tapper Zukie: This peace. . .probably go on forever. Probably end tomorrow. . .because the blood don't run yet. And we know the blood 'ave to run; the blood of hope. Babylon still fight against the people. Babylon must go down. 'eathen blood still 'ave to run. *(27.5.78)*.

Dave Gilmour of Pink Floyd: I consider myself priveleged. I'd be daft if I didn't. *(3.6.78)*

Peter Tosh: All them that make laws to constitutionally infringe my rights will have to have them laws broken down or go down with the laws of Babylon. Because not even the dog that pisses against the wall of Babylon, not even the flea, shall escape. But I and I do *not* come in this time to fire no gun for that is what the white man wants! Im 'ave a new *bum-cla'at* gun. Im 'ave a ting called *Neutron Bomb*. Better that they put that in their *blood cla'at* pocket and leave it there. *(3.6.78)*

Glen Matlock: Johnny Rotten is all mouth and trousers, the sort of hypocrite who believes it is his divine right to have one law for himself and one law for everybody else. John's the perfect Reggie Kray type, getting others to do his violence for him while he just mouths off. *(3.6.78)*

Malcolm McLaren: What most people don't realise is that the whole thing is about getting as much money as possible in as short a time as possible with as much style as possible. *(3.6.78)*

Pauline Murray of Penetration: Our first gig was at the Roxy. We all got in the back of a furniture van with all the gear. We spent a fortune in getting down to London from Newcastle. We thought it was great. Then when we got there it was such a dump. I don't know what we were expecting. But it wasn't quite that. *(10.6.78)*

Dennis De Young of Styx: In England, kids are disillusioned with having too little. In America, they're disillusioned with having too much. *(10.6.78)*

Mel Brooks: Japanese vegetables are the reason for my calmness, my simple aesthetic being. I have no need for sex. Gene Wilder's a fag, you know that? He's living with a guy in Akron, Ohio — they've just picked out drapes. *(10.6.78)*

Peter Gabriel: In Public School there was always the awareness of the pretty boy and this certain feeling of lust. Public School gives you incredible hang-ups about encounters with the opposite sex. It just all set you up for conceiving the woman as only two things — the whore or the princess. I learned how to survive in Public School. *(10.6.78)*

Allen Lanier of Blue Oyster Cult: Rock 'n' roll is just mindless fun, the whole fucking thing is a poetic invention, a grandchild of the whole Dada/Surrealist attitude. Rock 'n' roll thrives on negative energy. Those guys in Kiss couldn't wipe their ass by themselves. It's *great* to hang around with tough people. You get a contact high off of associating with violence. Hey, how come so many Arabs come to London to buy heroin? Everybody *knows* that the best smack in the world is in Paris. *(17.6.78)*

Manfred Mann: Am I getting a bit too old to be messing around with pop singles now I'm 37? For a journalist, that's an intelligent question. For a five year old that's a *stupid* question. The fact is that "Davy's On The Road Again" is in the charts. Therefore, I am not too old. *(17.6.78)*

Does it worry me that Manfred Mann have to scavenge around for material from other people? *Scavenge?* Great phrase that, Bob. This is the journalist asking provocative questions in the hope of getting interesting answers. If I wasn't more cautious, I'd get irritated. Yeah. We're happy to scavenge around. *(17.6.78)*

Manic Esso of The Lurkers: I think the band's been good for us. We never used to have any friends before, we were content to sit in the Coach And Horses in Ickenham. We can go and have a drink with more people now. It's a good thing. *(17.6.78)*

Miles: I First heard 'White Rabbit' in early '67 on the car radio while driving up the Taconic Parkway to visit Timothy Leary with Ken Weaver of The Fugs and Betsy who worked at the Psychedelicatessen. **(That's funny, I first heard it on the Juke Box down at the Pig & Whistle — Ed's Comment)**. *(17.6.78)*

Pete Shelley: These days we get spotted by fans in the street. There's a lot going on in the hotel now, the chambermaids keep leaving us notes. I'm game for anything — as the actress said to the bishop. *(17.6.78)*

Robbie Robertson of The Band: I can relate to farmers in the Depression getting together in Unions better than I could relate to you if you want to go to San Francisco and put a flower in your hair. *(17.6.78)*

Mick Jagger: I don't like people like Rod Stewart and Elton John and I don't like the way they carry on. I get very upset at being identified with that kind of person. I also don't talk to anyone who's a better singer than I am. *(17.6.78)*

Phil Lynott: I was around in the early '70s and you needed a fookin' GCE in playing the guitar; you had to be Eric Clapton before you could get a deal, it was ridiculous. Then these kids came in and just blew everything apart ... *(24.6.78)*

Brian James: I'd describe Tanz Der Youth's music as trans-magical. *(24.6.78)*

David Silvain of Japan: In the city people shout things at us. At home in Lewisham they beat us up. We've been wearing make-up since we were 14. *(24.6.78)*

Ray Davies: I don't put people down for taking my style and finding something of their own, but I don't think Tom Robinson has found anything original yet. He's only saying things that I said on Preservation. I don't think there's anything original there. *I* am an original. *(24.6.78)*

Bob Dylan, arriving in the UK for his Earl's Court dates: I'm surprised you still recognised me. The weather kept me away for so long. *(24.6.78)*

Mark Perry of ATV: I'm not embarrassed by *Sniffin' Glue,* 'course not. I look back on it and just see it as me growing up. There's nothing wrong with growing up. But I always wanted to be in a band . . . personally, I feel that ATV are keeping the punk ideals alive more than anyone, to me that's what punk is about: experimentation. *Not* following sheep or anything like that. I don't *need* bands like The Clash anymore. *(1.7.78).*

Marty Balin of Jefferson Starship, on the departure from the band of Grace Slick: It *did* seem impossible for her to go on stage at the festival we played last week. She would have needed a portable toilet on stage after every number. She shouldn't drink at all and she's an alcoholic. There's no point in hiding that. It's quite well known. *I* don't even smoke grass these days. I get off on looping the loop in the bi-plane I've got. *(1.7.78).*

Cherry Vanilla: Groupie? — I was just a Superfan, another girl looking for romance. *(1.7.78).*

Willy De Ville: We toured America for ten weeks with Elvis Costello. He's just a little fuckin' arsehole . . . I didn't waste two words talking to him throughout those ten weeks, man.

Listen, man, don't you realise that 90 per cent of the people in this world are fuckin' *sheep?* No? Well, then, you're one of them. And you better believe it, motherfucker! *Baaaaaaaaaa!* Hey, just get outa here, okay? There's three more bimboes I've got to see. I can't waste my time. *(1.7.78).*

Liz Mitchell of Boney M: Bwoy, but it's nice to be back in England with all their *quaint* customs. Really, high tea in the afternoon. *Purrfect. (8.7.78).*

Neil Young: Stephen Stills? I *am* Stephen Stills. *(8.7.78).*

Tom Petty: I think it was your paper that called me a capitalist pig. That's the truth. There ain't no Robin Hoods in rock 'n' roll, man. Johnny Rotten stays at The Hilton (sic) in Jamaica. Money — shit, give me all you got. I don't even like cocaine. *(8.7.78).*

Bagga Fagan of Matumbi: God soon come again, so right now we sing some music to tell people that God soon come. The encounter of the third kind will be the coming of God. Prophecy must fulfil and everything that was said will come to pass. But music is not the first encounter. Money is the first encounter. I would be okay if I was sitting in Africa in the wilds with a sunhat on my head. I would need no money to buy clothes. *(8.7.78).*

Jerry Casale, leader of Devo: Perfection would be one hundred thousand hippies beating shit out of each other because that would only be a creative enactment of what society does to people anyway.

Humans live in Western Society using the instruments that millions of bumholes like oursleves use. You can't be that different. Our influences are not drawn from the musical sphere. That'd be like continuing to cook a piece of burnt meat, y'know? But everybody's given eight crayons and an eight-and-a-half by eleven inch piece of paper; how many different ways can you go? So it's all just a riff — not to take anything away from it! — but it's all just a riff, it's all going on in a hall somewhere. This kinda thing *doesn't* happen every day, it's *removed* from real life . . . that's why you laughed at us . . .

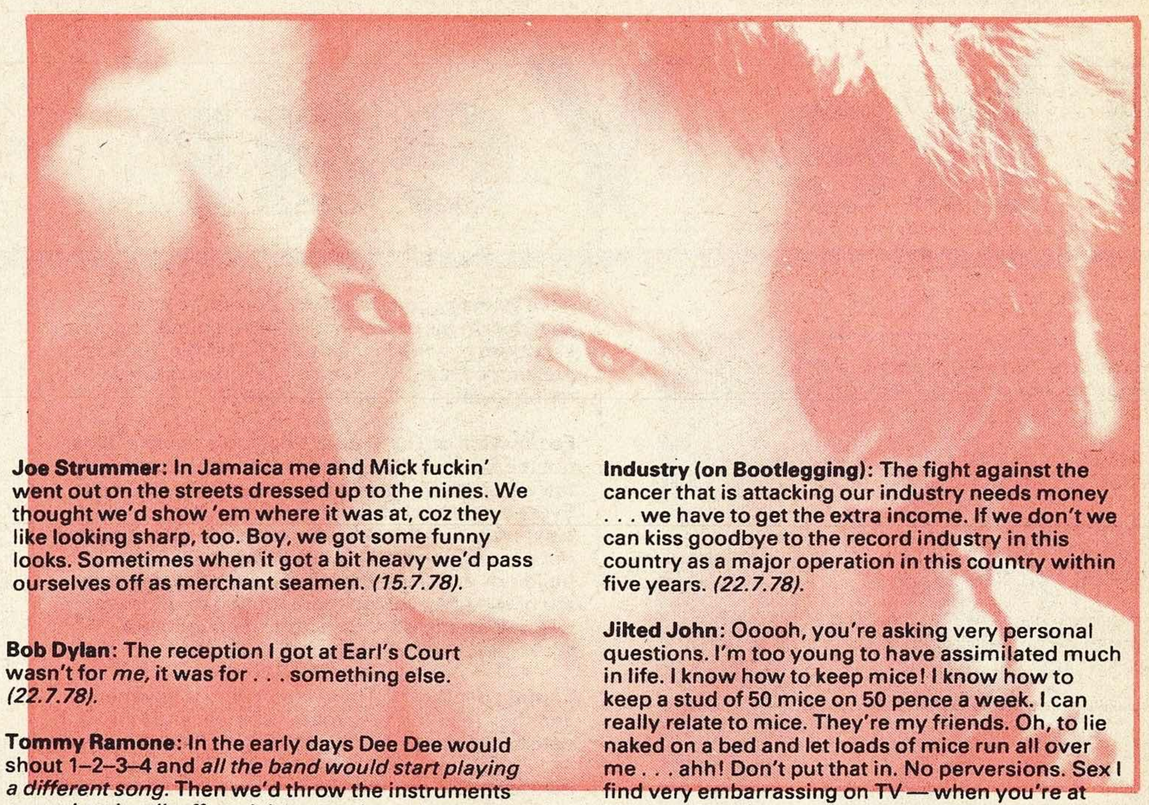
Mark Mothersbaugh of Devo: Donny should have married Marie. In my heart they're still married. In my heart they still sleep together. *(8.7.78).*

Tom Waits: Tim Buckley was a mother of a singer. I mean, he should have been doing things like "My Funny Valentine" — things like that. His vocal range was phenomenal. And the sickest thing was that his death was just a stupid accident. The guy who gave him that smack was just a very good friend of his. It was just one dumb, sickening accident. The worst thing was that the guy still had so much to give. He'd hardly even begun. *(15.7.78).*

Annie Golden of The Shirts: We were like the Druids of Brooklyn, diving into garbage. *(15.7.78).*

Paul Simonon: I have trouble with words. *(15.7.78).*

Mick Jones: I think Sandy Pearlman saw in us all the possibilities of that *black* side of rock 'n' roll. He immediately seemed to see in us another possibility for what he really wanted to do with Blue Oyster Cult. . . there's definitely some inner magic circle within rock 'n' roll. We've encountered it enough times to be certain of that. People seem to have been *sent* to us, to tell us we're on the right path, to keep it up. *(15.7.78).*



Joe Strummer: In Jamaica me and Mick fuckin' went out on the streets dressed up to the nines. We thought we'd show 'em where it was at, coz they like looking sharp, too. Boy, we got some funny looks. Sometimes when it got a bit heavy we'd pass ourselves off as merchant seamen. *(15.7.78).*

Bob Dylan: The reception I got at Earl's Court wasn't for *me,* it was for . . . something else. *(22.7.78).*

Tommy Ramone: In the early days Dee Dee would shout 1–2–3–4 and *all the band would start playing a different song.* Then we'd throw the instruments around and walk off, and that wasn't a put-on either. But it became easy, it became drilled into us. What the hell. It's all the same song, anyhow. *(22.7.78).*

Alan Hull of Lindisfarne: Neurotics build castles in the sky, psychotics live in them, psychiatrists collect the rent and psychopaths smash the windows. *(22.7.78).*

Frank Zappa: I started another movie called *Baby Snakes,* which we ought to have out by summertime. A bunch of really famous people are in it. You have these baby snakes, see, and you have the universe, and they relate to each other. Sometimes, I go into bars and find people. *(22.7.78).*

L. G. Wood, Chairman of the British Phonographic Industry (on Bootlegging): The fight against the cancer that is attacking our industry needs money . . . we have to get the extra income. If we don't we can kiss goodbye to the record industry in this country as a major operation in this country within five years. *(22.7.78).*

Jilted John: Ooooh, you're asking very personal questions. I'm too young to have assimilated much in life. I know how to keep mice! I know how to keep a stud of 50 mice on 50 pence a week. I can really relate to mice. They're my friends. Oh, to lie naked on a bed and let loads of mice run all over me . . . ahh! Don't put that in. No perversions. Sex I find very embarrassing on TV — when you're at home at Christmas with your parents and your sister . . . actually I want to do things for the kids that the parents can endorse. I could be another Tommy Steele. *(22.7.78).*

Tina Weymouth of Talking Heads: David Byrne isn't really a scatologist. It's just that when you're on the road you're humour tends to be a little, uh, faecal! And nobody can pretend that their shit don't stink. (22.7.78).

Joan Jett: Girls got balls. They're just a little higher up, is all. *(29.7.78).*

Joseph Hill of Culture: Repatriation is a must. *(29.7.78).*

Howard Devoto: I'm not interested in poetry at all. Poetry is — I dunno — it's smelly. *(29.7.78).*

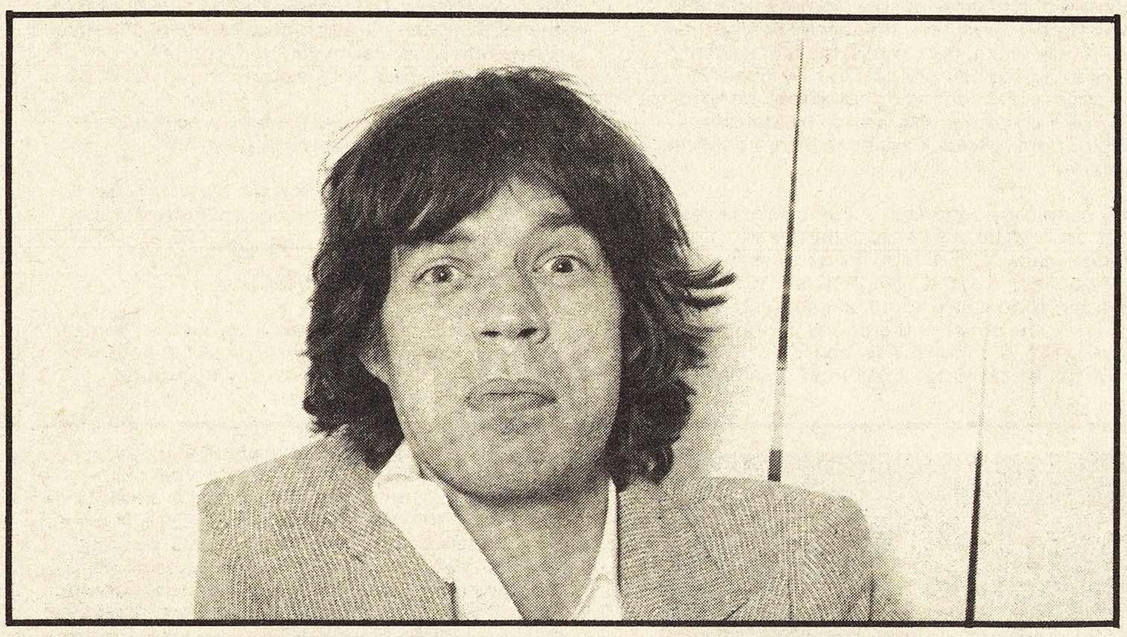
The Mekons: No photographs, no surnames. . . you're onstage and people look at you and that's fair enough; but we don't want to push ourselves as Individual Personalities. Once you have your name in a music paper, they're not listening to the music, they're listening to what you're saying. We don't want to be a resident Devo, all elitist and trying to keep everything obscure, it's just, it's just. . . what's so special about *US? (5.8.78).*

John King of Gang of Four: We're all into funk, y'know, Parliament and stuff like that, but the thing is, most of it is so mindless. *(5.8.78).*

Chuck Leavell, on Scooter Herring, sent to prison for 75 years after his boss Gregg Allman testified against him: I think Scooter would eventually work for Gregg again. Gregg knows he made a mistake, but I think he finds it hard to admit it. We all make mistakes, and I'm not going to hold it against him for the rest of his life. And being a musician, I must confess Gregg is an immensely talented musician and singer. *(5.8.78).*

Alan Vega of Suicide: British audiences are a hundred times better than American audiences. A hundred times more intense. American audiences are bored. Americans aren't as committed. In Britain and the rest of Europe, music's that much closer to everyday life. A lot of people come to New York with bucks in their pockets. Oh, I'm gonna live in the Bowery. I'm gonna play CBGB's. Oh, I'm poor. I'm therefore a punk. That's a majority of the scene in New York. Nice, comfy people with college degrees — going through the Rimbaud thing. "Oh, I'm suffering. I'm suffering." *(5.8.78).*

Ray Parker Junior of Raydio: I'm just writing "I love you baby" because that's what people want to hear right now. . . and *that's* reality. People don't want to cry no more, they want to escape and have a good time. At concerts it's let's get up and party and that's also what sells records. Gold means you're a failure. Raydio is going to be a platinum selling act. *(5.8.78).*



Mick Jagger, on the British Music Press: They're awful people! They're horrible. They're trash! I'd never live in England again, not while people like that are living there! Why should I? I don't know if we should play England if they don't want to hear us. *(5.8.78).*

Pete Townshend: Different people want different things. I heard that Jagger said the Stones would be onstage until they're 50, and look at the human wreckage they've already left behind them. I don't want to be responsible for that the rest of my life. I can excuse a lot of wreckage The Who have created, put it down to experience maybe. But now I can't do it. *(12.8.78).*

Etta James: The Stones are great. They are doing black music and they've got it. They know how to get people so crazy that they don't know what the heck's happening to them. And that's the way you gotta do it. I find myself going crazy about the Stones just like the kids in the audience. Keith, he just stumbles over his own feet, blam, he falls down, he just lays there, blungablunga. They kick each other and thump each other in the back of the head. Mick, if he forgets the damn words he just burbles and they go nuts. *(19.8.78).*

Steve Jones, talking about himself and Paul Cook: We were just yer simpleton workin' class tossers what enjoyed going down the boozer and fuckin' about. *(19.8.78).*

Paul Cook, on Johnny Thunders: The stupid fucker fell over half way through his guitar solo. He's bleedin' stupid and his time is up. *(19.8.78).*

John Perry of The Only Ones: The dole is a venerable socialist institution, we've all been on it. Money for drugs — don't knock it. *(19.8.78).*

Gene Simmons of Kiss: I am totally fascinated by the U.S. I love Mickey Mouse and I think people should be allowed to work as hard as *they* want so they can achieve a More Comfortable Lifestyle. To me that's New York City and having 24-hour television with 23 channels and having seven foot high television screens. That's happiness to me.

The stage is a Holy Place. You do not get up there and degrade it.

Living in New York is like coming all the time. *(26.8.78).*

Linton Johnson: What I have against the SWP is that they're racists, the worst kind of racists, liberal racists. They're the ones who believe they have to *help* blacks. They don't believe blacks can help themselves, can make an independent intervention in the political life of this country. *(26.8.78).*

Female Contestant on ITV quiz show "1-2-3", when asked for Elvis Presley's middle name: Costello? *(26.8.78).*

Peter Frampton (first words on regaining consciousness after car-crash): Does this mean I don't have to do *The Merv Griffin Show? (26.8.78).*

Tom Verlaine, on Television breaking up: It happened a week ago . . . there was a full moon that night. Moby Grape broke up on a full moon. So we wanted to, too. *(2.9.78).*

Debbie Harry: The concentration on my sexuality is the result of honesty. It's my own fault. By talking. By being real. If I was unreal it would be much easier. Unreal about what I was . . . *(2.9.78).*

If I read anything cruel I have to have a couple of days to get over it. If it came at me all the time I'd go round throwing acid in people's faces. *(2.9.78).*

Tam Paton, manager of The Bay City Rollers: I'd consider replacing Les McKeown with anyone from Johnny Rotten to Andy Williams. But Andy is not very newsworthy these days and Johnny doesn't have a manager. He's a sensible fellow. He should stay that way. *(2.9.78).*

Sid Vicious, to photographer Denis O'Regan: If you want to take a picture of me it'll cost you a fiver. If not, I'll smash your camera. *(2.9.78).*

Jean-Jaques Burnel: Did you have school dinners? I thought they were great. We used to have about eight kids at a table with one kid serving. And when it was things like semolina and jam none of the others liked it. But I'd eat anything. I thought semolina and jam was great. The veg was always alright, too. *(9.9.78).*

Hugh Cornwell: The greatest thing that I discovered at university was marijuana.

Some guy in America has just completed a study saying that listening to rock music leads to a reversal of brain development because of a dimunution of one's psychic power.

When we played at Lancing in America there was a demonstration outside the gig of about 40 women's libbers. So we tried to kidnap one and kinda manhandled her into the coach while being fought off by these women hitting us with their placards and banners. There was a big fracas and she got away unfortunately . . . but I bet she was really turned on by it. *(9.9.78).*

Pete Townshend, on the death of Keith Moon: No-one could ever take Keith's place, and we're not even going to try to replace him. But we're more determined than ever to carry on. *(16.9.78).*

Roger Daltrey, on the death of Keith Moon: We can't bring Keith back but, if he could have his say, he would want us to go on with the same ideals he helped to establish. It will never be the same, but hopefully we'll be able to carry on with many of the ideals and standards that were so important to him. *(16.9.78).*

Patti Smith: I'd say Christ is one of my favourite guys. I would have liked to have made it with Christ.

While I'm very intelligent, I'm no intellectual. All of my beliefs, political and otherwise, are very romantic. It's like me having a crush on Prince Charles. I don't know anything about him. I just think there's something sexy about him.

I'll tell you *this,* though; of all the people that have come to interview us, there isn't one I would consider spending the night with! Kids are the only thing I can count on that aren't gonna screw me. *(16.9.78).*

Fee Waybill of The Tubes: I was a cowboy for two years. I punched cows and cut their balls off with the best of them. *(16.9.78).*

Malcolm McLaren, to Bernie Rhodes on The Clash: Bernie, I feel strongly that your boys have betrayed you. *(16.9.78).*

Johnny Ramone: The Sex Pistols were terrible live, very unprofessional, very sloppy. Johnny Rotten came over to me and said, "What do you think?" And I said, "I thought you guys stunk." He said, "Well, I think you stink, too." *(23.9.78).*

Joey Ramone: Tommy's girlfriend left him when he left the group. Went off with a guy from Suicide. *(23.9.78).*

Johnny Ramone: What we do takes a lot of concentration. *(23.9.78).*

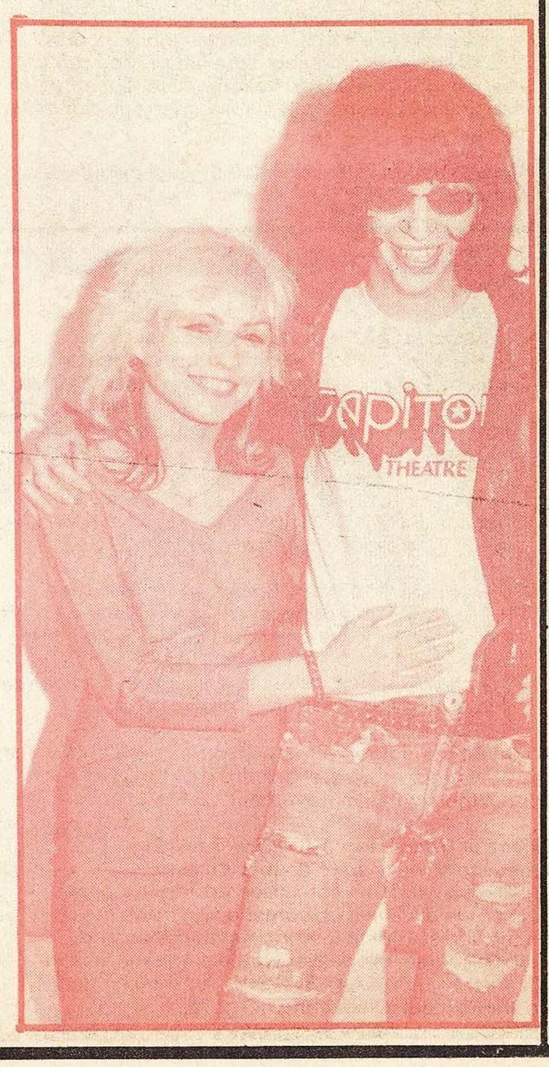
Rachel Sweet: My favourite singers are Elvis Presley, Tammy Wynette and me. I graduate from High School in two years time, when I'm 18. What do I want to do when I leave? I'll be a star by then so I won't have to worry. *(23.9.78).*

Gareth Sager of The Pop Group: We try to leave ourselves open, like Leonardo Da Vinci. You know the way a child of five wants to learn all the time? He just stayed that way. *(30.9.78).*

Eric Stewart of 10cc; The song "Dreadlock Holiday" came about when I was in Barbados. I was on a raft with Justin Hayward in the middle of the ocean. *(30.9.78).*

Graham Gouldman of 10cc: We don't do anything outrageous off stage, besides having the occasional game of backgammon. We don't smash hotels — we redecorate them. *(30.9.78).*

Jerry Garcia of The Grateful Dead: Just being here in the open, collecting sensory information, is better than constructing theories to suit a hypothesis. I don't subscribe to the conventional pyramid power, but I'd like to know who we are and why we're here . . . it's a bit late to be thinking about building a career. *(30.11.78).*



Lee Brilleaux, on a Dr Feelgood soundcheck: You're better off reading a book, or having a shit. *(7.10.78)*

Phil Lynott: Bachman-Turner Overdrive are the only band who have a three-course meal *before* a gig. *(7.10.78)*

Wayne County: It would have been easier if I'd been born a woman, much simpler, but I wasn't so I've had to do all these things myself. Which is unfortunate, but then I might not have turned out to be an entertainer. I might have just ended up a housewife married to some slob in Georgia. *(7.10.78)*

Ian Matthews: Since I got back I've watched *Top Of The Pops* a couple of times to try and catch up. I just feel old. *(14.10.78)*

Bill Nelson: I think there should be more risks and penalties for rock musicians. If you had to risk getting shot to perform, then we'd find out who really cared. There was a time when I had aspirations to introduce art into the music, but these days I'm just like all the rest. *(14.10.78)*

Bruce Springsteen: I will never put anyone in the position of being humiliated. It happened to me for too long. *(14.10.78)*

Poly Styrene: It was a horrible big pink thing, a space-craft making a load of noise . . . I was wearing all that bright gear. I thought it was my fault for dressing up. *(21.10.78)*

Neon Leon: I think Sid and Nancy were trying to straighten out their lives. Sid was happy to stay in his room watching TV. He had just gotten a kitten named Socks. He said he'd rather die in prison than from methadone withdrawal. *(21.10.78)*

Mick Jones: I can't think of any other group that turns up to a gig, spends a couple of hours talking to the fans in front of a fish and chip shop and then goes home. *(21.10.78)*

Duke Jones of Rose Royce: We like to think of our records as peace rallies in themselves. *(21.10.78)*

Francis Rossi: I've got relatives of my age, born in Deptford, and they-a speak-a like-a dis. Is that possible or what? In fact, they've got two accents. They go in and see their folks and they-a speak-a like-a dat. Then they come outside and it's all cor blimey. *(21.10.78)*

Andy Partridge of XTC: When we first came to London, audiences laughed at us. It was obvious we were giving off something amiable. *(21.10.78)*

The Lurkers: We've always tried to keep on the outside of things. We've tried to keep that little bit different. Everybody hates us, everybody puts us down . . . so it's worked up till now! *(28.10.78)*

Shirl Newman and Judi Roll of The Straits: It's better than hair-dressing . . . We're the best band in our street. *(28.10.78)*

Dave Robinson: Britain doesn't have a critical press. Luckily they forget about the stunts which didn't work. The opening night on last year's tour was disastrous but the coach was so full of booze that when they (the critics) woke up they could only remember they'd enjoyed themselves. We got rave reviews. *(28.10.78)*

Elton John: The most important decision I made was to stay here in Britain. I'm so glad I did, because it was pushed into my mind that I could save so much money if I moved out. But there's only so much money you can have and if I had decided to go abroad I'd have ended up in a terrible state, that's for sure. *(28.10.78)*

Bob Seger: Thank goodness I didn't vote for Nixon! A lot of people voted for him, but no-one's admitting it anymore. I *almost* voted for Nixon because during the last coupla weeks of the campaign George McGovern was saying, "Nixon is really corrupt" and I thought that was some kind of cheap-shot mud-slinging, you know? And McGovern was right. . .I gotta admit one thing — I lied. I voted for Nixon. *(4.11.78)*

Paul Weller: I'd be too embarrased to write something like, We're all going down the pub, even though it is probably very real for thousands of kids. I just feel that I should reach for something higher. I think music is an art form. A highly abused art form. *(4.11.78).*

Sid Vicious: I spend all my time thinking about Nancy. She was the most important person in my life and I miss her so much. . .the food is not terribly appetising in Bellevue (the New York Psychiatric Hospital where Vicious was under observation following his suicide attempt with a Mazda). *(4.11.78)*

Millie Jackson: People know I'm a woman, they just gotta take one look at my album sleeves. Either I'm a woman or it's a pretty good impersonation of a poof. I think the women who say they're not dependent on men are liars. I don't know any lady plumbers. *(11.11.78)*

Jimmy Pursey: It's like I say I fucking hate Johnny Rotten, you know, to this kid that's got the thing. . . and I say do you know like what he says? And then I went home the other night and I sat down and thought — but then, them kids are enjoying that. *(18.11.78)*

Mike Oldfield: When I left school I took off my school uniform and put on a hippie uniform instead. My new double-album, Incantations, is a load of rubbish really. There are a couple of parts in which I'm expressing myself completely, not using irrelevant, stupid things like emotions. The rest, though, is rubbish. *(25.11.78)*

Jerry Lee Lewis: I can't handle dope too good. Tried pot one time and it just didn't work. I tried to make it to my car and it took me 30 minutes and it wasn't but half a block away. If I smoke a joint it's all over but the crying. I like good whiskey and good-looking women. I'm scared to death of being stone cold sober. . .I'm a religious person, I used to be a preacher. Went to the Assembly of God Bible School in Texas. I sure don't want to go to Hell, I pray to God I don't. I think I'll probably go to Hell if I don't change my way of living. Give me that whiskey. *(25.11.78).*

Ray Davies: I'm collaborating with playwright Barrie Keefe on a musical that will extract a bit of fun out of the women's movement. *(2.12.78)*

Mick Box of Uriah Heep: When I was a kid in Walthamstow, we used to do this little stunt. Disgusting, it was. One of us used to crap in a paper bag. Then we'd leave it on somebody's front doorstep and set fire to it. Knock on the door, and run off. Of course, the geezer would come out, see the flames, and go, AAAARRRGH! And then he'd try to stamp it out. Disgusting. *(2.12.78)*

Howard Devoto: Sometimes I feel I must stamp on the ground and make a hoo hah. I must draw attention to myself in the traditional way that people draw attention to themselves. But I can't . . . *(2.12.78)*

Mick Jones of The Clash, on the band's "On Parole" tour: I recall breaking down into tears all the time.

I was *so* into speed . . . I mean, I don't even *recall* making the first album.

To me, it's like — rock 'n' roll is dead? Oh, alright, then. See you at the next gig. *(2.12.78)*

Chris Hillman, to Roger McGuinn and The Byrds: Is it true that you guys are gay? *(2.12.78)*

Bob Harris: Hello. Thanks for phoning. I'm going to talk to you about teeth. All right? I know it's a rather tedious subject to talk about, but you must admit that I'm well qualified to do it! Rotten teeth don't look nice and they make your breath bad — and that's something I just don't like. I'm sure you don't either. If you want to keep those important little white things in your mouth for life, remember the slogan — "Remember The Brush Off". I know it's kind of boring. *(2.12.78)*

Tom Paxton: The fact is that in many ways Woody Guthrie was a pain in the ass. He went out for a pack of cigarettes once and didn't come back for a year.

I hate the label Protest Singer, mainly for artistic reasons. One of my favourite songs ever is a silly thing called "Englebert The Elephant". Hardly your socially significant song. It's all part of the same thing to me . . . my song about Steve Biko is a descriptive narrative that is a bit angry. *(2.12.78)*

Pete Shelley: It does seem ironic that people moan about me not shaving and not combing my hair when two years ago if you didn't have a wash you were hailed as a prophet. *(2.12.78)*

Sylvain Sylvain, on the New York Dolls: All those shoe salesmen who ran the record business really felt threatened by our very existance. But I never liked that Communist image from the outset, coz — me being Jewish for one thing — I really hate those Commie bastards! *(2.12.78)*

David Johansen: One of my saving graces is that I've got a bad memory. I'm not out to try and get people to re-evaluate me or anything like that. If people think I'm a creep, fuck 'em, that's okay by me. See, I just don't care! *(2.12.78)*

The Rezillos: We've decided to split due to members of the group having different expectations of their involvement in the music industry. *(2.12.78)*

Bob Calvert of Hawklords: And don't forget, the people in Afghan coats are about 18 years old now, instead of being the old guys who don't go to gigs that much now — they're at home with their stereos, which they've probably acquired from selling badges and leatherware. The largest percentage of rock gig-goers are young kids anyway, coz they're the ones who want to get out of the home situation, the European family cell, into a sort of thermo-nuclear explosion.

In a completely dead town it's quite a responsibility to provide an exciting and colourful two hours. That's why I think rock music is so popular, because it's the *only* way — short of forming terrorist cells or something — that you can actually find a sort of collective excitement without causing anyone any harm. It's a release of everyday banality, isn't it? *(16.12.78)*

Micky Waller, former Rod Stewart drummer, after sueing Rod for unpaid royalties and receiving a satisfactory settlement: I'm no longer friends with him. I never want to see him again. *(16.2.18)*

Rock Against Racism Spokesbrother: There is no way we will allow women, Irish or gays to be put down or made the butt of dumb jokes. *(16.12.78)*

Charlie Gillett: In the late 60s I tried for a job with *Melody Maker* and they wrote back mentioning the word "serious" and suggested I get into jazz. *(16.12.78)*

Marcia Barrett of Boney M, on the group's Russian dates: I really miss not being able to sing "Rasputin", but we were told not to. We were also told not to be too sexy. *(16.12.78)*

Lucille Anzaldua, on her Elvis Presley impersonator son, Nathan Anzaldua (age six): He doesn't smile. Elvis didn't smile. He gets bags of fan letters, practices every night, but at heart he's just a little boy who gets into all the normal mischief. *(16.12.78)*

Robert Smith of The Cure: Our song "Killing An Arab" is dedicated to all the rich Arabs who go to Crawley College discos to pick up the girls. It's not really racist. *(16.12.78)*

Bob Geldof of Boomtown Rats: I want this thing that the whole gig becomes a psychic communion between the band and the audience, where the band becomes all but irrelevancy except that they are a band. The whole rock 'n' roll thing on stage is a huge catharsis, a purgative of all frustrations. It's like me going to confession when I was ten years old. The weight of wanking would lift from my brain as I told the priest I'd masturbated X times. At gigs it's the same thing. I'm a fairly gregarious person, I like socialising.

I have absolutely no qualms about doing *TOTP, Magpie, The Val Doonican Show,* no qualms whatsoever. It's like appearing on the K-Tel thing — since we've done that there's loads of bands who'll do it. I'd like to play with some turkeys like Aerosmith. *(16.12.78)*

Sid Vicious to Todd Smith's girlfriend in Hurrah's, New York disco (one minute before Sid Vicious bottled Todd Smith (five stitches needed below eye) and one week before Vivious wept openly on his mother's shoulder in court saying that he didn't want to spend Christmas in jail): 'Ere, I haven't had anyone since Nancy — wanna portion? *(16.12.78)*

Fred and Judy Vermoral, author of Sex Pistols biography and organisers of the Nancy Spungen memorial gig set up in response to The Clash Sid Vicious benefit gig: The Clash are a bunch of clapped-out old social workers. *(16.12.78)*

I would like to take this opportunity to wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to . . . Mum & Dad (not forgetting their Wedding Anniversary on December 24th), Auntie Eileen, Uncle Dan and Uncle Cliff (not forgetting Fluff the cat and Joey and Tiny the budgies). Also greetings to Annie & Sheila, Tony, Roy, Peter & Suzanne T, John G & Sue, Mike & Penny, Frank, Bernie & Natalie, Barry Cooper, Jim Hopkins, Terry & Rita and family and all at the Bridge, Chris & Greg, David & Lesley, Frank Keeling (not Keeley as previously advertised), Bill out at South Woodham Ferrers (where? — Ed), Alf & Ruby Hilton, Frank & Peg Lamb, Win Proctor & Frank Rooney, George Wright, Trevor Smith, Dave Proctor, Brian Collins, Barry Foster, Dave Lawrence the Ginger Git, Neil Johnson of Wolverhampton, S. M. Fletcher, Janet Preece & Sonny, John Fowler, Julie & Polly, Colin and the other lot down in Accounts. Of course not forgetting Mick, Les & Styx in Charging, Glen & Jacqui (to show there's no hard feelings), Members of Dogwatch and their road crew, Lynne & Karen, speaking of Members a special mention to Buzz & Robin at RCA, Paul Ballance and the rest of the Warm Jets, Dave and Denny & Co of R.D.B. At this stage I must also mention the lovely Jane Bridle, Karen and Amanda, Phil & Sheila, Ken & Alison, Martine and friends, Roy and Juliet, Paul & Stephanie, Johnny & Cas and family and fish, Geoff & Christine, Splash & his Canadian Queen, and the rest of the Oak crowd. Don't let's forget Neil Spencer (why not? P.R.) and the rest of the

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 21st Dec (Adm £2.00)
Special Christmas Surprise
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Dave Brooks & Joe Lung

Fri 22nd Dec (Adm £1.50)
SQUEEZE
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Sat 23rd Dec 7 pm-12 pm (Adm £2.50)
Marquee Special Christmas Party
THE ENID
Plus special guests & Ian Fleming

Sun 24th & Mon 25th Dec
CLOSED — MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS

Tue 26th Dec BOXING DAY SPECIAL
For Under 18's from 3 pm-5 pm
ULTRAVOX
Tickets in advance £1.25

Tue 26th Dec (Doors open 7 pm)
Special Boxing Day Concert
ULTRAVOX
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to Members £1.75
Non-Members at the door £2.00

Wed 27th, Thur 28th & Fri 29th Dec
Marquee Christmas Spectacular
IAN GILLAN BAND
Wed: Special guests — Strife
Thur/Frid: Plus guests & Joe Lung
Advance tickets to members £1.40
Non Members at the door £1.60

Sat 30th Dec (Adm £2.00)
NO DICE
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Sun 31st Dec (Doors open 7 pm-1 am)
New Year's Eve Extravaganza
RADIO STARS
Autographs & Other Goodies
D.J. Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £2.50
Non Members at the door £3.00

HAMBURGERS & OTHER HOT & COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

The Members

at the Nashville, West Kensington
Thursday December 28th
and the Norwich Boogie House
1st January 1979!

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Friday December 22nd £1
SORE THROAT
+ PHIL RAM BAND

Saturday December 23rd £1
JOE JACKSON BAND
+ IAN GOMM

Sunday December 24th £1 by advance tickets only
BIDDY & EVE
+ SUPPORT

Monday December 25th & Tuesday December 26th
Closed for Christmas

Thursday December 28th 75p
THE MEMBERS
+ PINPOINT

Friday December 29th 75p
THE BRAKES
+ THE JAGS

Saturday December 30th £1
GONZALEZ
+ ESSENTIAL LOGIC

Sunday December 31st
Closed

Monday January 1st £1
RACING CARS
+ SUPPORT

Tuesday January 2nd 60p
ADVERTISING
+ THE SINCEROS

Thursday January 4th & Friday January 5th £1
SORE THROAT

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Thursday December 21st
Christmas Party w...
TH... J...M
...uests
JAB
...G OF FOUR
THE NIPS
...dvance tickets on sale
£2.50 from Box Office
SOLD OUT

Friday December 22nd £2.00
THE PIRATES
+ Support

Saturday December 23rd £2.50
RACING CARS
+ THE CASUAL BAND

Monday December 25th
Closed for Christmas Celebrations

Tuesday December 26th £1.50
STRIFE
+ Brockley Boogie Band

Wednesday December 27th £1.00
JAB JAB
+ GALAXY

Thursday December 28th £1.50
TRIBESMAN
+ IMMIGRANT

Friday December 29th £2.00
PRESSURE SHOCKS
+ THE RAAW

Saturday December 30th £2.50
THE TROGGS
+ SOUNDER

Monday January 1st £1.00
THE FLYS
+ TALL STORY

Tuesday January 2nd £1.00
LITTLE BO BITCH
+ Support

Wednesday January 3rd £1.00
DAVID KUBINEC'S EXCESS
+ Support

Minimum age 18

LICENSED BARS — LIVE MUSIC — DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

ART FAILURE
IN BRITAIN

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930

Thurs Dec 21st Free
BARRY RICHARDSON

Fri Dec 22nd 50p
MONOS
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PARTY

Sat Dec 23rd 50p
BIG CHIEF
featuring Dick Hecktall-Smith

Sun Dec 24th 50p
SOULYARD

Mon Dec 25th
CLOSED

Tues Dec 26th 50p
CROOKS
+ Secret Seven

Wed Dec 27th Free
HELIKOPTERS

Thurs Dec 28th 50p
THE FLYS

Fri Dec 29th 60p
CHARITY NIGHT with RAY MORGAN QUARTET
+ Special Guests

Sat Dec 30th 50p
BIG CHIEF
featuring Dick Hecktall-Smith

Sun Dec 31st 50p
SOULYARD

Mon Jan 1st Free
VIPERS

Tues Jan 2nd Free
TENNIS SHOES

Wed Jan 3rd Free
CROOKS

TELEPHONE 01-387 0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30pm and midnight
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE N.W.1

Sunday December 31st
New Year's Eve Party Night with
SUPERCHARGE
+ PANTIES
Admission from £2.50. Open 8pm - 3am
Minimum age 18
LICENSED BARS — LIVE MUSIC — DANCING
8pm - 2am MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND'S
XMAS XPOSE & XTRAVAGANZA

Dec. 21st & 22nd: YOUNG VIC, The Cut, S.E.1.
Dec. 24th: TRAMSHED, Woolwich, S.E.18
"Christmas Bizarre"

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday Dec. 21st
JOE BROWN
80p advance, £1.00 door

Friday Dec. 22nd 50p
BOBBY HARRISON, CHARLIE WHITNEY, STEVE YORKE, ROGER SAUNDERS, REG ISADOR, GARY HOLTON
+ Donna The Dancer
(Ex Snafu, Procol Harum, Family, Streetwalkers, Robin Trower, Heavy Metal Kids)

Saturday Dec. 23rd 50p
GERRY McAVOY JAM
with *Rod, Lou, Stevie, Dave Edwards and Geoff Whitehorn and Friends*

Sunday Dec. 24th 80p
REMUS DOWN BOULVEVARD
+ The Cruisers

Tuesday Dec. 26th 80p
A Boxing Day Special . . .
SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH
+ Support

Friday Dec. 29th 50p
BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS

Saturday Dec. 30th 50p
RAMROD

Sunday Dec. 31st
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
80p in advance, £1 on door

Monday Jan. 1st 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Tuesday Jan. 2nd
SKUNKS

LIVE BANDS EVERY NIGHT
Closed for Christmas
Monday December 25th

THE JOLT

YOU ARE INVITED TO AN EVENING OF
YULETIDE REVELLRY
(getting pissed and falling down)
On SAT DEC 23rd at
THE HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON
75P ON THE DOOR
PARKAS + LI 150's OPTIONAL

RAPED + RUDI

Thursday December 21st (Afternoon)
Pound Club, Belfast
Friday December 22nd (evening)
Hart Bar, Belfast
These are Raped's last ever gigs (if they arrive from Wednesday's farewell Rainbow gig in time.
In 1979 there will be . . .
CUDDLY TOYS

Benefit Concert for the National Council of One Parent Families

Sham 69
The Records
Merger
The Invaders
Johnny Rubbish
+ MYSTERY GUESTS

at THE RAINBOW Finsbury Park, London
on December 27 at 7.30pm.
All tickets £2.50. Available from the Box Office and usual agents.

TELEPHONE 01-387 0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

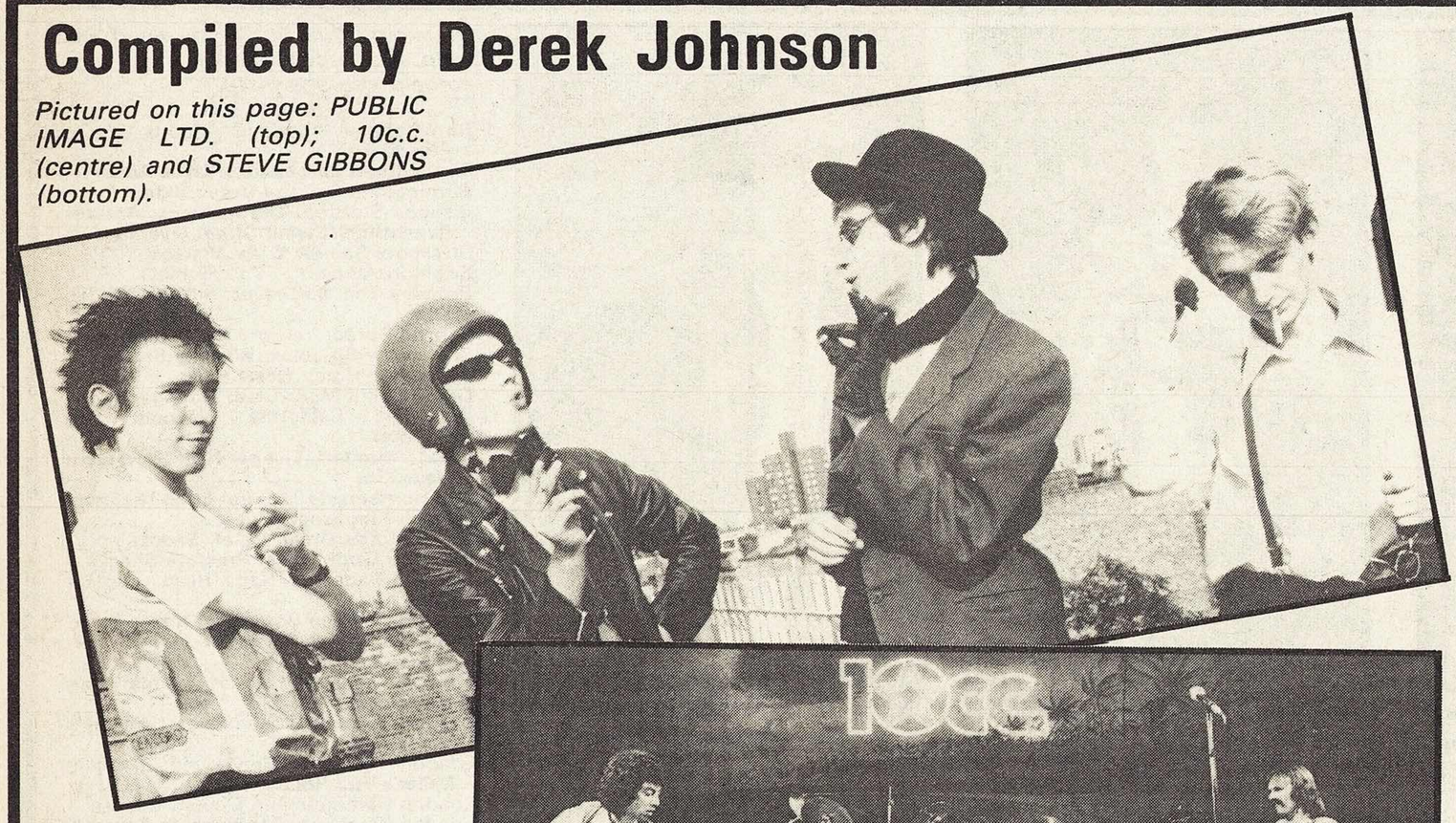
Playing times 10.30pm and midnight
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE N.W.1

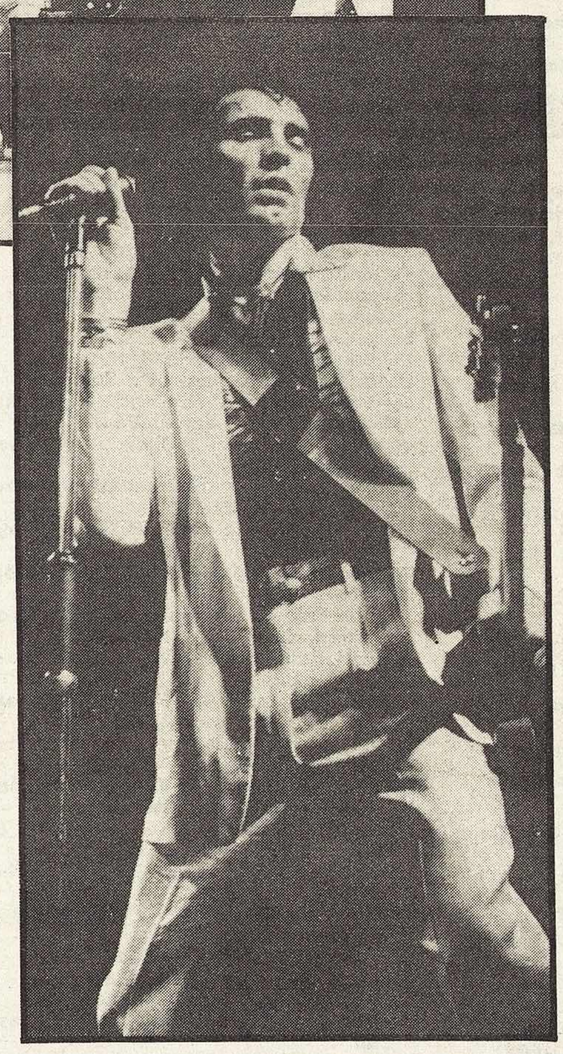
Sunday December 24th
Special Christmas Eve Party Night with
SORE THROAT
+ RAZAR
Admission from £2.50. Open 8pm - 1am. Minimum age 18.
LICENSED BARS — LIVE MUSIC — DANCING
8pm - 2am MONDAY TO SATURDAY

CHRISTMAS GIG GUIDE

Compiled by Derek Johnson

Pictured on this page: PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. (top); 10c.c. (centre) and STEVE GIBBONS (bottom).





Holiday Highlights

Not a bad holiday period, in terms of attractive gigs, specially if you live in the London area. Elsewhere the big names are few and far between but, wherever you are, the chances are you'll find something to interest you in the adjoining columns. And below, we've picked out what are probably the major highlights of the next fortnight.

● THE JAM play their special Christmas Party show at London's Music Machine tonight (Thursday), aided by three support bands.

● STEVE GIBBONS BAND are at London Marquee tonight, then play a hometown concert at Birmingham Odeon on Saturday.

● IAN DURY & The Blockheads complete their tour of the London suburbs with concerts at Ilford (tonight, Thursday) and Kilburn (Friday and Saturday).

● LINDISFARNE are playing their usual string of hometown shows at Newcastle City Hall from now through to this Saturday.

● PETER GABRIEL heads his own shows at London Hammersmith Odeon from tonight until Saturday, followed by a special charity concert with TOM ROBINSON at the same venue on Christmas Eve.

● 10c.c. stage a one-off show at Wembley Conference tomorrow (Friday), and you can see a BBC-2 film of it on Christmas Eve.

● ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions are now midway through their week-long season at London Dominion Theatre, running until Christmas Eve. Then they set out on a nationwide tour opening at Brighton (27), Portsmouth (28), Bath (29), Canterbury (30), Oxford (31) and Hemel Hempstead (January 2). Richard Hell & The Voidoids support throughout.

● THE REZILLOS play their very last dates before their already-announced split in their native Scotland — at Edinburgh (this Friday) and Glasgow (Saturday).

● PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. make their eagerly-awaited live debut with concerts at London Rainbow on Christmas Day and Boxing Day.

● LEO SAYER opens a week's engagement at Manchester Apollo on Boxing Day, then moves to Glasgow Apollo for four days from January 3. The Dooleys support at both venues.

● ULTRAVOX are the Boxing Day attraction at London Marquee Club, followed by GILLAN (27-29 inclusive) and RADIO STARS (New Year's Eve).

● ROD STEWART completes his British tour by playing seven nights in London — six at Olympia (December 21-23 and 28-30) and a New Year's Eve Party at the Lyceum.

● SHAM 69 headline a benefit concert in aid of One-Parent Families at London Rainbow on December 27.

● THE CLASH play the final two of the three London gigs in their itinerary — at the Lyceum on December 28 and 29.

● KOKOMO, who now look to be back together with a vengeance, are showcased at London Dingwalls for three successive nights — from December 29 to New Year's Eve.

● OSIBISA top a one-off late-night concert to see in the New Year at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

● RORY GALLAGHER completes his seasonal Irish tour with four nights at Belfast Ulster Hall, starting January 3.

Thursday 21

Belfast The Pound: **90° Inclusive**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Bolton Institute of Technology: **The Bishops**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Ethel The Frog**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The D.P.'s**
Bristol Granary: **Supercharge**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chatham H.M.S. Pembroke: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Crediton Old Market House: **The Fans**
Edingburgh Astoria: **Simple Minds**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **The Clash/The Slits**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Ian Gomm & The Joe Jackson Band**
Ilford Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Ipswich Civic College: **Gypp**
Ipswich Suffolk College: **Wild Horses**
Kingston The Grove: **Bam Bam**
Leeds Fan Club: **Agony Column**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Valves**
Leeds Gaiety Bar: **Muscles**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Jam/Jab-Jab/Gang Of Four/The Nips**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **The Sadista Sisters (until Saturday, 10.15 pm nightly)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flys/Decorators**
London Enfield The Hop Poles: **Kestral**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Jerks**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mud**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Peter Gabriel**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Stadium Dogs**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Physicals**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Edge/The Molesters**
London Marquee Club: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tour De Force**
London Olympia: **Rod Stewart**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tapper Zukie**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Swift**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Barry Richardson Band**
London Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Victoria The Venue: **Todd Rundgren & Utopia**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Gotham City Swing Band**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Shocking Stockings**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Undertones**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Norwich Boogie House: **Samson**
Nottingham Boat Club: **The Sinceros**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Portsmouth Victory Club: **Rokotto**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Martin Carter & Graham Jones**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Adverts/Wayne County**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Streetband**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **Juggernaut**
Stafford Stychfields Hall: **The Continentals/The Squares**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Force**
Sunderland Fusion Disco: **Delegation**

Friday 22

Aylesbury Friars: **The Clash/The Slits**
Basildon Double Six Club: **Champion**
Belfast The Pound: **90° Inclusive**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Juggernaut**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Quartz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Wide Boys**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Tapper Zukie**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Gaiety Bar: **Paradox**
Birmingham (Handsworth) Rialto Club: **Brown Sugar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Dials**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Bristol Hartcliffe Youth Club: **The X-Certs**
Bromley The Northover: **Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers**
Buxton Working Men's Club: **Vintage**
Cambridge The Alma: **Quasar**
Chiddingly Village Hall: **Possum**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Valves**
Eastbourne The Archery: **Thieves Like Us**
East Cowes I.o.W. Town Hall: **Last Straw**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Ely British Sugar Club: **Delegation**
Exeter Tiffany's: **Rokotto**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Steve Boyce Band**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **The Dooleys**
Harrogate Qui-Bel Restaurant: **Emmanuele**
Kettering Windmill Club: **Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington County Club: **Streetband**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Threadbare**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Dogs**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Steamers/Jet Overcoat's Wildebeest**
Lincoln Technical College: **The Adverts/Wayne County**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Agony Column**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tony McPhee & Terraplane**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fumble / Rena**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Pirates**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Soft Boys/Luxound Deluxe**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Glass Siren**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mud**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Peter Gabriel**
London Harlesden New Roxy Theatre: **15-16-17/Aswad/Cimarons**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Sore Throat/Phil Ram Band**
London Kilburn Gaumont State Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
London Olympia: **Rod Stewart**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Monos**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Matchbox**
London Tottenham Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Gotham City Swing Band**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **10c.c.**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Straight 8/Steve Linton Band**
Lymington Literary Institute: **Cuba**
Manchester The Venue: **Nutz**
Manchester Tyldesley Rugby Club: **Reducers**
Matlock Pavilion: **Strange Days**
Melsham Assembly Hall: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Bishops**
Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms: **Scratch**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newport Village Club: **Supercharge**
Northampton Angel Hotel: **Far I**
Norwich Boogie House: **Joe Jackson**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Slip Hazard & The Blizzards**
Perth City Hall: **The Trendies**
Rugby Emmaline's: **Muscles**
Sale Embassy Rooms: **Acker Bilk Band**
Smethwick Gaiety Bar: **Paradox**
Southend College of Technology: **Blast Furnace/John Potter's Clay**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Bullets**
Tavistock Town Hall: **Badger / The Bricks**
Watford Red Lion: **The Jerks**
Yeovil Rugby Club: **The Troggs**
York Revolution Club: **Joy Division-/Cabaret Voltaire**
York Winning Post: **Ethel The Frog**

Saturday 23

Abertillery Six Bells: **Ray Morgan Quartet**
Basildon Double Siz: **Dog Watch**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Streetband**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Immigrant**
Blandford Corn Exchange: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Whaling Snails**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Double Exposure**
Cromer West runton Pavilion: **Rokotto**
Croydon Red Deer: **Steve Boyce Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Supercharge**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Edinburgh Traverse Theatre: **The Scottish Monos**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Rezillos / The Undertones**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Samson**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Snoots**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Jailer / Sweateffects**
Harlow The Hall: **Writz**
Hinckley The Bounty: **The Kidda Band**
Hull Cave Castle Hotel: **The Dooleys**
Kirkcaldy Abbots Hall (afternoon) and Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk (evening): **Simple Minds**
Leeds Crompton Arms: **2TV**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Red Eye**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Strangeways**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **The Vye**
London Camden Brecknock:**Dandies**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Doomed**
London Chelsea The Wheatsheaf: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Champion**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mud**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **The Cruisers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Peter Gabriel**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Sounder**
London Hendon Football Club: **Agenda**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Ian Gomm / Joe Jackson Band**
London Kilburn Gaumont State Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
London Marquee Club: The Enid
London Olympia: Rod Stewart
London Putney Star & Garter: **Five Hand Reel / Martin Jenkins**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Lowestoft Crows Inn: **Matchbox**
Luton Cotters: **Spring Offensive**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Pirates**
Manchester Civil Services Club: **Jet Harris / Vintage**
Manchester The Venue: **Punishment of Luxury**
Martletwy Cross Hands: **Muscles**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nelson Majestic Ballroom: **Delegation**
Norwich Boogie House: **Kangaroo Alley**
Norwich White's: **Rich Gypsy**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Nutz**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Bound**
Peterborough Focus Club: **Gaffa**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **The Bricks**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bullock Smithy**
Reading Target Club: **Staa Marx**
Ryde I.o.W Prince consort: **Last Straw**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The V.I.P.'s**
Southampton West Indian Social Club: **Tribesman**
South Elmsall Pretoria Club: **Strange Days**
St. Albans School: **The Incredible Holy Man / The F.I.K. Band / Willy Willy Willy / Magic Scissors**
Staveley Middlecroft Leisure Centre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Stevenage The Swan: **Scratch**
Studley Mappleborough Green Village Hall: **Sfhinx / Chaos / The Boche**
Sutton Bulls Head: **Juggernaut**
Walsall Baths Hall: **Neon Hearts**
Walsall The Dilke: **Paradox**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ocean Boulevard**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Revolution Club: **New Mania**

Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve is traditionally a good night for gigs, but this year is an exception because it falls on a Sunday. Most of the big pre-Christmas specials are taking place on the three days prior to this, and today looks like being pretty flat on the gig circuit — apart, of course, from the places listed below.

Accrington Lakeland Lounge: **Victor Brox Bluesy Punx Train**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Tracks (lunchtime) / Society Rhythm Orchestra (evening).**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bromley The Northover: **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Rokotto**
Corby Elstree Club: **Paradox**
Crewe Grand Junction Hotel: **Juggernaut**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Harrow Borough Football Club: **Chas & Dave**
Huddersfield Empire: Steel Pulse
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Helicopters**
London Camden Music Machine: **Sore Throat**

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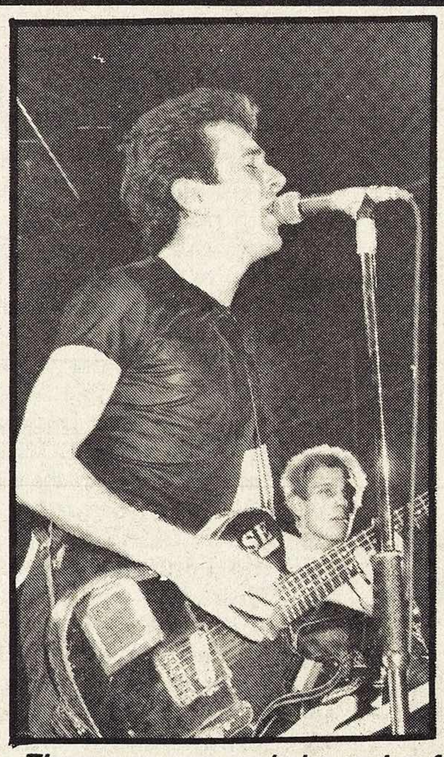
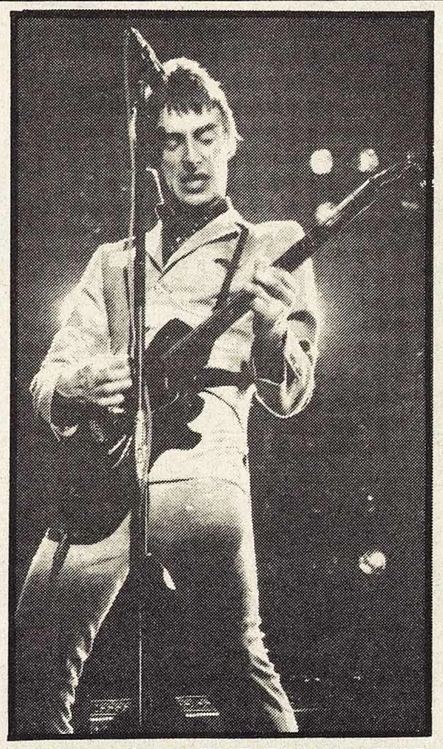
INTO 1979 WITH GIG GUIDE





There are seasonal shows by, from left to right, THE CLASH, THE JAM and RICHARD HELL (supporting Elvis Costello). See Holiday Highlights, previous page.

your own fun. But if you need any help, we've got together a few gigs to help you see in 1979.

London Clapham Two Brewers: **Live Wire**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch / Flashpoint**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Kestral**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Peter Gabriel, Tom Robinson & Friends**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **China Street**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Soul Yard**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Gotham City Swing Band**
Melton Mowbray Holwell Works: **Strange Days**
Norwich White's: **Stormtrooper**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Press**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Limelight**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn (lunchtime): **The Bricks**
Reading Target Club: **Staa Marx**
Seaford Third World: **Immigrant**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
West Bromwich Alexander's: **Quartz**

Christmas Day

Christmas Day is the time when virtually everything closes, and you're left to your own devices. It's all down to TV, radio, gluttony and debauchery. You may be lucky enough to find the odd gig here and there — notably in Northern social clubs, and of course, in Scotland. We've come across a few that are taking place, the highlight being at London Rainbow.

Doncaster Stainforth Central Club: **Strange Days**
Glasgow Shuffles: **Feverpitch**
London Camden Brecknock: **Helicopters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Public Image Limited**
Mexborough Mona Club: **Vintage**

Boxing Day

Another quiet day, but no doubt you'll welcome the opportunity of getting over the excesses of the night before. Otherwise, your limited gig selection comprises:

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Paradox**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Tiger Ashby**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Juggernaut**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Vye**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
London Marquee Club: **Ultravox**
London N.4 Stapleton: **The Helicopters**
London N.15 Club Noreik: **Cygnus**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Public Image Limited**
London Sheen The Derby Arms: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Staa Marx/Rebel/Tour De Force**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer/The Dooleys**
Middlesbrough Madison Club: **Muscles (until December 31)**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oldham Lancashire Arms: **SFW**
Stevanage The Swan: **Kestral**
Tonypandy Royal Naval Club: **Ray Morgan Quartet**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday 27

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Top Rank: **Elvis Costello and The Attractions/Richard Hell and The Voidoids**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Dublin National Stadium: **Rory Gallagher (for four days)**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Dave Berry and The Cruisers (until Saturday, 31)**
Harrogate P.G.'s Club: **The Vye**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Agony Column**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Black Slate**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **O.K.**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dog Watch**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **China Street**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Flirtations**
London Islington Hope and Anchor: **Joy Division**
London Marquee Club: **Gillan/Samson**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Kestral**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star and Garter: **Dana Simmonds and Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Sham 69/Merger/The Records/The Invaders/ Johnny Rubbish**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Gino and The Sharks**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Helicopters
London Tooting The Castle: **Vaguely Attractive**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer/The Dooleys**
Norwich Boogie House: **Zorro**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Mary Asquith/ Galadrial / Auld Triangle / Turnpike Kinesphere/Steve Mayne/Potters Hey/Pete Farrow.**
Rotherham College: **Scene Stealer**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Special Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Waterlooville Football Club: **The Assassins**
Watford Town Hall: **The Rubettes**

Thursday 28

Batley Crumpets: **Paradox**
Birningham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Harem Scarem**
Bristol Trinity Community Centre: **Point Black / The Mods**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cambridge The Alma: **Spring Offensive**
Grangemouth Town Hall: **Simple Minds**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Split Rivitt / Jack The Hat**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Paradox**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Alwoodley Jets**
Liverpool Romeo & Juliet Club: **Beatles Convention**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Fall / Subway Sect / Fashion**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Resistance**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Squeeze**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Too Much**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Flirtations**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Fischer-Z**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Members / Pinpoint**
London Marquee Club: **Gillan / Samson**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tour De Force**
London Olympia: **Rod Stewart**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Gaffa**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer / The Dooleys**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Bullets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Polesworth Working Men's Club: **The Kidda Band**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Sunderland The Old 29: **The Accelerators**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **Ocean Boulevard**
York Revolution Club: **Trans-Am**

Friday 29

Barnsley Cudworth Village Club: **Jailer**
Bath Pavilion: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Whirlwind**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Wide Boys**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Freshly Layed Band / Staa Marx**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Snoots**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Quartz**
Camberley Ragamuffins: **Vintage**
Gravesend Price of Wales: **Rednite**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Harrogate Qui-Bel Restaurant: **The City Limits**
Hinckley The Croft: **The Kidda Band**
Kettering Windmill Club: **Bearshank Band**
Lancaster Catholic Club: **Cardiac Arrest / China Street**
Leeds Victoria Hotel: **The Vye**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kokomo**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Squeeze / Brian James Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **Pressure Shocks**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Joe Jackson**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Searchers**
London Fulham Town Hall: **Dave Swarbrick & Friends**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Brakes / The Japs**
London Marquee Club: **Gillan / Samson**
London Olympia: **Rod Stewart**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
Manchester Apollo Theare: **Leo Sayer / The Dooleys**
Manchester The Venue: **Quartz**
Mountain Ash The Palace: **Beggar**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Magnets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Slip Hazard & The Blizzards**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Supercharge**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Bishops**
Southend Top Alex: **Live Wire**
Sunderland Mecca Ballroom: **The Accelerators**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Rokotto**
York Revolution Club: **Harum Scarum**

Saturday 30

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Bouncer**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **The Accelerators**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Snoots**
Bristol Granary: **The Cruisers**
Canterbury Odeon: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Corby Nags Head: **Gaffa**
Creswell Elmton Road Club: **Strange Days**
Derby Penine Hotel: **Pressure Shocks**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Whirlwind**
Eastbourne The Archery: **Steve Boyce Band**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **The Piranhas**
Ely British Sugar Club: **Feverpitch**
Hanley Rose & Crown: **Any Trouble**
Hinckley The Bounty: **The Kidda Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kokomo**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The London R&B Allstars**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Troggs / Sounder**
London Chelsea The Wheatsheaf: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Split Rivitt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Matchbox**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Panties**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Searchers**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Tiger Ashby**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **The Inmates / Purple Hearts**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Gonzalez / Essential Logic**
London Olympia: **Rod Stewart**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer / The Dooleys**
Manchester The Venue: **The Fall**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Strife**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Peterborough Regent Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
St Austell Cornish Riviera Centre: **Cygnus**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Steve Elgin & The Flatbackers**
Torquay 400 Club: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Walsall Pelsall Community Centre: **The Timoneers / Steve Bayes**
Wigan Casino: **Delegation**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Revolution Club: **China Street**

New Year's Eve

As was the case with Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve falls on a Sunday this year, which means that celebrations aren't as vociferous as usual — at any rate, in terms of gigs. In any case, it's really a night for making your own fun. But if you need any help, we've got together a few gigs to help you see in 1979.

Birmingham Aldridge Sports Club: **Paradox**
Birmingham Barbarella's: Little Acre
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Antares (lunchtime)/Swing Street (evening)**
Blackpool Stanley Club: **Vintage**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bromley The Northover: **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **The Accelerators**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Whaling Snails**
Derby Bell Hotel: **Heart Beats**
Derby Sinfin Moor Club: **Strange Days**
Dunstable California Ballroom: Hi-Tension
Great Munden Village Hall: **Newtown Neurotics**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Ethel The Frog**
Ipswich Kingfisher: **Gypp**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Snoots**
Leicester Oddfellows: **Pressure Shocks**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kokomo**
London Camden Music Machine: **Supercharge**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Osibisa**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Samson**
London Marquee Club: **Radio Stars**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Southall White Hart: **Matchbox**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Soul Yard**
London Strand Lyceum: **Rod Stewart**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer/The Dooleys**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Press**
Oxford New Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Left Hand Drive**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **The Bricks**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

New Year's Day

Recovery Day! And really, spending most of the time in bed is about all there is to do on what is probably the year's most boring day. Even gigs are at a premium during the next few days, as you can see. And we weren't helped by the fact that a lot of people couldn't bother, before Christmas, to notify us of their January gigs.

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Crack**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Revelation**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Marty Wilde / Matchbox**
Newport Stowaway Club: **China Street**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Members**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Scene Stealer**
York The Barge: **The Accelerators**

Tuesday 2

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Crack**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Cartoons
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Elvis Costello and The Attractions**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Split Rivitt**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Spring Offensive**
London Sheen The Derby Arms: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Anniversary**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday 3

Belfast Ulster Hall: **Rory Gallagher (for four days)**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Leo Sayer/The Dooleys (for four days)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **O.K.**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dog Watch**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Gino & The Sharks**
London Tooting The Castle: **Vaguely Attractive**
Margate Bowlers Arms: **The Piranhas**
Mountain Ash The Palace: **The Accelerators**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Scampton R.A.F. Station: **The Cruisers**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Orphan**
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Staindrop Black Swan: **Jan Bundani**

THE REZILLOS finally call it a day with farewell gigs in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

ROD STEWART completes his tour by playing seven big concerts in London.

marvellous crew of NME Editorial, Percy Dickins and Family, Peter R & Sue (even though it's the wrong time of the year), Pete C, Tony O (The Son of Harry, previously known as the L.A. Flyer), and while we are on the subject of O's let us not forget Dave Oliver our former office punk, and the one and only, wait for it — super D.J. Kipps and his lovely wife Denise. Greetings also to Roz & Gary, Karen, Sean & Rose and staff at the Stamford Arms, Alan, Adrian, Ian, Steve & Chris, Keith (Whatever happened to Keg?) Renata (to show there are no hard feelings yet again and it is the wrong time of the year!!!!), our favourite comp — Neville, Keyboard lads — Ken, Melv and The Volt, Luke (from the frying pan), Roger the dodger, and the rest of the comps at EMAP, Charlie Murray (alas John C.-C.), whoops, almost forgot Andy McDuff, Micky Walsh, Marian Cowler, Michelle McCamley, *Dave Stopps*, Barry from St Albans, C.A.F.C. (How the hell did this get in here? — B.B.), Colin Rapp (Sic Transit my Gloria Mundi album!), Players and staff of Arsenal F.C. (what? this is getting silly — B.B.) so let me now just say Merry Christmas to the lovely Wendy Holt, known as Wenderful and to all my other dear friends and advertisers.

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LUCKY DIP

Speaking with difficulty through a matted white beard, Mrs Aardvark told Bognor magistates "After fourteen glasses of Murphy's Warm Jet Special. I only just made it to the Bran Tub and puked like a rhino. Talk about an ill wind!"

SUPER

Silver Screen presents

WIRE-LESS FLIGHT FEVER

This year's Christmas turkey's got a cape on. CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY explains what the Jor-El's going on here (with a few tips on how to earn $4 million in 13 days).

Superman

Directed by Richard Donner
Starring Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Christopher Reeve and Margot Kidder
(Col-War-EMI)

There is a peculiar magic about the comic book which, all too often, is unable to sustain its power when removed from the garishly cheap environment of four-colour pulp.

There has never, for example, been a successful cross-fertilisation between comics and rock; novels based on comic book themes have been invariably awful, and TV shows have usually been either patronisingly camp *(Batman)* or reluctant to attempt to capture that elusive atmosphere by adhering too closely to the original format *(The Incredible Hulk, Wonder Woman, Spider-Man)*. The end result is usually frustrating: all the more so in the occasional flash of what the show or movie could have been like if they'd had the courage (and the budget) to go the whole way (again, *The Incredible Hulk* is a case in point).

Richard Donner's megabuck epic *Superman* film breaks on through to the other side: it captures the innocence of the comic book by playing it straight. It combines the intergalactic sweep of the imagination and the excruciating down-home corniness that combined to make Superman (and all his multifarious successors and descendants) into the most potent connection with Myth Central that post-war culture can provide.

Moreover, Donner and his writers *(Godfather's* godfather Mario Puzo and a small army of rewrite men) have — happily — realised that the reason that *Superman* has not only been a stone success in its own right for forty years but has spawned an entire industry which has as much to do with the characters as with the action. The prototype superhero and his supporting cast are therefore realised accurately enough to make any longtime comic-book freak feel thoroughly at home (despite the occasional jarring flash of artistic license, the mythos are, in the main, intact).

Most of the movie's pre-publicity has centred around the participation of Marlon Brando as Superman's father Jor-El, and the fact that Brando knocked down nearly four million dollars for a fortnight's work (is that cleaning up or what?). Before the movie is fifteen minutes old, the planet Krypton has gone for a total burton taking Marlon with it (not to mention Susannah York, clever Trevor Howard, Harry Andrews and Maria Schell) though Jor-El crops up later in electronically reincarnated form.

Christopher Reeve (young person getting Big Break with Plum Role; just praise The Elder Of Krypton that producers Alexander Sakind, Ily Salkind and Pierre Spengler didn't cast John Travolta) doesn't show up until an hour into the movie. The first hour is composed of two prologues (though they're fast and entertaining enough not to seem that way): the first showing a tantilising taste of Krypton with technowonders-a-go-go and the special effects team going berserk and spending a large small fortune, and the second depicting the adolescence of the super-Moses in the Midwestern bullrushes. The two major ingredients of the mythos — Krypton as technology and myth and Smallville as repository of homeliness and America's idea of its own values are thereby neatly and imaginatively laid out.

The movie hews to the late '40s version of the Superman myth (i.e. that he passed his adolescence incognito and only revealed himself to the world as a fully-grown Superman) and Clark Kent, Lois Lane, Jimmy Olsen and Perry White could well have stepped straight out of a late '40s or early '50s comic, even though the street scenes give

Superman — flying tonight, in your local bijou. Left: Marlon models next year's thing, while (below) Chris Reeve playfully hurls a car at a scorpion.

● Continues on page 62

THEY MAKE BETTER LISTENING THAN THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

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Super-dooper Man cont.

● continued from page 60

the impression that the film is set in the present day. The Smallville Revision (i.e. that Superman began his career as a teenaged Superboy) is ignored, though Lana Lang (the Lois Lane of his teens, a character brought into being by the Smallville Revision) appears briefly.

The atmosphere of the '40s Superman is preserved ideologically as well as visually. "I fight for truth, justice and the American way," Reeve announces to Margot Kidder's A-rated and splendidly horny Lois Lane, and — depending on temperament — you either wince or laugh. Unlike the '70s Superman, who suffered from all the angst and self-doubt that has washed over the entire comic-book field since Stan Lee's early '60s innovations in *Spider-Man,* the movie Superman has a clearcut sense of purpose and no conflicts of ideological interests (could Superman have intervened in the Vietnam was or in the Middle East? On which side? Why?). His only contact with the '70s comes when he rushes to a phone booth to change costumes, discovers that it's an open-fronted modern one, shakes his head sadly and ends up doing his Superstrip in a revolving door.

Unlike his predecessors in the role (and Adam West's horrendous *Batman),* Reeve contrives not to look ridiculous in his Superman outfit. The technological credibility of the character is maintained with the aid of extraordinary verismilitude in the flying sequences (none of the lo-budget cheapnis which marred the *Spider-Man* movie, for example) and no, Vladimir, you *can't* see the wires.

Jarring bits: The big "S" logo on Brando's Jor-El costumes (maybe it *is* the El family crest or a Kryptonian "J" but I still don't believe it), Gene Hackman's campy Luthor (straight out of the old *Batman* show, complete with silly wigs and Ned Beatty as a lamebrained assistant — I wanna see the *real* Luthor, bald and nasty — Grrrrr), the lazily-scripted *deus ex machina* method Superman uses to save California (wish he hadn't bothered — bye bye, Asylum) at the movie's climax, and the sexist running gag about Lois Lane's lousy spelling.

Grooves: the nostalgic opener, the brilliant credits, the hallucinatory, crystalline Krypton scenes, Reeves' slapstick Clark Kent, Margot Kidder's horny, aggressive Lois Lane and the genuine sexual tension between them, Valerie Perrine's New Jersey girl playing at slinky villainess and the genuine visual poetry of the flying sequences.

Comic book movies can fall between two stools: if they're too faithful people not into comics will just thingk they're D-U-M-B (everyone's accusing me) and if they're not faithful enough, narrowminded purists like your humble correspondent will be heartily pissed off. This one should strike the first happy medium.

Superman's blend of technology and innocence, imagination and naivety, sophistication and honesty carries a genuinely enchanting power. I know it's a big-money Warner Brothers Christmas sucker-trap — or rather the adult me is painfully aware of the machinations, manipulations and megabuckbiz aspect of the whole thing, while the twelve-year-old me couldn't give a shit, lost in an old-time sense of wonder and grooving to high heaven.

"Next year: *Superman II*" it says on the end titles. In *Superman II,* our hero faces off against Terence Stamp, Sarah Douglas and Jack O'Halloran as the three Kryptonian villiams exiled before the planet goes BLAAAAAMMMMM at the beginning of this movie. You best believe that the adult me and the twelve-year-old me are gonna be there — in the two best seats in the house.

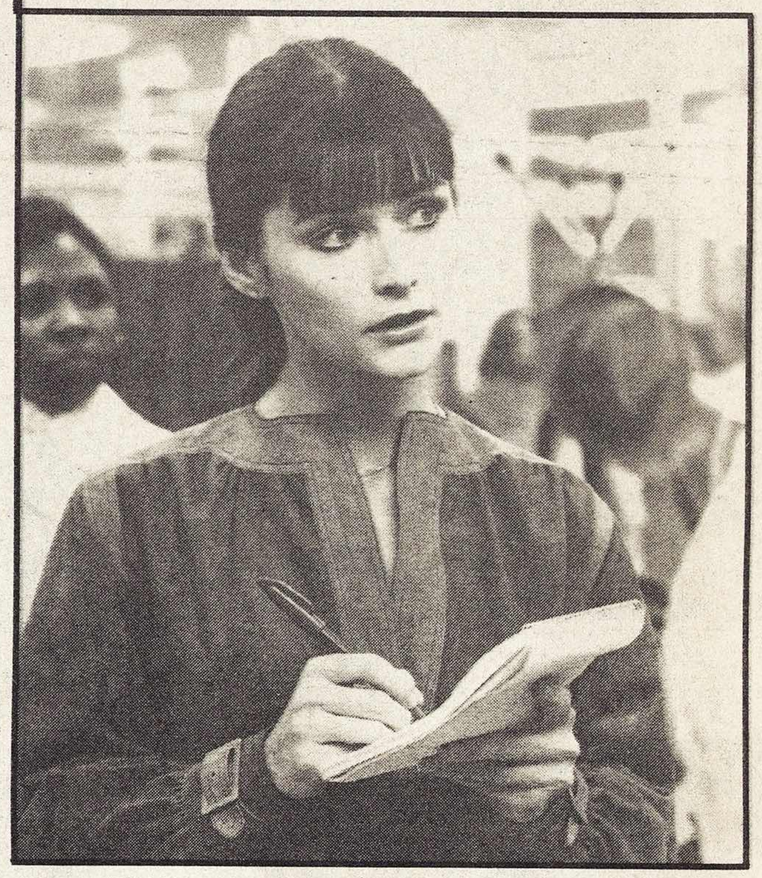
Charles Sharr Murray

DICK TRACY looks at SUPERMAN

In his book *The Making of Superman,* David Michael Petrou writes: "Of Alexander Salkind's production of *Superman* it has to be said, quite simply, that it stands as the largest, most ambitious motion-picture undertaking ever attempted in the history of films: nearly three years of planning and two of filming; at their height of production employing the full-time talents of more than a thousand people on eleven separate film units; spanning three studios, three continents and eight countries; using well over a million feet of film; and featuring the largest production budget in movie annals."

This celluloid equivalent of the D-Day landings is a far cry from our costumed wonder's humble beginnings in the mind and pen of two Cleveland high-school students, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, back in 1933. Having been rejected by almost every outfit in town, the red-booted speed streak finally made it into print in June 1938, the same year that his creators sold their rights for just $130.

It took almost 40 years to get proper credit and due restitution in the form of $20,000 a year for the rest of their lives from Warner Communications, the current rights holders. Shuster commented: "It could have been an American dream,



Margot Kidder as Lois Lane: "How d'ya spell 'horny', Charles?"

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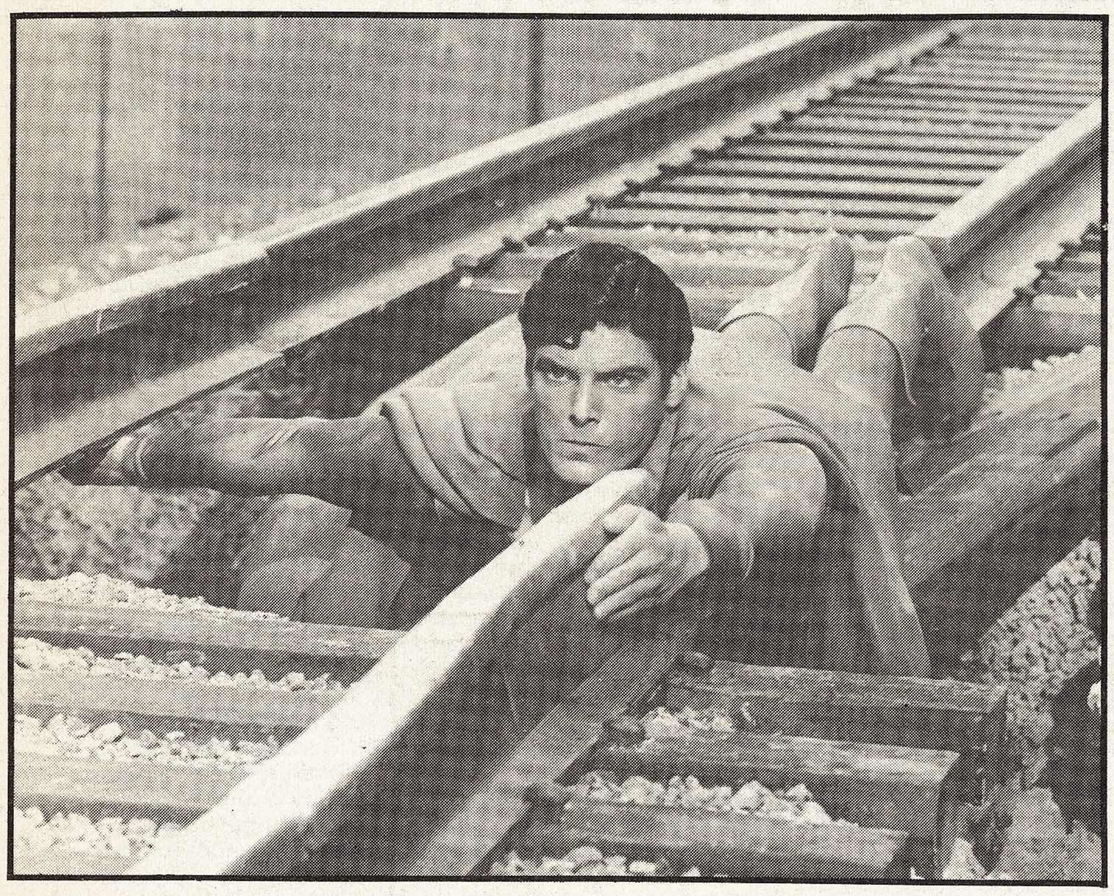
The making, or breaking, of Superthing



Christopher Reeve as Superman — taking the strain for a train.

now it's an American tragedy."

In the very first issue of *Action Comics* it was claimed: "A Physical Marvel, A Mental Wonder, Superman is destined to reshape the destiny of a world." Since then his impregnable image has graced cartoons, feature films, TV shows, comic books, even a Broadway show and through his use in the war effort, prompted Goebbels to label him a "Jew monger."

All of which meant the film-makers had to tread carefully so as not to destroy the unconscious expectations of a global audience officially stated as 6½ billion in 38 countries and 14 languages. (Where do they get these figures from?)

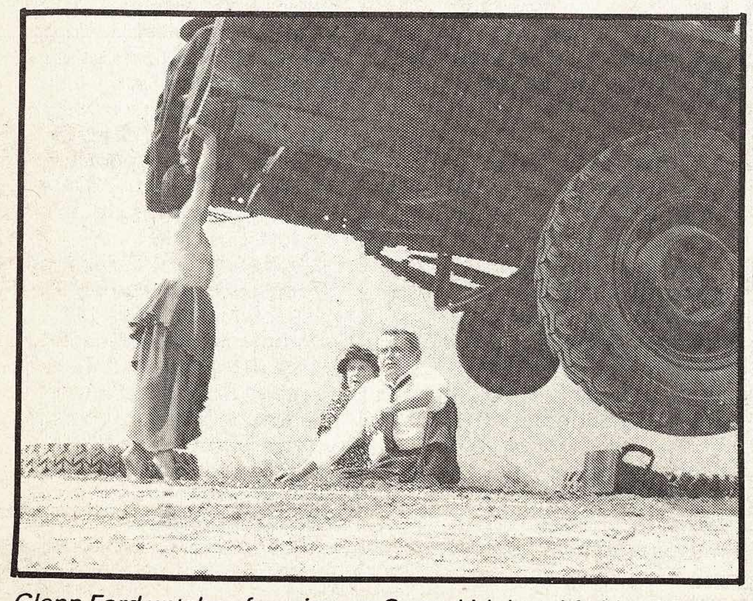
Like the launch and development of some wire-guided missile, secrecy rules, principals and special effects crew remain out of reach, investigative inquiry is impossible. Instead one is handed the official history packaged in the form of a 100-plus page press report, complete with anecdotes ideal for the quick-copy merchants. The Gospel according to Superman is a tinsel-town extravaganza replete with dreams coming true and tales of the great struggles involved in bringing this titan to the screen.

From the trades some outside information can be gleaned. In May 1976 it was announced that Burt Reynolds was up for the main man slot, that the character rights had cost $3 million and budget was set at $15 with a script by Mario Puzo and direction by Guy Hamilton. All that soon got fed through the mincer as twenty-four carat craziness broke out.

Hamilton, a British tax exile, had to bow out when production moved from Rome to London, and $1 million went down the tube straight away. Meantime, Robert Benton and David Newman, who'd authored the Broadway musical *It's A Bird . . . It's A Plane . . . It's Superman!* were brought in as script support, the budget went up to $25 million and the search for the Man of Steel began in earnest. Redford, Caan, Newman, Bronson, Eastwood, and McQueen were considered and rejected for varying reasons; Bruce Jenner, the olympic decathlon champ did a screen test, along with 199 others including Alexander Salkind's wife's dentist.

The Making Of Superman relates the tale of Chris Reeve's selection; what it doesn't tell you is that he's now under contract to the Salkinds for seven or eight more films, including two more *Superman* epics, not counting *No 2,* which is already shot and lies in a bank vault waiting to attack the box office in a year's time.

The budget, all the while, just kept on rising, a fact which wasn't helped by paying Brando $3.7 million against a percentage of gross for just thirteen actual shooting days. One studio exec slyly commented: "In his next picture you probably won't be able to see him at all. I asked him why he just didn't give them the rights to his name." Brando, if the Bible is to be believed, is investing his money in sea farming and his *Roots*-style TV miniseries on the Native Americans.



Glenn Ford watches for wires as Superkid does his bit with the rear end of a truck.

Space and time prevent a full recitation of the manic scenes which characterised this mammoth production. The 3-D holographic effects were abandoned, the flying sequences had to be re-shot endlessly and scripts, costumes, scenes and brain cells were replaced on a daily basis. The only constant factor was the fact that the budget kept on rising. *Variety's* last estimate was $50 million for the two-as-one movie; when *Silver Screen* encountered Ilya Salkind at the post-press show reception he put the figure at $70 million.

Chris Reeve bore it wonderfully well by all accounts. Under the muscular tutelage of David 'Darth Vader' Prowse, he was put on a high protein diet and every day did some six hours working out on weights and trampolines. Some snide rumour-mongers informed me that he had a problem with underarm perspiration which is why he had to have so many costume changes, but the *NME* doesn't print tripe like that.

The final words on what the Spenglers and Warners *hope* will be a blockbuster of mythic proportions belong with the principals.

Director Richard Donner: "I really think this could be the picture to remind people how good America used to be."

Producer Ilya Salkind: "*Superman* has the potential to be the biggest grosser in the history of movies. For me that is important because whatever areas might be in this movie, they will still be mingled with a certain message. I don't mean a philosophical message, because I agree with Sam Golwyn — 'If you wanna send a message, call Western Union' — but a message of hope, a sense of justice. I want to bring back a certain happiness because everybody wants to fly, everybody wants to feel free and totally on top of the world. You can count on *Superman.*"

Costumed-comet Chris Reeves: "It's adventure. It's comedy. It's romance. It's *Fantasia.* It's *2001.* It's *Love Story.*"

Finally, the Big B: "What we have to do is preserve the myth of Superman. The film is a Valentine. There is no point in hanging pumpkins on a morning glory."

Come again, Marlon?

Dick Tracy

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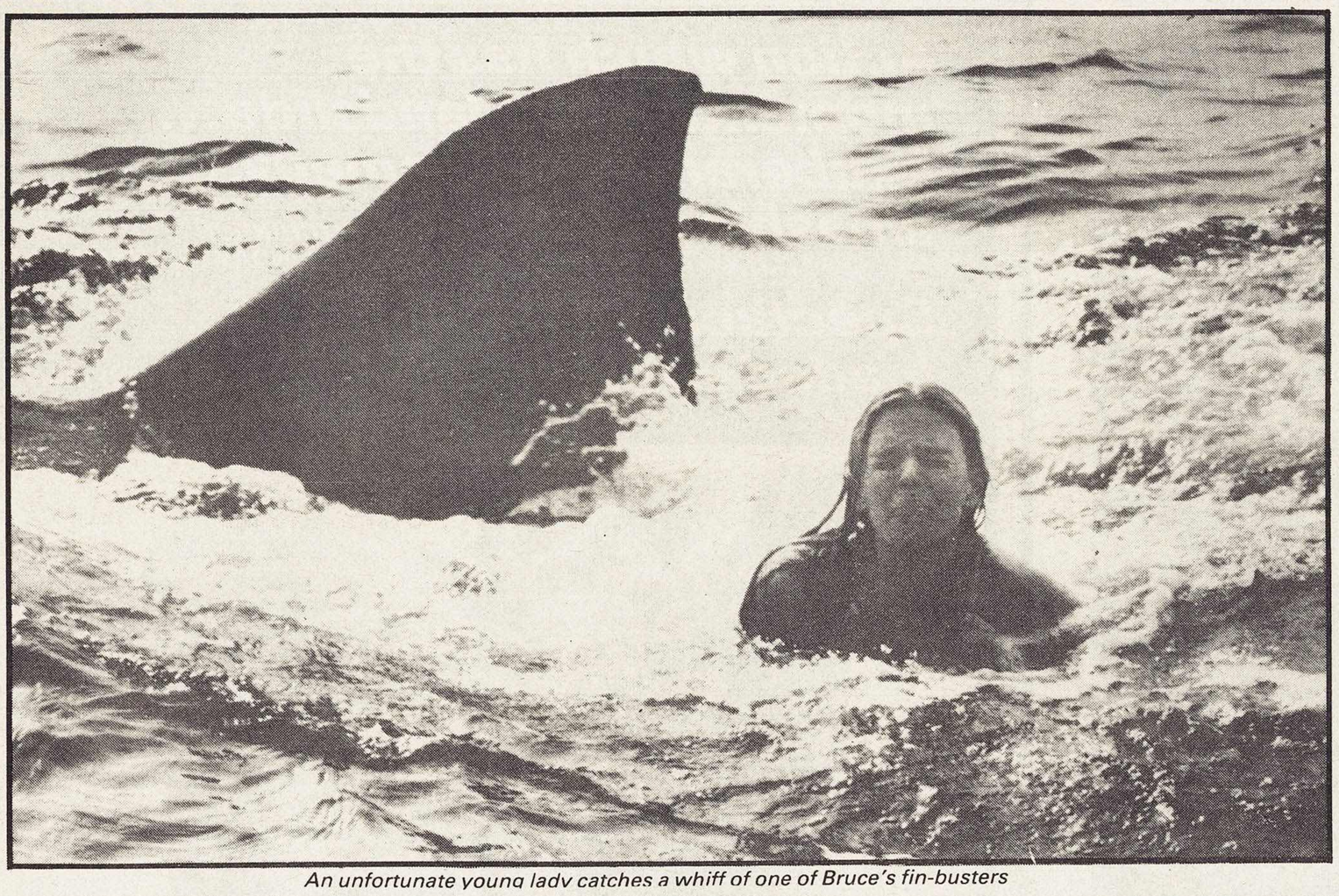
CHESTERFIELD Odeon
DONCASTER Gaumont
IPSWICH Odeon
PETERBOROUGH Odeon
YORK Odeon

FROM
THURSDAY DECEMBER 28
LOWESTOFT Odeon
SCARBOROUGH Odeon
SOUTHEND Odeon

FROM
SUNDAY DECEMBER 31
BARNSLEY Odeon
NORWICH Odeon
STOCKTON Odeon

FROM
THURSDAY JANUARY 4
BLACKPOOL Odeon
WORTHING Odeon

DETAILS CORRECT WHEN GOING TO PRESS – BUT CHECK WITH YOUR LOCAL CINEMA



An unfortunate young lady catches a whiff of one of Bruce's fin-busters

Jaws Insincerely

Jaws 2

Directed by Jeannot Szwarc
Starring Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary and Murray Hamilton
(CIC)

And you thought it was safe to go back in the water? Well, it is — as safe as saints at the Lord's side.

Jaws 2 is the pitiful product of another in a long line of Hollywood heists. The film industry has never been slow to maximise profits by repeating screen-tried and tested formats, as often as not intact.

Various precedents from recent years come to mind. Some, for example, would say that Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather Part 2* outplayed his own *The Godfather,* others that John Frankenheimer's *French Connection 2* outwitted William Friedkin's *The French Connection.*

But, whereas both these features reputedly outgrossed their predecessors at the box office, John Boorman's astonishing *Exorcist 2: The Heretic* did not — this because of a combination of factors, these including Warner Brothers' crass carping at and cutting of Boorman's original print and the director's own insistence on ignoring the 'commercial' guidelines of his brief.

In fact, *Exorcist 2* died the proverbial death. As for *Jaws 2,* It isn't exactly moving monetary mountains in the States — but for rather different reasons. You don't double either your money or the delivery load of your movie by halving your odds, which is in effect precisely what the moguls at Universal have done with *Jaws 2.*

Jaws itself was a mutha of a package, a near perfect-positive marriage of form and content (remember them?), and with it director Steven Spielberg proved beyond a sharkfin of doubt that populist, popular cinema can still be great cinema.

You don't need to be a sociologist, a psychologist or even a market analyst to be able to grasp the grist and jist of *Jaws'* phenomenal success.

Spielberg simply surged his own abilities and those of a strong cast; he was also fortunate enough to have a naggingly suspenseful storyline and script to hand in author Peter Benchley's bestselling book. Sharks may or may not arouse deep-seated neuroses and psychoses in the hearts and minds of late twentieth century Western man — such considerations seem somehow incidental to Spielberg's actual cinematic achievement. Although *Jaws* nearly failed to make the screen at all (its backers repeatedly baulked at the vast sums it consumed on location), but that's neither here nor further.

However, somebody or somebodies at Universal must have punched calculator printouts and decreed that Bruce, great white screen-draw of the deep, must make a comeback.

Some *Jaws* people were convinced, coerced or contracted into replay, among them Roy Scheider, the chisel 'n' flint-faced police chief Brody, Lorraine Gary, his beautiful, dutiful wife, and Murray Hamilton, the mercenary (beaches = booty, sharks or no sharks) mayor of Amity.

Others were not, among them Spielberg, Benchley, the late Robert Shaw, swarthy sea-dog of *Jaws,* and Richard Dreyfuss, bearded and bumbling shark specialist of same.

Spielberg is currently following up *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* with *1941,* a comedy centring around scares of a Japanese invasion of San Francisco after Pearl Harbour. Benchley may well have decided that he'd OD'd on all things oceanic after the interim success of his *The Deep* story and screenplay. Shaw of course was scrunched and swallowed by Bruce 1, whilst Dreyfuss, referred to here in absentia, seems to have wriggled or wrangled free of a second round with Bruce 2.

In short though, *Jaws 2* is engulfed by the maws of *Jaws 1.* Spielberg's hapless substitute in the directorial dinghy is one Jeannot Szwarc, a Frenchman best known, apparently, for his American telefilm work.

And so, sadly, it shows. Szwarc is (sorry) way and well out of his depth. His detached and documentary screen-style drags like a storm anchor. Although his battle may well have been lost before he turned his first reel, Szwarc fails to even threaten to approach the effortlessly sustained shock-stretch of *Jaws.*

Bruce 2's opening strike over the wreck of the Orca, the boat brunched by Bruce 1, scares as much as a scurry of shrimps (not much). Even John Williams' revised score signal leaves ears and appetite unwhetted. You *know* what is imminent and, as a result, you're not remotely titillated / amused / terrorised / agonised (del. where applic.).

Carl Gottlieb and Howard Sackler's script ("Based on characters created by Peter Benchley", excuse the credits) fares no better. The main 'human interest' of *Jaws 2* hangs on the fate of a gaggle of super-kleen high-school kids, their stupidity in going sailing against parental instructions and their inevitable appointments with death and destiny.

Big deal, big meal. How many of them can the scurvy shark munch before Brody, recently relieved of his duties by the vile Gang of Six who comprise the town council, terminates the terror? Well, I really wouldn't have minded if Bruce 2 had singlefinnedly taken out the entire population of Amity Island. I even felt sorry for the beastly behemoth, whose front is nastily frazzled after an early encounter with a can of kerosene and a flare pistol.

Jaws 2 creaks like a tea-clipper under full sail (a lot). Scheider himself was reportedly 'reluctant' on set. A dejected latterday Ahab, he seems to be relishing his role as much as a week washing mucous membranes in a mortuary. In *Jaws* his presence was pressurised and oddly praetorian, here it's professional and merely pedestrian. Similarly, Gary and Hamilton seem to be on remote throughout.

And so on and so forth until Bruce 2 is finally run off the rails. Even the agreeably concise cameo type-casting of some of the kids and the small mileage Szwarc makes out of the location landscape can't compensate for the film's unforgiveable lack of attack. *Jaws 2* simply should *not* have been made.

Save up for your own customised shark or see *Jaws* again instead.

Angus MacKinnon

Newsfront

Directed by Phillip Noyce

Starring Bill Hunter

(Screen On The Green)

Their cricket may be up the spout, but since *Picnic at Hanging Rock* nobody laughs at Aussie films — not in the wrong places, anyway. *Newsfront* is the latest and possibly the greatest, global raves following a sackful of domestic awards.

Len Maguire is a cameraman with Cinetone News. Brother Frank heads Newsco, their U.S.-owned rival. Dateline: 1948. Frank quits for the States, leaving the others to face Menzies and the rise of television. Cinetone cover natural disasters (flood, fire, Nixon), a round-Australia rally, folksy Australiana, ultimately merging with Newsco to survive. Meanwhile Len, a devout Catholic, leaves wife and kids for Amy, Frank's longtime steady.

Noyce's choice of subject is inspired. Just as the newsreels are "the eyes and ears of Australia" (Cinetone's slogan), so we perceive events through their makers' lives.

Len is a Philip Marlowe for our time, seedy glamour traded for an oddly fetching stolidity, values and livelihood teetering into absolescence. No 'last-of-his-breed' sentimentality here, though. In a forceful, undemonstrative performance, Bill Hunter shows how inessential 'glamour' really is to entertainment.

Priggish about his brother's ambitions but not the plodder Frank paints him, appalled at Australian McCarthyism yet convinced it's "the best country in the world" — that's our Len.

But the character is no facile Zeitgeist device. Like the film's technical innovations, Len serves no 'purpose'. For Noyce, humanity and its depiction *are* the point.

The much-vaunted black-and-white sequences merge the characters with newsreel of national events. returning to colour once their detachment is re-established.

Most impressive, however, is Noyce's handling of time. A date flashed up, above it a snapshot depicting change: marriage, children, etc. Cut to the characters, getting on with the job. Subtle shifts in status and character are only felt gradually. The effect is of a continuous present, stresses matter-of-factly absorbed. Death apart, dramas happen offstage. In *Newsfront,* as in life, change seldom means upheaval.

The film's glibly melodramatic ending only highlights its virtures. Come 1956, Len directs coverage of the Melbourne Olympics. Frank makes a fat offer for footage of the Russians and Hungarians brawling at water polo — U.S. propaganda, right? Righteously rejecting him, our hero stamps into the sunset, integrity gleaming.

There are no minor characters, just some we see less than others. For unprocessed humanity and a lot of laughs, *Newsfront* is hard to beat.

Harry George

Suzanne Danielle: "Ah, you must be the man from the NME — why don't you come a little closer . . ."

Carry Out

Carry On Emmannuelle

Directed by Gerald Thomas
Starring Suzanne Danielle and Kenneth Williams
(Hemdale)

Sad, sad, sad. I love *Carry On* films, every last bum joke, every slap to the back of Kenneth Connor's neck. But this is not a *Carry On* film.

It has far more in common with David Sullivan's gentle core Mary Millington flicks, its only tie with the halcyon days of *Cowboy, Cleo* and *Up The Khyber* being the presence of Kenneth Williams and Joan Sims.

The script is shockingly bad and at times offensive — not to taste, but intelligence. We get 'actors' tattily superimposed over stock films of tourist attractions, a silly French accent from Ms Danielle, and the distressing sight of my favourite actor, Peter Butterworth, degrading himself in a wig so bad you half expect there to be string under his chin.

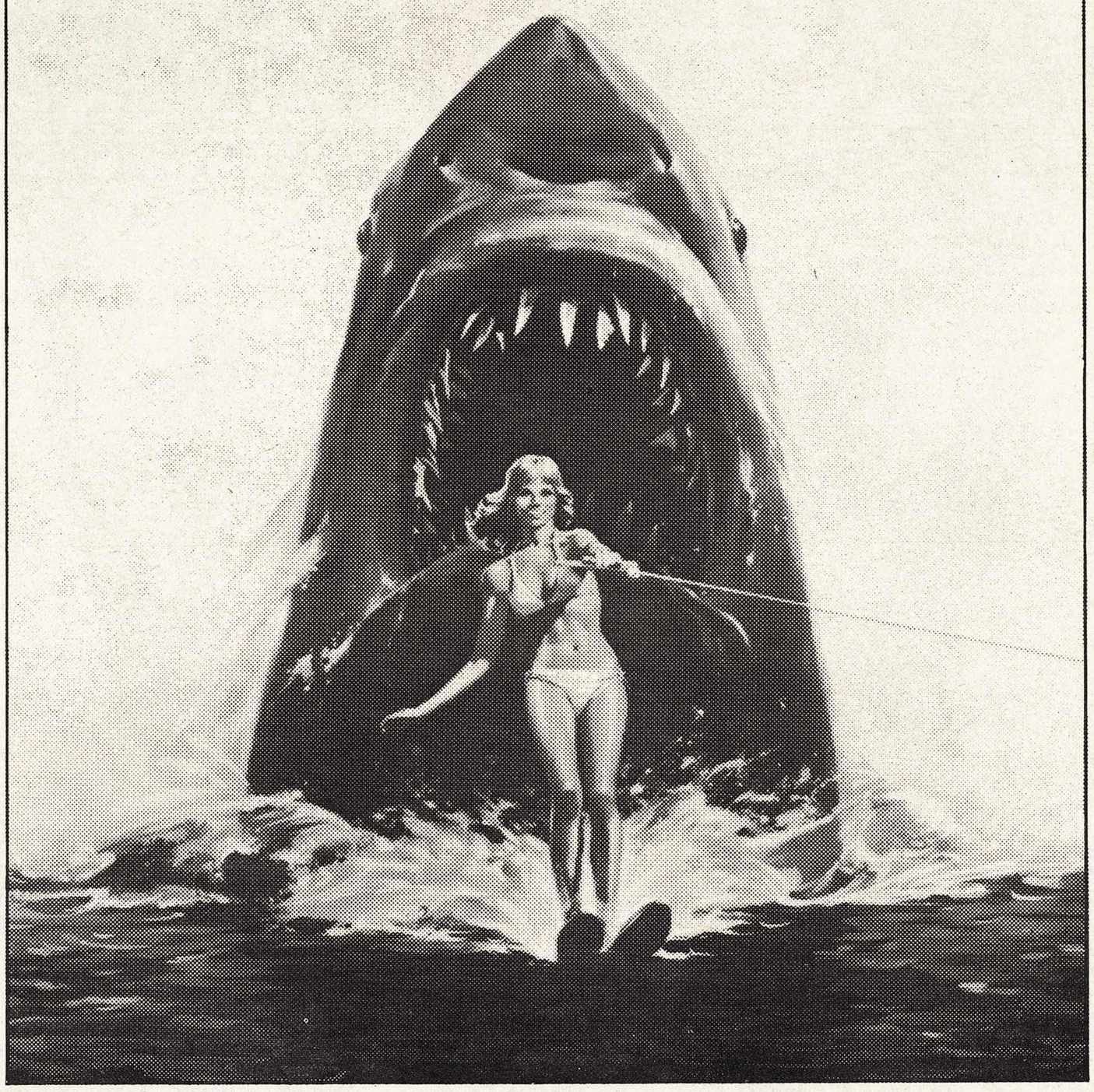
Indeed, the whole wretched production might have received change out of forty quid. Barbara Windsor wisely turned down the lead, Charles Hawtrey is AWOL and Sid James can be heard groaning from the grave.

Pakistani jokes, anyone?

Danielle Baker

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water...

JAWS 2



ROY SCHEIDER

LORRAINE GARY

MURRAY HAMILTON

JAWS 2 A

A ZANUCK/BROWN PRODUCTION

Written by CARL GOTTLIEB and HOWARD SACKLER • Directed by JEANNOT SZWARC

Based on characters created by PETER BENCHLEY • Music by JOHN WILLIAMS

Produced by RICHARD D. ZANUCK and DAVID BROWN • Associate Producer JOE ALVES

Read the Pan paperback A UNIVERSAL PICTURE TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION® Distributed by CINEMA INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

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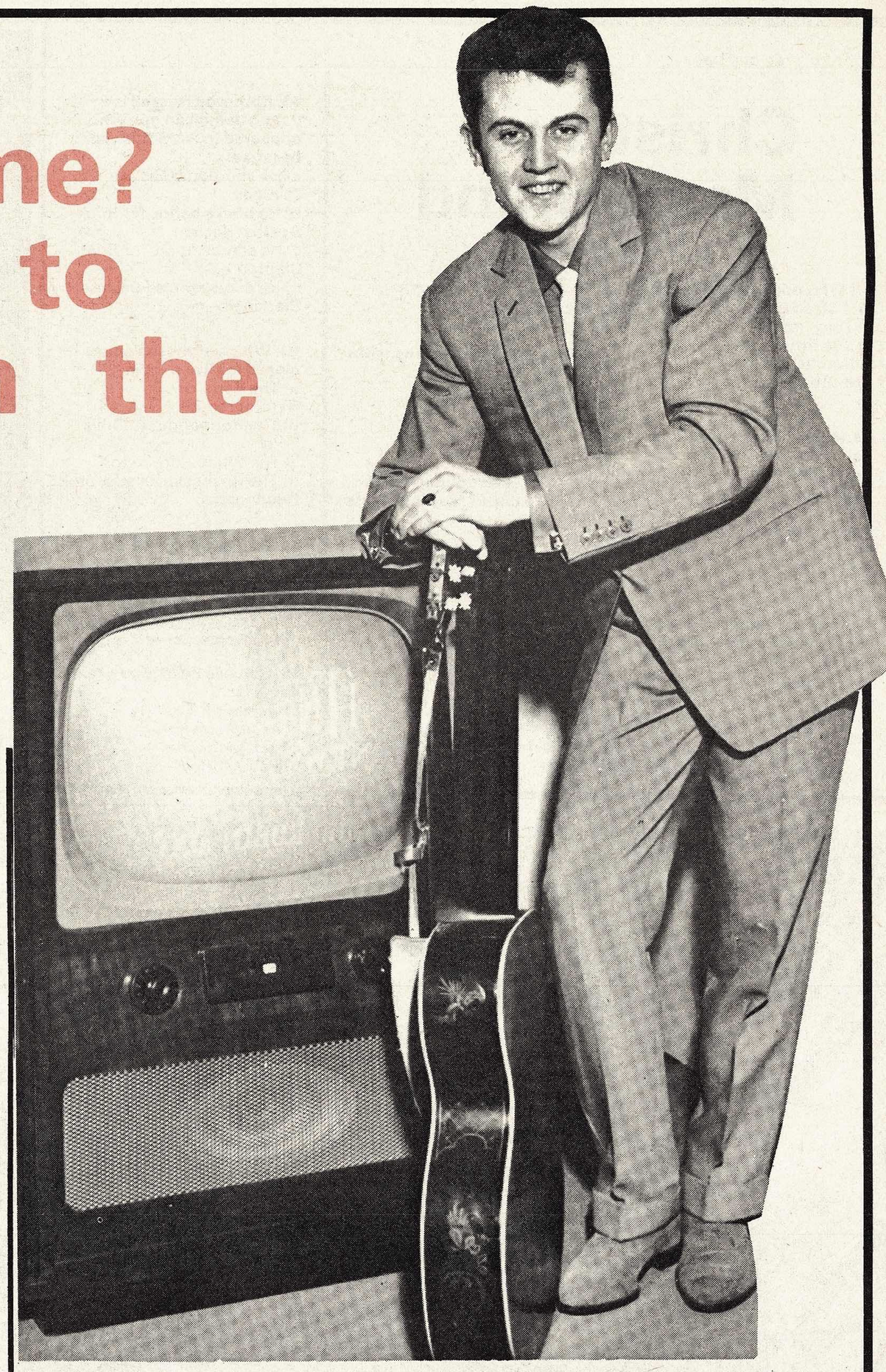
Hi, remember me? I'm the answer to question 15 in the Fab 1978 NME Christmas Quiz



1, Supply the appropriate names to the following songwriting teams:
a) Leiber and .....
b) Holland ..... and Holland
c) ..... and Huff
d) Brooker and .....
e) ..... and Shelley

2. Who said "It's all so Dada"?
a) Jimmy Pursey
b) Diane Keaton
c) Viv Stanshall
d) Bob Harris

3. Which of the following statements is true:
a) Devo are Mormons.
b) Talking Heads are Communists.
c) John Travolta is a Scientologist.
d) Gordon is a moron.

4, Which of these Australians didn't get involved with disco this year and ultimately met with a sad end?
a) Robert Stigwood
b) Dame Edna Everage
c) The Brothers Gibb
d) The Saints
e) Olivia Newton-John

5. Who is Kraftwerk's favourite German film Director?
a) Werner Herzog
b) Leni Riefenstahl
c) Fritz Lang
d) Rainer Werner Fassbinder

6. What is Weather Report's Josef Zawinul's country of origin?
a) Bulgaria
b) Rumania
c) Euthanasia
d) Austria

7. Who directed the film *2001: A Space Odyssey*?
a) Sam Peckinpah
b) Stanley Kubrick
c) Walt Disney
d) George Lucas

8. What English football team does American actor Bruce Dern support?
a) Sheffield United
b) Chelsea
c) Millwall
d) Gillingham

9. How much did John Williams, the classical guitarist and CBS recording artist, get for the *Star Wars* score?
a) $230,000
b) 7s 6d
c) nothing
d a packet of Space Dust

10 Mel Brooks thinks Gene Wilder is . . .
a) a friend
b) a fag
c) a fool
d) a member of Kiss

11. For sexy times John Travolta prefers ...
a) Italian girls
b) Italian goats
c) Older women
d) Older goats.

12. What kind of trousers are made by Bryan Ferry's clothes designer Anthony Price?
a) Oxford bags
b) Shit-stoppers
c) Ones with straight legs
d) Satin loons.

13. What did Rod Stewart say that he ate out of a can sitting on the floor with Joanna Lumley?
a) Prunes
b) Rat pie
c) Caviar
d) Baked beans.

14. Who is Bruce Springsteen's girlfriend?
a) Pennie Smith
b) Patti Smith
c)Lyn Goldsmith
d) Mark Smith.

15. The man pictured at the top of this page is/was British rock's first casualty. His name is:
a) Danny Baker
b) Joe Meek
c) Terry Dene
d) Pete Best.

16. What caused Eddie Cochran's death?
a) Old age
b) An air disaster
c)A car crash
d) The Pox.

17. What was Sid Vicious in hospital for in spring 1977?
a) To beat up a nurse
b) As a publicity stunt
c) Hepatitis
d) To burn it down.

18.What were The Stranglers originally called?
a) The Cottage Creatures
b) The Guildford Stranglers
c) The Hammersmith Stranglers
d) The Cottage Stranglers.

19. Who had a nervous breakdown when his engagement to Olivia Newton-John ended?
a) Hank Marvin
b) John Farrar
c) Robert Stigwood
d) Bruce Welch.

20. Patti Smith said every man she had ever slept with had done something over her. Was it:
a) Meditated
b) Urinated
c) Vomited
d) Gobbed.

21. Which artists are known by the following nicknames:
a) Basher
b) The Runt
c) The Ox
d) Dr. Winston O'Boogie.

22. Name one person with whom all the following bands and artists have something in common... Steve Hillage, Meatloaf, The New York Dolls, Grand Funk Railroad, The Tubes, The Tom Robinson Band.

Answer.....

23. Both Talking Heads and Bryan Ferry have recorded "Take Me To The River". But who cut the original version?
a) Al Green
b) Otis Redding
c) Aretha Franklin
d) Millie Jackson.

24. What were the names of the characters John Travolta portrayed in (a) "Saturday Night fever" (b) "Grease"
a) Stig Woodino
b) Tony Manero
c) Danny Zuko
d) Albert Smith
e) Dino Romero
f) Donny Cardinale.

25. In what motion picture was Bill Haley & The Comets' "Rock Around The Clock" originaly featured.
a) Blackboard Jungle
b) Rebel Without A Cause
c) The Girl Can't Help It
d) Shake Rattle And Roll.

26. What are the real names of the following people: a) Poly Styrene, b) Rat Scabies, c) Burning Spear, d) Southside Johnny, e) Jake Riviera, f) Captain Beefheart, g) Jilted John.

a) .....
b) .....
c).....
d) .....
e) .....
f) .....
g) .....

Who said, "Uh Oh, I think I just exposed myself out there!"
a) P. J. Proby
b) Jim Morrison
c) Angus Young
d) Sonny Bono

28. Who said of the rock audience: "A lot of middle class kids and the same bastards running everything".
a) John Lennon
b) John Lydon
c) Mick Jagger
d) Frank Zappa

29. Which Bacharach/David song was covered by The Wailers in the mid-60s?
a) Walk On By
b) What's New Pussycat
c) Alfie
d) 24 Hours From Trenchtown

30. Who was "Mr Dynamite"?
a) Jackie Wilson
b) James Brown
c) Sam Cooke
d) Solomon Burke

31. Who was "The Hillbilly Hepcat"?
a) Gene Vincent
b) Ray Campi
c) Elvis Presley
d) Charlie Grace

32. Is Trotsky's assassin . . .
a) The subject of the next Clash single?
b) The subject of Hugh Cornwell's t shirt?
c) Dead
d) Dead but only if you believe what Russian news agecies tell you

33. Which aggressive pop star kicked a photographer all over the pit at the Rainbow in the early months of 1978 for not dancing to the music?
a) Jean Jacques Burnel
b) Elvis Costello
c) Patti Smith
d) Sid Vicious

34. A major punk was busted for possession of amphetamine sulphate in April 1977 and fined £40. He was:
a) Joe Strummer
b) Paul Weller
c) Rat Scabies
d) Johnny Rotten

35. Of which geographical location did The Stranglers write "All Quiet On The Easter Front"?
a) Southend
b) Iran
c) Iceland
d) Sweden

36. What reference to the British Police does Tom Robinson make in "Glad To Be Gay"?
a) "They're the best in the world"
b) "I think they're wonderful"
c) "I love a man in uniform"

■ *Continues over page*

Picture question 'A': This dynamic duo are associated with the following big hit:

a) Bridge Over Troubled Water
b) I'm Your Puppet
c) Soul Man
d) Matchstalk Men and Matchstalk Cats And Dogs

■ *From previous page*

Christmas Mastermind

37. Who does Mick Jones of The Clash try to look like?
a) Tony James
b) Joe Strummer
c) Bernie Rhodes
d) Keith Richard

38. When a Rasta woman is having her period what is she prevented from doing?
a) Living
b) Swimming
c) Cooking
d) Smoking ganja

39. In their first hit The Smurfs confirmed that they can what?
a) "Climb through a smokey hole"
b) "Peep through Father Abe's key-hole"
c) "Climb through a small key-hole"
d) "Climb up Father Abe's Trouser Leg"

40. Debbie Harry rooms with:
a) Chris Stein
b) A camera
c) Joey Ramone

41. In the Sex Pistols song "Seventeen" Johnny Rotten says he doesn't work, he just . . . what?
a) Goes to confession
b) Speeds
c) Does this for a hobby
d) Hates the new Pope

42. What did Ronnie Biggs sell for punk?
a) His arse
b) His mother
c) His heavy metal records
d) His soul

43. Compton Russell is a young Jamaican guy who appeared in *NME* this year because:
a) He choreographs the I-Threes
b) He books bands for Rock Against Racism
c) He scrubs floors for Eric Clapton
d) He plays tennis for Chris Blackwell

44. Which of these venues closed for live rock in '78:
a) The Red Cow, Hammersmith
b) The Roundhouse, Chalk Farm
c) The White Hart, Acton
d) The Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington

45. During his stay in London, Bob Dylan went to see:
a) Evita
b) John Cooper Clarke
c) The changing of the guard
d) A psychiatrist

46. Genesis P-Orridge's real name is:
a) Genesis P-Orridge
b) Joseph Mellor
c) Neil Megson
d) Paul Morley

Picture question 'B': This bunch of rascals is better known as:

a) Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
b) Monty Python
c) The Stargazers
d) The Theme From Big Country

Picture Question 'C': Whose dad is standing with this bevy of lusty maidens?
a) Elvis Costello's
b) Kosmo Vinyl's
c) Siouxsie Sioux's
d) Monty Smiff's

ANSWERS

1 A-Stoller, B—Dozier, C—Gamble, D—Reid, E—Devoto. 2—C. 3—C. 4—D. 5—C. 6—D. 7—B. 8—B. 9—C (he's no relation to film score writer JW). 10—ABC and D. 11—C. 12—C. 13—D. 14—C. 15—C. 16—C. 17—C. 18—B. 19—D. 20—C. 21-A Nick Lowe, B Todd Rundgren, C John Entwistle, D John Lennon. 22—Record producer Todd Rundgren. 23—A. 24—B and C respectively. 25—A. 26—A Marion Elliott, B Chris Miller, C Winston Rodney, D Johnny Lyons, E Andrew Jakeman, F Don Van Vliet, G Graham Fellows. 27—B. 28—A. 29—B. 30—A. 31—C. 32—D. 33—C. 34—D. 35—D. 36—A. 37—D. 38—C. 39—C. 40—A. 41—B. 42—D (according to "No One Is Innocent"). 43—D (Chris Blackwell sponsors him). 44—ABC and D. 45—A. 46—A (changed by deed poll from Neil Megson). 47—D. Picture Question 'A' — C. Picture Question 'B' — C. Picture Questin 'C' — A (Ross MacManus, singer with The Joe Loss Orchestra and proud dad of bouncing Declan, standing with Larry Gretton, Rose Brennan, and Douglas Bathing Beauties.

Remember . . .

THE NEXT NME

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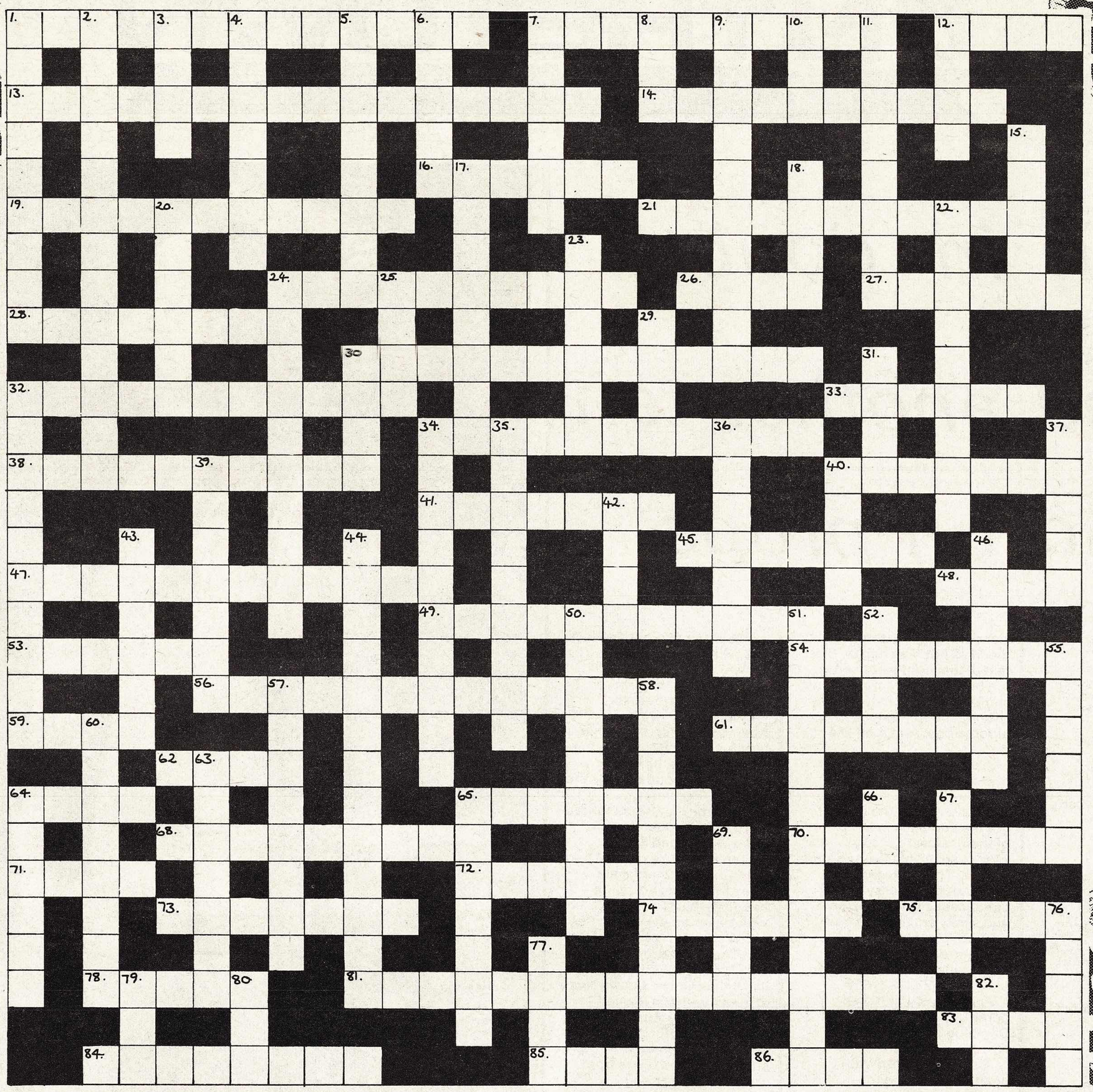
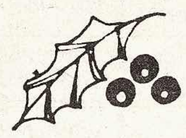


ACROSS

1 Fear milk liner (anag 7,6)
7 Saturday Night Person, Sunday Morning Critic, Weekday Wit (5,5)
12 Stiff co-founder and E Costello manager
13 UK's answer to Ted Nugent, axe and ego-wise (7,9)
14 1975's Bob Marley LP (5,5)
16 LA band who in original form had been members of Linda Ronstadt's backing group
19 Punk combo who took their name from a '60s paperback (10,1)
21 Author, critic, journalist and bon-vivant, according to *NME* Book Of Rock (6,5)
24 Vary axle (eh!) and Glaswegian emerges! *(Courtesy Cutie Cryptic Clues Corp)* (4,6)
26 Blockhead-in-chief
27 Babylonian streams for Money B
28 Though it's never been a hit here, probably Fleetwood Mac's best known latterday song
30 The one between "An Old Raincoat . . ." and "Every Picture Tells A Story" (8,5)
32 Vary heel set (anag 5,6)
33 See 31
34 No ticket for Bob Dylan! *(Another Cryptic Clues Corp. Special)* (6,5)
38 We avoid bid (anag 5,5)
40 Crocus and his chums from Weird City, USA (4,3)
41 Rolling Stones '78 single (4,3)
45 See 77
47 Original Byrd who went on to Flying Burrito Bros and Manassas (5,7)
48 Not a defunct recording!
49 Eddie Floyd soul oldie covered as a '74 single by David Bowie (5,2,4)
53 1978 hit Rod Stewart would probably sooner forget! (3,3)
54 Younger brother of the goofy threesome (4,4)
56 Born R Penniman in Macon, Georgia, he was rock'n'roll's most flamboyant character when camp was something Boy Scouts did with tents! (6,7)
59 New York's leading new wave label
61 The transcendental Beach Boy (4,4)
62 '69 punks in sailor's hammock!
64 Queen LP
65 U.S. singer/writer best known for songs like "MacArthur Park" and "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" (3,4)
68 One of Roy Orbison's 1960s Greatest Hits (4,5)
70 Celebrated U.S. black R&B group who cut a string of early '60s classics, including "On Broadway" and "Under The Boardwalk"
71 Scottish contemporary of C. Black, she went the same way into TV, panto and cabaret
72 & 73 A.k.a. Eddie, of Eddie & The Hot Rods
74 Jimi Hendrix standard (3,3)
75 &4 Achieved notoriety when fired by BBC for making on-air comments about Transport Minister's wife's driving test
78 This lad extracts faded rockers! *(C.C.C. Corp strikes again!)*
81 An earlier Queen LP (5,5,6)
83 See 51
84 See 66
85 "That ——": Isley Brothers
86 & 76 "After The Goldrush" was his classic 1970 album

DOWN

1 Part British, part Yank — but an *alien* band nevertheless!
2 Mark Perry's consortium — a bid for the fourth channel? (11,1,1)
3 Relatively, Greg of Beserkley
4 See 75
5 Bill Withers standard desecrated by Mud (4,2,2)
6 & 55 i.e. kerb looks (anag 5,6)
7 Miss King, ne Klein
8 Vehicular namesake of 66 down
9 Their satellite-relayed New York gig in '78 was claimed to have highest viewing figures of any concert *(The other side was better — Ed)* (6,4)
10 Not Maggie Thatcher!
11 See 82
12 Miss Jett of Runaways
15 See 79
17 It was during Stones set at this festival in California (Dec '69) that a fan was stabbed to death — the scene is recorded in *Gimme Shelter*
18 Jimmy Pop as he's better known
20 Singer-wife of 77 down
22 Buzzcocks LP (4,5)
23 Leadon or Taupin
24 Drowned lag (anag 6,4)
25 Hospital department visited by patient suffering fracture as result of bondage trousers pratfall!? (1-3)
29 New wave combo, or American season
30 The face is familiar but can you place the name? The others are Pete, Paul and Ace . . .
31 & 33 Doomed Damned vocalist
32 I.O.U. VI discs (anag 3,7)
34 Free and Bad Company drummer, namesake of *Star Trek* character (5,5)
35 "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" was their big '78 single (4,5)
36 Folk-rock outfit with classical leanings, named after mythical bird
37 Declined "Evita" went off with Gordon!
39 New wave outfit who take their name from Alf Garnett's patch in East End
40 Not the poet geezer Shelley, but the one in Buzzcocks
42 Home State of Devo, Rachel Sweet and 40 across
43 Nina, veteran soul stylist
44 She played Olivia to Dylan's Travolta on his "Desire" LP! (7,6)
46 She was born Pauline Matthews (4,3)
50 "The Man Machine" was their '78 album
51 & 83 Million-selling successor to "Meddle" and "Obscured By Clouds" (4,4,2,3,4)
52 Pin-up boy of 19 across
55 See 6
57 Empty tot throws up buck-toothed U.S. rock and roller! (3,5)
58 Ride her baby (anag 6,5)
60 Split up only last month while on the verge of their second big hit
63 Eddie and Brian — with Lamont Dozier, wrote more than a score of Motown classic hits
64 John's condition after 37 down left him
65 Claimed as the first punk movie, starred Jordan and Adam Ant
66 & 84 Joins Mr Moir (anag 3,8)
67 Metal detected in reggae band!
69 Eric Clapton's classic recording
76 See 86
77 & 45 Legendary '60s producer who developed much-imitated 'Wall of Sound' technique
79 & 15 His current hit is an old Buddy Holly weepie
80 Record Corporation first to hire, first to fire Pistols
82 & 11 Just mere M.O.R. (anag 3,8)



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across: Wilko Johnson; 5 "Incantations"; 8 Lurkers; 9 "Darlin' "; 10 Beth-NA-L; 11 "SOS"; 12 Dr Feelgood; 14 Anna (McGarrigle); 15 Bad (Company); 16 (Wayne or Billy J.) Kramer; 18 Steve (Hillage); 19 Roger Waters; 21 ELP; 23 (Steve) Hillage; 25 "Lucille"; 26 Bob (Marley); 28 Exposure; 29 Bette (Midler); 30 Rod Stewart.

Down: 1 Whirlwind; 2 Jethro Tull; 3 Neil Diamond; 4 "Blondes Have More Fun"; 6 Cars; 7 Solid Senders; 10 Brenda (Lee); 13 (Pub) Rock; 15 (James) Brown; 17 Rio; 18 Steel (Pulse); 19 "Roll Over (Beethoven); 20 Engineer; 22 Pub (Rock); 23 "Heroes"; 24 Anne (Nightingale); 27 Cube.

ON THE TOWN

When in doubt, spend another ten grand on props

Parliament

Hammersmith Odeon

The "Mothership" arrives. Everybody gets 'on out of it and has a "party". And I dance. And slump. And dance and slump.

George Clinton brought his circus troupe of clones, names, games, flying saucer attacks, smoke bombs, 'sexist' songs and goons and . . . That's exactly how the Parliametcetera 'thang' goes: "Ah said", on and on and up and down and around!

It's a groove. You 'dig' it or you don't. Dance or leave.

Like too much cheesecake? Parliament *are* on the same label as Kiss, but Clinton is undoubtedly a mightier moral and 'political' force than Gene Simmonds.

It could be said that Parliametcetera's extravagance and superfluous silliness reflects American and/or Western decadence and an escape into the fantasy of disco, drugs, dumb space movies and dangerously nutty religions. Yet you can't help but think that no matter how good the 'funk' gets, they're going round the circumference and all but missing the points.

The 'politics' are there, but the whole show aims at a dance-induced amnesia. That's showbiz?

Escapism? Nothing wrong with that? Well, the Clinton masterplan is a lot less wrong than any parallel spectacle you care to mention, like Devo or Rush.

His masterplan is fundamentally late-60s with one underlying theme: get back to nature — your nature, our nature, physical nature, subconscious nature, intuitive nature . . . a sublime nature Clinton sez; a spud nature Devo sez.

Funk and choose . . .

I missed all but one number from Parlet, who seemed to be a sloppy version of the Brides Of Funkenstein, with or without optional additions.

Between them and the Brides wuz a between-the-axes emcee; a jive-at-the-audience line-a-ten-seconds person, along the way from Bruce, Pryor, to Cooper-Clarke; a toke, a fart, a snipe at whitey's inability to clap in time. A 'gas'.

Both in and out of keeping with the Parliametcetera organisation, he would finish on a high note, intro the next segment of the peachy Parl pear, and then . . . nothing would happen. Maybe a floppy white roadie in soiled t-shirt would gallop across stage. *Whacky.*

Brides Of Funkenstein set a standard which wasn't so much as not matched by the rest of the night's nonsense, but became *standardized:* just churned and churned, chirpy chunky cheep weep beep bloop woop. And stuff like that.

In a nice reversal of usual role-playing and playing-down-to, Lynn Mabry and Dawn Silva (the Brides) got the audience in the palms of their "sweet", "foxy", "sly", "sexy" hands, and kept it there. They dressed in high-steppin', classy LaBellesque threads; shiny and slinky and teasy-weasy, with little hint of any caricature. Las Vegas, Barbarella, Barbi Doll, dream pie or what?

Acid, Disneyland, *Marvel* comics, *Star Wars,* The Dawning of the Age of Aquarius or what?

After the Brides (who changed costume to re-appear in Parliabattle dress) from the wings there wuz a deluge of young black Americans, dressed up to the shades in progressively dillier outfits. Mama got a brand new pumpkin, spiked. Squared.

I've no idea when in the mentalshitbackwashpsychosis proceedings Funkadelic stopped and Parliament started. Maybe it wuz when Clinton arrived in his inflatable silver car; maybe when I went to the toilet; maybe it wuz when I went to buy some popcorn.

I haven't seen Blue Oyster Cult live, but I have seen Zappa. I had more 'fun' with Clintonandonandonandon, but afterwards was also more bored. He needs a good guitarist . . . less condescension on the down beat, but FOR WHAT? Come in, your which way is up.

A slice of the American dream, or a slice at it? It's easy to yell, but it's hard to tell. I'm confused.

Do you hate America, and how exactly do you think you're changing it? Does it matter? Do you laugh at your white audience? Wouldn't the money be better spent elsewhere? Is it just a joke? Is funk the 'answer'? Do you get sore ankles wearing those ridiculous boots? Do the Mafia distribute your records?

Will you send me a communique, Parliament?

Ian Penman

Todd Rundgren and Utopia

The Venue

Will the real Todd please stand up? Or sit down? Or stand still for a minute?

Too late — he's gone.

Bowling through London he works day and night, in black and white. Producing the 70s answer to Donovan, then down to the nitty gritty, a dozen or so dates in the Venue, two shows a night. Adding a little sparkle while he's here, always tampering with extremes, hits and misses. The good defines the bad, and vice versa.

This time it's Utopia for real.

No doubt Roger Powell, John Wilcox and Kasim Sultan are permanent foils for the Runt's heavier facets. They follow a long line of adequate backup bands, well-meaning democracies like Woody's Truckstop, Nazz and The Sales Bros', Utopia with Moogy Klingman, and like them they're always more at home with the lowest common denominators in Rudgren's performace, seldom attuned to the subtleties which ooze from Todd's welcome solo indulgences.

So it's probably time to stop carping about the ideal Rundgren and accept the available model; at least he can deliver the studio goods.

On stage he's a gregarious jester, bounding from side to side like a large fluffy buck rabbit, bright eyed and bushy tailed. His manner parodies his image as an earnest whizz kid. He's a professional elder statesman these days, preferring to offer instantly entertaining but far from shattering concert fodder for the faithful.

"Real Man" and "It Wouldn't Have Made Any Difference" show Todd isn't contained by his material. He treats it affectionately and irreverently, hooks are punched with flourish then allowed to fade. The band are fast, smooth, seldom stretching for fresh nuances.

I didn't credit their versions of 'faithful' songs like "Love Of The Common Man" and "The Verb 'To Love' " in the "Back To The Bars" review. These numbers capture the attention during the first half of the set, their class highlighting the dreary Utopian fillers, "Trapped" and "Abandon City". As the beam switches from Todd to Wilcox or Sultan so the interest diminishes.

Utopia's brand of heavy metal sits uneasily on the band, and it seems entirely wrong to follow "The Seven Rays" with "Can We Still Be Friends". This song is treated as light novelty with a sinuous dancer parading balletically to cries of "drop 'em" and "gerrem off"; not what Todd had in mind when he wrote the lyrics.

The band happily settle for a mood and to demonstrate versatility swap instruments during "You Cried Wolf" and "Gangrene", with Rundgren on drums. As a result the former song is totally wasted, the tight rush of feeling is sacrificed for the sake of bamboozling the kids.

Still it's Christmas, and all this nit-picking is an admission that your critic went as a fan and was let down. There *are* pleasant surprises. "A Dream Goes On Forever" is deliciously understated, Todd on solo piano coaxing the melody; followed by honours for "Black Maria": the kid gets heavy and it works.

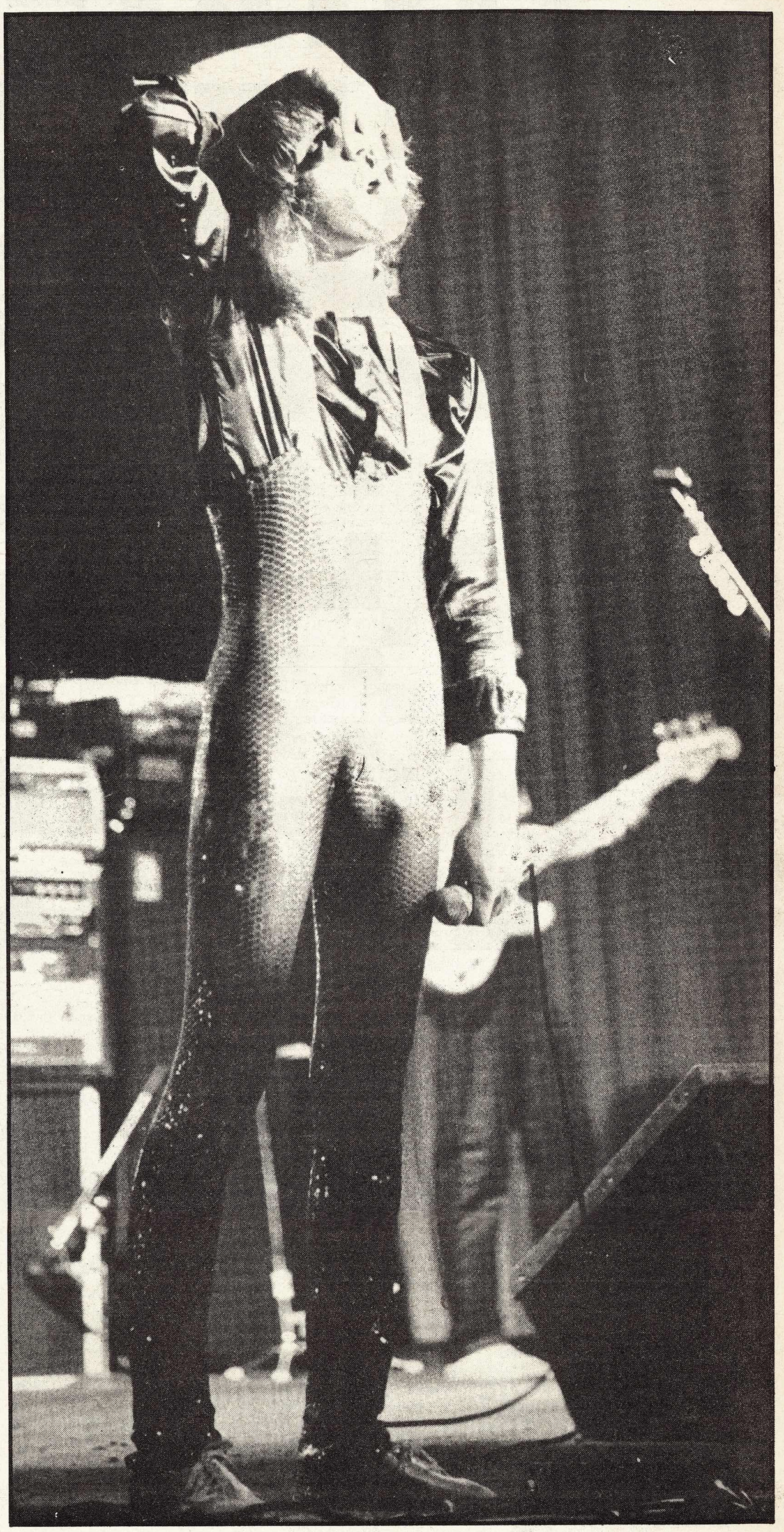
Utopia are often on form with their harmony vocals. The backing for "Eastern Intrigue" may not be "Cabinnescence" but it's impressive, and Rundgren provides animation with a series of hand gestures and cartoon voices.

The encores "Hello It's Me" and "Just One Victory" are anachronisms in Utopia's current context but they remain enjoyable, nostalgic anthems.

From the evidence of the opening nights you couldn't accuse Rundgren or his boys of going through the motions, rather they sell themselves too cheaply. It may be impossible for T.R. to reproduce his studio expertise on a stage. So I don't begrude him the looser alternative. But I can't share his enthusiasm.

You confused me Todd — you *always* do.

Max Bell



TODD RUNDGREN forgets words. Pic: PENNIE SMITH. Pric: TODD RUNDGREN.

LYNOTT and GELDOF discuss dumping respective groups, teaming up, forming own label, etc. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY. Wooden spoon: THE MASKED SUB-EDITOR.

Hi! I'm Tapper Zukie and this is Anthea...

Thin Lizzy Greedy Bastards

London

A musician friend thinks that it's only when he leaves his own band and plays with others that there's any chance of achieving a state of grace; that only in the hallowed state known as The Jam can egos inter-blend until they disappear, leaving only 'Pure Music'. **(Turn it in! — The Pope).**

So would Bob Geldof achieve salvation and enter a state of one-ness with the universe while singing with the Greedy Bastards at the Electric Ballroom?

This, I fear, was not to be the case.

When he and Johnny Fingers went onstage to join the whole of Thin Lizzy and the notorious Cook and Jones, Bob's first number was an obviously self-parodying "Route 66". And it demonstrated just *how close (not close at all)* he is to Jagger's stance. Any attempt to integrate with the molecular structure of the cosmos was probably a worthy failure.

Why, before his *second* number Robert bellowed, "This is the only rock song they could do. They're not very good, y'know . . ." And then the band blew his entry to "Looking After Number One" Was this kharma? Or deliberate policy on the part of the other members? Only the Spirit Of Yuletides Past knows the answer to that one.

But it was a dynamite version of the song, emphasising the clarity of the gig's sound.

Earlier, after a clutch of Lizzy numbers, Steve Jones and Paul Cook had joined the band for a number called "Black Leather" which set off the crunchy style of Jones' guitar against Gary Moore's tougher edge and Stuart Gorham's sweet lilt.

During the Ronald Biggs epic, the sight of the tattooed Jones up at the lead mike with the tressed Gorham directly behind him, provided an interesting study in culture metamorphosis.

Although a powerful, and punchy if brief Greedies set (other songs included "Greedy Bastards" to the tune of "Pretty Vacant", "My Way" with both BG and Phil Lynott on lead vocals, and "We Wish You A Merry Christmas"), it was the Thin Lizzy gig the next night at Hammersmith Odeon which was really the main attraction.

After all, this was their first show to feature Gary Moore as the replacement forerrant Brian Robertson, now with his drinking pal Jimmy Bain in Wild Horses. And considering that because of the enormous success of "Live And Dangerous "Lizzy are bigger now than they've ever been, it was an *interesting* move.

If you had any doubts or fears, forget 'em!

Although I never saw the previous Lizzy featuring Moore, and nor was I a sterling Colosseum fan, it should still be said that Gary Moore is a *wicked* guitarist from the Beck school of mean and moody aggression.

Obviously heavy guitar hero material, on the new song "Waiting For An Alibi" his guitar just slashes *so-o-o hard*, plunging deep and clearly into Gorham's melifluosness. The beautiful "Still In Love With You" where comparisons with Robertson's gritty Glasgow street sound are of paramount interest — gives him a chance to step out on the stage-ramp and turn in some fine pyrotechnics. Although no better or worse than what Robbo would do, they are meatier and harder.

Lizzy also play "Back On The Streets" from Gary's new solo LP and featuring him on lead vocals. His singing is slightly reminiscent of Pete Townshend's; and the number itself is strong and reminiscent of the *very best* McCartney rockers.

"Waiting For An Alibi" is an excellent new song, continuing Lynott's finest picaresque lyrics. It's also funky as shit; a feel that Moore has perhaps brought out in the band and which I certainly don't recall being as pronounced before.

The other new numbers were "Get Out Of Here" (I think), containing the great lines *"I used to be a dreamer / But I realised it's not my style at all"*, and "Black Rose" which I believe is the title track of their next album.

"Black Rose", a poignant uptempo ballad, contains the new funkier lilt as well as a beautifully played swirl from the power-packed front line. And Moore's work with Colosseum has perhaps influenced the song's 'epic' structuring.

For some odd reason Lynott altered the lyrics on "The Cowboy Song" from *"Running free with the buffalo"* to *"Roll me over and Let me go / She was a buffalo"*.

Perhaps not quite as pacey as old, the new set (if it is that) is far tighter than their last one. With the new added funk — partly of course down to the dynamite drumming of the magnificent Brian Downey — I even got off on "Baby Drives Me Crazy", which I've never particularly enjoyed before.

Thin Lizzy seem to have taken A Major Step Forward. For the final encore the band were joined by Steve Jones for a superb version of "My Way". And if they could find a job for Paul Cook this would be a *brilliant* band.

The throwing of the Christmas parcels into the audience featured The Return Of Big Charlie.

Chris Salewicz

Tapper Zukie

Rainbow

Is a fuckeries them a deal with. I've seen Tapper Zukie a number of times before but this Rainbow show —ostensibly his big moment — was the only time ever I walked out feeling bitter and defeated.

From the outset it was doomed.

A mid-December Saturday evening, when it could be guaranteed the greater majority of his black following would be elsewhere engaged; add to this the indifference of tour promoters Manic Artists and record company Front Line in instigating pre-concert build-up; and finally cap with inclusion on the bill of a pair of unknown young groups Fusion and Cygnus (both of whom are associated with Manic in a [illegible] capacity), and it was patently obvious that little of fruit would yield in such barren ground.

A competent club group with a couple of ordinary recordings to their credit, Cygnus proved capable support with entertaining and workmanlike studies of songs with titles such as "Party Time" and "Give Praise To Jah", and a Nyahbinghi flavoured swansong that earned them genuine applause from the English crowd.

Featuring drummer Max Edwards (Climax Asher), bassist George Fullwood, organist Ossie Hibbert, and trombonist Vin Gordon, Tapper's backing band The Musical Intimidators took the stage and settled in with a routine performance of Carlton & The Shoes' "Love Me Forever" — vocal by Climax Asher. Strains of "Satta Massa Gana" introduced toaster Ranking Dread onstage to skank an improvised version of "Sister Dawn", and then it was star time.

Tapper Zukie bounded on like a zestful leprechaun. Outfitted in an unlikely tunic of the red, gold and green tricolour, a green waistcoat, and green hat perched atop his head, he did indeed look like some brown pixie of Irish legend.

His performance was sweet and far too short.

He opened with "Oh Lord", followed by "Phensic" — a tune he'd have done better at the end — "First Street Rock", "Bosrah", "Pick Up The Rockers" and "Tapper Roots". And that was it.

The crowd stood stunned. A momentary silence was followed by solitary hand clapping; slowly, jeeringly. And then on came an unspeakable personage who asked if we wanted more.

We did.

Back trooped The Intimidators. From the wings Ranking Dread was cajoling the audience in accents of Rema patois, and on came the Man from Bosrah to perform "MPLA" and "Judge I Oh Lord".

The next 15 minutes were a nightmare.

We were given long-winded introductions to each and every band member, people began drifting out, a voice described Zukie as the "reggae Bruce Forsyth", another asked if he actually paid the musicians, or if this was the only remuneration they could expect.

At the close, Max Edwards performed a marvellous drum solo, but it was already too late. A subdued depression hung in the air.

It was another Virgin artist who provided the epitaph. "Tapper deserves much better treatment than *this*," remarked John Lydon witheringly.

That's for sure. Besides, I hate seeing good work go to waste.

Penny Reel

Ian Dury and the Blockheads Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias

Lewisham Odeon

This is the first day's plodding play in stunted, spirited Ian Dury's seasonal dribble around legendary London localities: a messy uncomfortable Christmas package of vulgarity, sniggering, pastiche, naughtiness and immaturity.

Stiff inevitably had much to do with this pitiful parade of squalid reject-entertainment, padded out with the pneumatic pop-eyed parody of the desperate Didsbury dumplings Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias, and topped off with the sweaty perverse whimsy and ambiguously threatening simple-mindedness of the twinkling tender Dury and his merry clutch of hirelings.

"Oi Oi" replaces the sound of "Wally"; frolicking in the ranks is not frowned upon.

For your saturnine reporter the first lonely laugh of the evening's empty entertainment was for the fumbling, perceptive sub-Goodies advertisement parodies performed on flickering film by C. P. Lee, John Dowie and all. I spasmodically snickered and sniggered but not whoop with uncontrolled delight as the Albertos stuttered through a series of jaunty, wicked take-off and put-back-ons of fashion and the famous.

Some semblance of satire, an inkling of imagination. Is this allowed? This is rock.

Before Didsbury's dullest there was some proper fun and games for Christmas.

After being locked outside in the stripping cold until 8 pm we should have been treated to some proper pally comedy. Max Wall was a mirage brought on by the cold and a taped Andy Dunkley though. Ogden and Wall — now there's something. Thunder Flag's act was a plebeian pub satire; two pale flabby old men plonking and tapping: a stodgy cross between Flanagan and Allan, Benny Hill and ELP. Not a patch on Smiff and Baker.

Humphrey Ocean's Hardy Annuals followed. Ocean is a tedious, tatty twit purposelessly plucked by Stiff from a provincial Woolies' photo booth. Such lewd loonies bore us all the time in pubs and clubs. Stiff sell them.

There was more. Mr Pugh's Puppet Theatre — narrow minded, gratuitously gross adolescent humour — were as outrageous as a six year old swearing and as compelling as a six year old sleeping. Surreal Punch and Judy? A monotonous waste of time.

The Albertos finally supplied something approaching Star Town status. Despite their late troubles they still define sensitive moronic rock theatre: an eye for excess, an ear for irrelevance, a nose for nothing. Their guest spot cheered, revealing a new line up that retains the crucial trio of Mangy Mitchell, Hammy Hibbert and Lascivious Lee.

They whinnied and whined and clumsily pulled your heroes to pieces: Ian Dury, Nick Low, Pete Ubu, reggae, disco, John Cooper-Clarke, Status Quo, Showaddywaddy, themselves, the audience, Devo.

I was warmed by this rancid rubbish.

Even as the Albertos charge towards the brick wall of oblivion (but wait for the film!) they entertain.

Ian Dury and the Blockheads' subtle blend of the chummy, lurid, delicate, brash and degenerate is remarkably popular. A unique mixture of cross-over, snow balling and something precious or what?

Dury is a good actor. He attacks and insinuates; switches from cocky to intimate with skilful timing, and sings with animated deliberation. His antics between and during songs are defiant, defensive and crafty.

Essentially the show is about rude impact. The stylised subtlety and swing of the songs are a beautifully symbolic antithesis of Dury's own withered, cheery state and the appearance and mannerisms of him and the group. The gaunt, bruised, frayed musicians are clad carelessly, whereas Dury is smothered in silver and pearly buttons. He thrills and challenges the predominantly grey and dusty audience, sucking them willingly into a warped, wonderful world of corruption, absurdity and coarseness.

The gentle, complex music and Dury's vulgar risque imagery swirls and seduces. The implied sex and violence is part of its appeal, but also the honest, shameless acknowledgement of the mundane and perverse, the deformed and deranged is uniquely attractive. Dury brilliantly overcomes his disability and he should be admired. The show is breathtakingly multi-levelled.

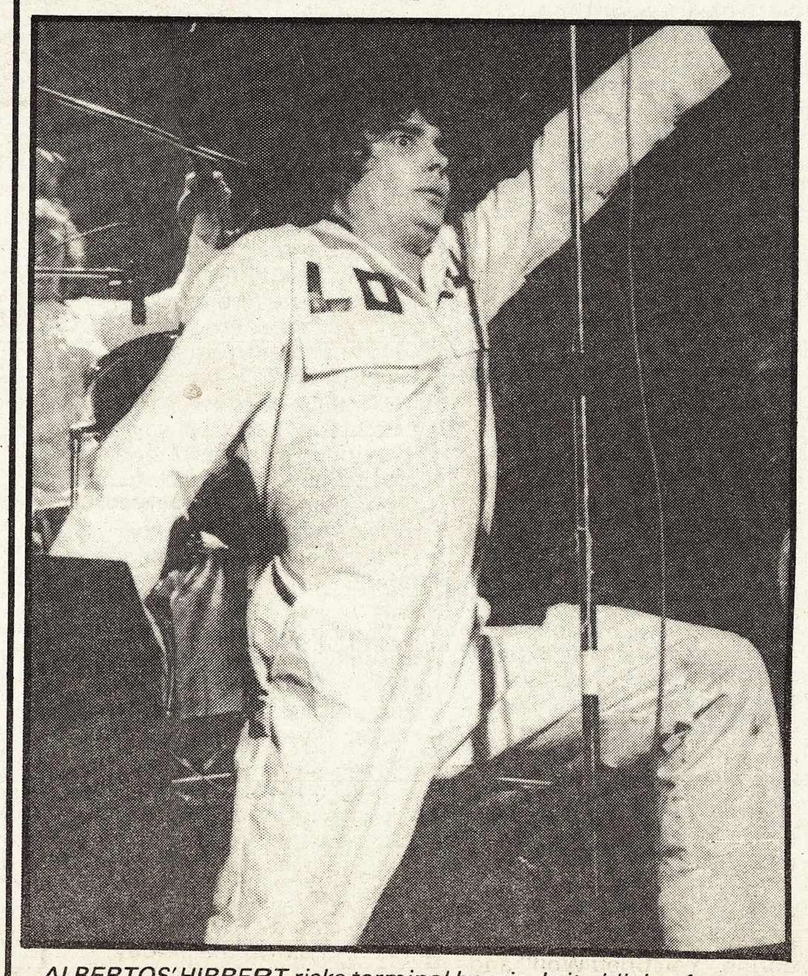
Dury's art is ambiguous and effortlessly appealing. Broad and atmospheric, it's a harmless and fascinating rebellion against virtue. As George Orwell said "On the whole, humans want to be good, but not too good, and not quite all the time . . ."

Dury is exciting and excellent escapism for a lot of people (but not for me). He's comically tragic and implicitly hostile to the smooth working of society and the demands of convention.

Dury has hit hard on a widespread sore-spot — a need for danger which he and his group explicitly and implicitly signify — just like Max Miller, The Beatles and The Sex Pistols.

Is it any wonder he is so popular? I remain unmoved.

Paul Morley



ALBERTOS' HIBBERT risks terminal hernia. Is it oblivion for the Didsbury Dumkopfs? PicL ROB HALL

WANTED: A TAJ MAHAL PRESERVATION SOCIETY

Taj Mahal

Rainbow

Taj Mahal last appeared in Britain eight years ago as part of a CBS package optimistically called "Sounds Of The '70s".

Since then the 36 years old blues man has dedicated himself to keeping alive the ethnic music of the American black south and expanded an academic and celebratory interest in West Indies' and South American folk-lore.

His latest group, the Natural Rhythm Band, exemplify the way Mahal combines lesser known roots instrumentation, steel drums and African percussion, with the sturdier props of blues tradition.

Bill Rich on bass, Kwasi (Rocki) Dzidzornu on congas, Robert Greenidge on steel drums and Rudy Costa on saxes and woodwind, provide an exacting but rather intimidating backdrop to Taj's Mississippi National F-Hole electric steel guitar; the trademark of his indispensible albums on CBS and WEA.

Both companies have now dropped him from their rosters. Thanks for nothing monoliths, we got your number.

Taj Mahal opened the set solo; his acoustic vibrato and cosmic tuning threatened to turn the Rainbow into what it patently isn't: a first-rate place to hear good music. And it was unfortunate that Muddy Waters was playing Dingwalls the same evening, while the Parliament/Funkadelic blitzkrieg opened at Hammersmith.

But there was still a fair turn out of the faithful — mostly mid-20s and white — probably expecting volume and glamour.

Taj rapped informally, was heckled by one fool, but the rest of us got into the groove of "Fishin' Blues" and the ever-hardy "Candy Man" — a highlight of the Rising Sons repertoire.

Another was "Corinna" where he let loose with his idiosyncratic finger picking. The vocal performances on "Built For Comfort" and "The Four Mills Brothers" underlined that a major part of blues appeal lies in extracting the maximum wit out of a deliberately truncated set of terms and responses, and Mahal worked them clean down to the bone.

But the entrance of the Natural Rhythm Band undermined the perfection of his solo set.

Doubtless Greenidge is a master percussionist but his steel drum sound grew increasingly tedious as the night progressed. With the sound levels mixed to his advantage, the conga backbone and Costa's melodic vamping were occasionally inaudible and always took second place.

And Taj also needs lead instrument interplay as a foil to his invariably simple playing.

Past bands — the East-West Connection Orchestra, Intergalactic Soul Messengers, Rising Sons, Ry Cooder, Jesse Ed Davis and Gary Gilmore — have all made far more of their leader's strengths. Certainly there was nobody onstage capable of lending the thrilling light relief of an old stalwart, like tuba-player Howard Johnson.

That's not to say the band were dull; occasionally the mixture was right and the sounds ethereal.

The medley comprising "Going Up To The Country"/ "Paint My Mailbox Blue"/ "Done Changed My Way Of Living" was partly vintage Mahal. And the variation on the Sons' acid blues "Got My 44" was ice cool enough to justify the ticket price.

After that the mood dampened, relieved at times by Mahal knocking out a cotton rag or a Cajun piano figure, while Costa blew a brace of saxes Roland Kirk style: a modest fat bubble of feeling, improvisation and virtuoso grit.

The concert closed in high spirits. "Take A Giant Step Outside Your Mind", "Good Morning Miss Brown", "Brazilian Sunshine" and a rearranged version of the '66 recording "Devil Got My Woman", were more than adequate encores. Although again Taj was swamped a little by his back up boys.

By the usual standard of entertainment in London, even a disappointing Taj Mahal was more than we can normally expect.

Right now Mahal's in a precarious position. He's without a record company and in danger of losing those fans who rightly balk at the grating over-emphasis given to the steel drums.

He needs to broaden his scope, and find a label that will release his albums here (unlike WEA), and that won't lose him in the shuffle (as CBS did with him and Spirit).

At present, a man of Mahal's talent is too restricted, but he *should* be recognised as the innovator and mouthpiece for his own natch'l thing: the blues and other related stuff.

The world needs people like him more than it needs Public Image.

Max Bell

Taj Mahal. *Pic GEORGE BODNAR*

Ultravox The Skids Snips Angletrax

Lyceum

A recent issue of Greg Shaw's *Bomp* fanzine boasted a semi-serious top 10 of '70s Acid Punk featuring anything and everything strange or psychedelic from unknowns like the Psychotic Pineapple, who made it on their name alone, to our own X-Ray Spex!

Now, I'm not one to slap meaningless labels on bands but if anyone does merit such a tag then it's Angletrax.

Five London teenagers fronted by wailing chanteuse Wendy Herman, they came over like an odd hybrid of Television circa "Little Johnny Jewel" and Lene Lovich, with cursory nods to Zappa, Doors and Beefheart. "Eye To Eye" even features Beatlisms.

Get the picture? I was enjoying them until mid-way through when they were unceremoniously bundled off due to time limitations. However, they played to statues — myself included — proving one thing: you can't easily dance to Angletrax.

Next up, four Englishmen and a girl bassist got to play a much longer set. They think they're American rock and are fronted by Snips, an archetypal bare-chested, mike-swinging vocalist.

They effectively plagiarise Tom Petty, Cheap Trick and The Cars. But, is it worth it? I'm not convinced.

Like Angletrax, The Skids also suffer a truncated set. Wrongly maligned, I'd place them somewhere between the pragmatic lyricism of The Members and the infectious sheet-metal guitar of Buzzcocks.

The hapless Scots also bear the brunt of the evening's sound problems, resulting in a rash of false starts and general cock-ups.

Resembling Steve Jones after a weightwatchers course, vocalist Richard introduces The Skids' "greatest flops": "Sweet Suburbia", "Of One Skin" (their best number), and Lawrie McMenemy's current fave rave "The Saints Are Coming". They encore with a hilarious boogie version of "Walk On The Wild Side".

They made an impression. (A skidmark?)

It was left to headliners Ultravox to marr the evening.

They're wretched, strobe-bathed *neu* Europeans; humourless, plastic and musically dire. They sing about *"inter-city trains in European rain"*, "The Music That Machines Make" and "Artificial Love".

We're supposed to be impressed at this abject futuristic baloney. They have no answers . . . but David Bowie has a lot to answer for.

Adrian Thrills

Boogie-Woogie

Dingwalls

In 1928 a character called Pinetop Smith cut the first ever Boogie record, and shortly afterwards was shot onstage while performing it. But this didn't stop Bob Hall putting together an All-Star pick-up band to celebrate 50 years of this idiosyncratic, popular musical form.

Indeed, Hall even jeopardised his own life — by playing that very tune a third of the way through the evening.

You know the scene: ring round your mates for a blow on a Sunday night; lots of 12-bar, lots of boogie. The essential difference being that the mates were Alexis Korner, Charlie Watts (original members of Blues Incorporated) and several respected doyens of British jazz and blues.

If this had been a rock gig the results could well have been disastrous; each musician trying to surpass the other or merely jamming into oblivion. But this lot were a revelation; they could well have been playing together for years.

Hall led on piano and orchestrated the whole show, throwing in one or two affected vocals for good measure. Korner mostly maintained a low profile, only summoned to the mike occasionally to air his cigar-stained tonsils on the likes of "Sun's Gonna Shine On My Back Door" and "Kidman News".

But lip-men Dick Morrisey (tenor sax), Johnny Pickard (trombone) and Colin Smith (trumpet) blew up a storm all night; each soulful solo tantalisingly short.

At one glorious stage they revived skiffle, bringing on John Pilgrim — the original washboard player with the original skiffle group, The Vipers — and shuffled through "Texas Stomp" and "Jammin' The Boogie" before introducing a Hall composition, "Ain't Nobody Mindin' Your Store"; a blues inspired by excessive motorway travel.

"The Sheik Of Araby" (boogie-boy version) and "Rock House Boogie" followed before a couple of guests went on stage to close the party. An overweight Chris Farlowe mooched on to sing "Baby What's Wrong", featuring superb bottleneck from Alexis; and then prompted by the delirious audience, "Stormy Monday".

Ian Stewart, the world's forgotten Stone, contributed piano on the last few numbers, but inevitably time slipped by and the evening finished abruptly — although they encored with "Reelin' And A-Rockin'."

It was great fun: a lesson in how to have a good time onstage without boring the pants off your audience. Everybody related intuitively; the big grin Morrisey flashed at Charlie as he missed the beat in one number was almost brotherly.

The bad news was that Clapton, Page and Mayall didn't appear despite rumour to the contrary.

And the good news? It didn't matter one jot.

Neil Norman

Waking for fifty years

This Heat Metabolist Action Space

Institute of Education

The terror which informs our judgements. . .

I was perched on the edge of a black abyss of real ale drinkers and pamphlet distributers, but This Heat made music and enough (non) sense to make me forget I'd been committed to an Institute of Education.

The evening's multifarious entertainment was a benefit for the beleaguered White Lion Street Free School. I was told this was an altogether un-trendworthy cause.

Apparently the pupils had their say on how they should be educated, but crucially, only the children living within a certain radius of the school were allowed to attend.

Patrik Fitzgerald turned up for the benefit, but Billy Idol didn't. I couldn't decide whether it was untrendworthy.

Perched in front of a small room's large windows, This Heat made music without any lighting equipment. Behind them fat profiles flopped past and modern cars cruised by. A street music. Wow.

This Heat's music was in turn witty, quizzical, dark, violent, tender, consciously archaic, revolving and flat.

Most "sets" have a *set* progression, even the most obtuse and extraordinary units, but This Heat's performance ridicules and obscures the normal way of 'playing'. Their use of tape machines is confounding; at times you are faced with music which could be This Heat, could be This Heat on tape. . .could be *anything* on tape.

Compounded by the absence of stage lighting, this largely does away with an 'image' and image-related music: there is nothing here to imitate but the imitation.

This Heat continually experiment with their 'old' and 'new' material. They're not leading to that point of poised, poisonous magnetism which invariably precedes the release of a first album.

Certain friends reckon This Heat "epitomise formalism": they're a collage and the glue shows; more icing than cake.

I disagree. This Heat suggest a squash limits and untruths normally taken for granted. The epistemology of entertainment. They are calm but not calculated.

This Heat are outside the fridge.

Action Space are not. *Framework = Matrix = Mould . . .*

They're stinky, powder paint mostly. A modern theatre group of some kind, they parodied themselves performing a concept of a conceptual rock band. Wow. Called "Office", you can guess it was clocketty clock. They were heckled and this caused them to panic. Honours degree stuff.

Metabolist were the same. *A Lot of Intentional Crashes. . .*

They didn't mean to parody themselves, but did.

Metabolist are a constipated "experimental" rock band. Do they not play only what they Can?

They itch to be serious, humourlessly scattering and improvising, fidgeting and scribbling, tense and torpid.

They lack This Heat's coordination. They are all cake and no icing.

What we signify is a function of how we signify it. . .

One third an apposite evening; the rest gnawingly anachronistic both in content and atmosphere.

Ian Penman

Sniff 'n' the Tears

Nashville

There are certain people who, in their own best interests, should be kept away from stages.

Take Paul Roberts, the leather-jacketed non-presence fronting Sniff 'n' the Tears. He's a successful painter whose work is described as "provocative, rich, undeniably erotic". So *that's* where it goes.

On record, "Driver's Seat" has lightweight charm; but live Sniff 'n' the Tears are just another British cowboy band, only guitar heavy.

Luigi Salvoni maintains an efficient backbeat and there's some decent slide, but nothing can cheer up this Roberts. Problems Christmas shopping, mate? Hard day at the easel, maybe?

Whatever, I left. Never could stand human suffering.

Harry George

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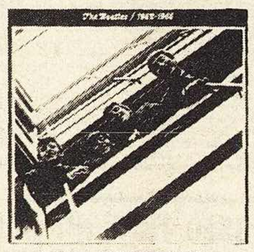

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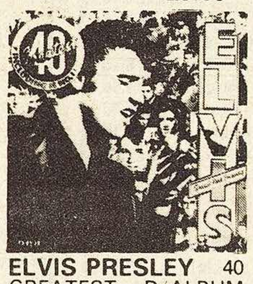

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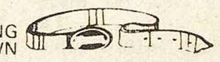

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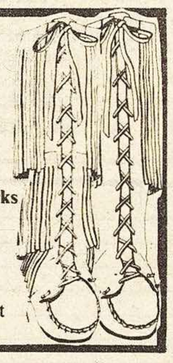

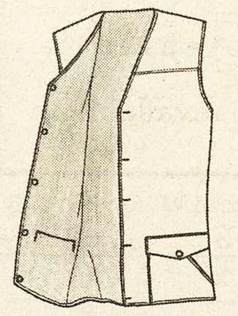

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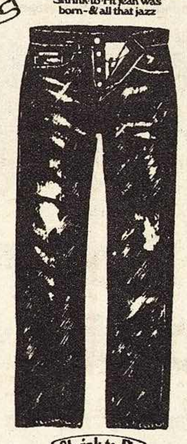

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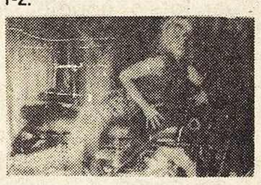

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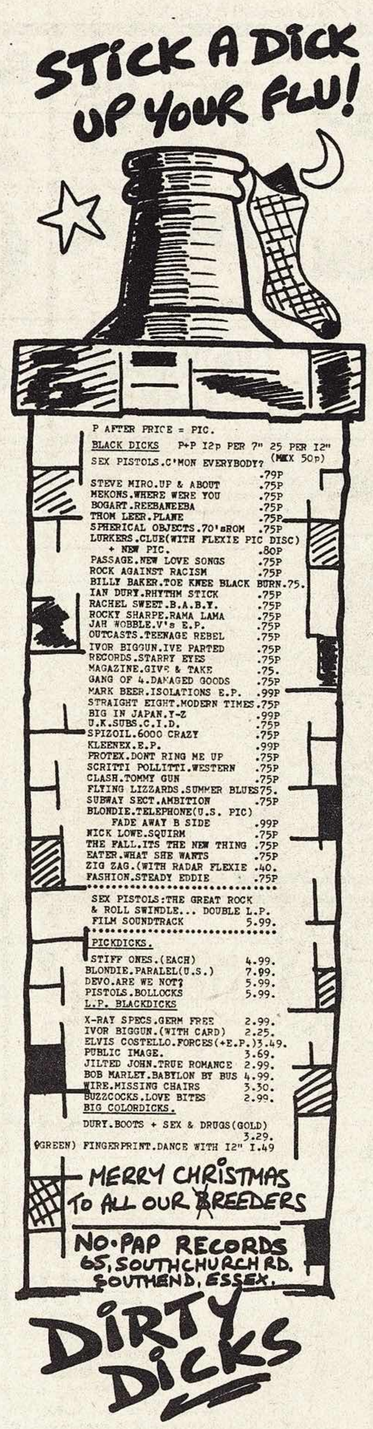

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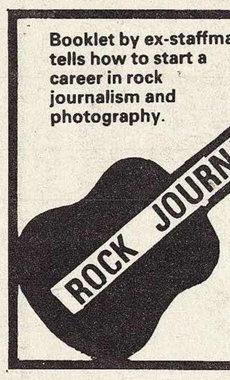

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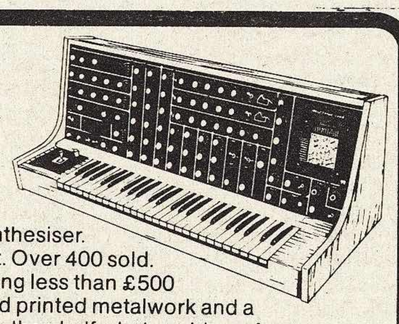

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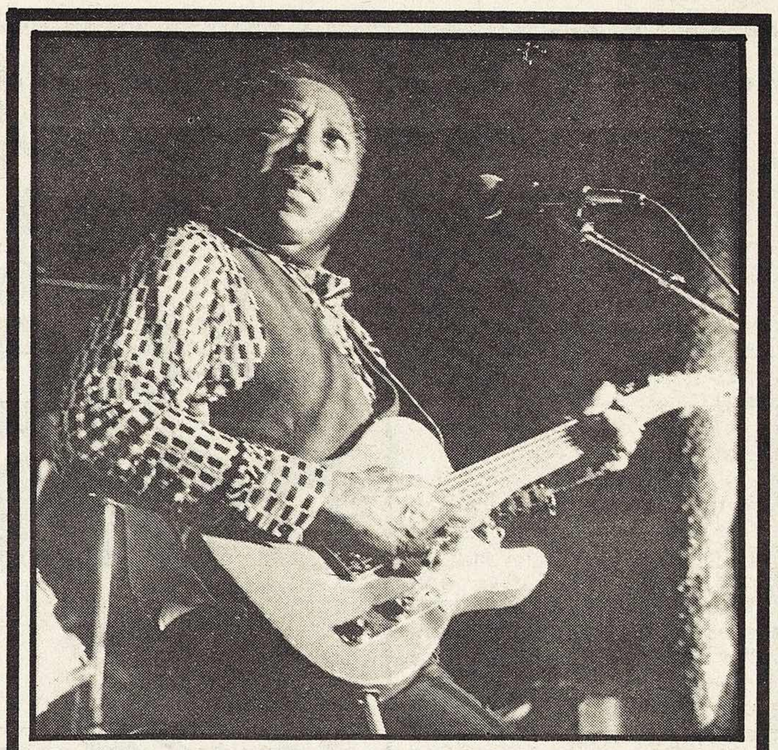


"Get them sheep outta here, boy." Pic : PAUL SLATTERY

Got my Eric working . . .

Muddy Waters Blues Band

Dingwalls

Fast talk/hard bargain : as Mr Muddy Waters was spending a few days of his 64th year in Great Britain in the faintly congruous role of Eric Clapton's support act (apart from a little matter of a headline concert at the Rainbow), it seemed like a good idea to talk the Man into playing one night at Dingwalls.

£1500 and what else would he be doing on a Monday night, anyway?

Seemed like a good idea; was a great idea.

Over an hour before showtime, the faithful were eschewing the more obvious temptations of Dingwalls (drinking, gossiping, pointing at Hugh Cornwell, trying to look interested when the rumours went round that Clapton was going to jam etcetera) in favour of the more prudent practice of reserving themselves a spot in front of the stage. Simmering on the back burners, subdued and heating up slow while the DJ's booth pumps out R&B.

Clock strikes eleven: boom, boom, out go the lights. Willie "Big Eyes" Smith clambers behind the drums, harpist Jerry Portnoy and guitarists Luther Johnson and Bob Margolin take their places to rising applause. Pianist Pinetop Perkins gets an ovation because he's big and black and middle-aged, and a vocal proportion of the audience think that *he's* Muddy Waters.

They slide into a couple of tough, bouncy instrumentals, casting litle sidelong grins at each other, getting further into it, starting to relax and groove. Then there's a little commotion sidestage and Johnson steps up to his mike: "It's startime, laydeezngemmmun, and I *do* mean startime. The father of the blues, Muddy 'Hoochie Coochie' Waters . . ."

Berserkness. The beaming patriarch shuffles onto the stage as the front rows go totally avocados and even the barflies look up.

He settles onto his stool, swings the Telecaster into firing position as Willie Smith kick-starts "Stormy Monday". Muddy's singing is warm, resilient, marvellously detailed. The song is a standard — just about every major bluesman and several batallions of minor ones play or have played it — but Muddy gives it a couple of extra twists, wry, soulful and ironic. Margolin amuses himself in the breaks by doing the stop/start/speedup riff from the Little Milton version.

By rock'n'roll standards, the Waters band are — how you say — on the laid-back side.

But the intensity they generate comes from a whole other bag of tricks almost completely unrelated to rock freneticism but devastating in actual impact. Less effort for more results: the Texan girl in the grey beret sighs, "What price euphoria?" as the human wave at the front swamps her for the third time in sixteen bars.

So it goes, through "Hoochie Coochie Man", "They Call Me Muddy Waters" (with the kind of savagely surreal slide solo that Muddy unleashes once or twice every set), "Can't Get No Grindin'" and all the others.

They kept building and building until Muddy hoisted himself to his feet and got stuck into "Mannish Boy" with real exuberance and energy that hardly flags even when a severely embarrassed Eric Clapton (dressed in some kind of absurd shepherd's outfit that immediately got me worried about mounds of sheepshit in the car park) sidles on to trade a few oh-yeahs. And off.

Pandemonium.

On again for an insanely rousing "Got My Mojo Working" which gets the entire assembly cloudnined out, and a final "Standing Around Crying" in which Clapton returns, Stratocaster in hand, to sing a few verses and chuck a couple of solos about.

His playing sparkles and bites considerably less than either Margolin's or Johnson's and he sings as if he's got something else on his mind (like Enoch Powell's religious beliefs, maybe). Muddy stands next to him, beaming like an indulgent grandad with a precocious kid.

The patriarch bids a final goodnight and hobbles off, leaving Clapton to jam with the band to round the evening off. Hugh Cornwell is still at the bar and everyone who actually watched the set seems mildly dazed.

Lesson one for modern rockers: Muddy Waters is a legend, but no way does he coast on it. Every time he steps out on stage he earns his reputation all over again.

Lesson two for modern rockers: what makes *that* happen is that Muddy Waters' total *presence* is in every note he plays, every lyric he sings. After all this time (he had his first blues hit with "I Can't Be Satisfied" 30 years ago), he plays the blues as living music, not as history, not as preservation, not as nostalgia. He's more alive and committed than most of the modern, exciting, challenging rock bands on the circuit today.

He's the Hoochie Coochie Man. Let the whole damn world know he's here.

Charles Shaar Murray

Can I be the very first to say that I don't like the *NME* Christmas Special?
Tony B. Anguilla, Highfields, Stafford.

Bastard! Bastard!! — S.H.
In the last few weeks we've heard a lot about new organisations in Ulster. R.A.S.A.R. etc. Don't you think we've got enough bloody organisations in Ulster — R.A.S.A.R., R.A.R., I.R.A., U.D.A., U.V.F., U.F.F., R.H.C.?

I'm sick of f——— organisations.

I'm a Roman Catholic, I live in the Ardoyne, and because I live here I'm supposed to hate Brits, join the Fianna and go out every three days and throw stones at an army mobile patrol and then run. I'm sick of making excuses to my so-called mates that I'm ill or babysitting. I have to go out every so often or else I get a call at the door saying why isn't your punk futhering the "Irish cause".

I'm sick of the first Friday night of the month hearing the knock on the door and the two bastards with the masks of black leather forcing their way into the house and demanding their monthly donation from us, to the funds of "the people who are working so that we Catholics can live in peace." Which probably goes into the pockets of the big Pira bosses in Dublin. Resistance is answered with at least a broken bone — at least.

Yes, I'VE HAD MY FILL OF ORGANISATIONS. Walking down the Shankill through Commanche country last week, I was stopped by about ten skins, trouser bottoms around the knees, asked my name and religion and where I lived. I lied to every question — they asked me what organisation I belonged to. I said none. My only mistake and I paid for it.

Never mind, I only finished up losing two teeth. Talk about organisations and Brits out. I hope I'm not here when they do.

I'm not giving my name 'cos I don't want to end up in a ditch on the Crumlin Road with a bag over my half shot away head, with 'Traitor to the Cause' tattoo'd on my skin.
And is this, we ask ourselves, what Christmas is all about? Wake up, everybody. — S.H.

We are three quite sane people and we have discovered a *most* Amazing Thing. If you want to find out the secret of the universe, visit a place called the 'Camden Plaza', where it is all uncovered. Yes, *Renaldo and Clara* says it *all*.

You must be quite thick not to have realised. We've seen it twice already and one day we'll be able to take over the world. What do you think?
Sara Donovan (no relation), plus the girls from The Northampton.
Not a lot. — S.H.

I am in the army! Most people think only stupid people join the army. This may be true, but I always thought I was the exception to the rule. That was until November 25, when I came across your magazine at the local Salvation Army shop. Great, I thought, this will make good reading as I am a keen lover of rock music. Sadly, however, I was disillusioned.

In fact, your magazine gave me a definite inferiority complex. I suppose you are puzzled but I am talking about a review of Lou Reed's "Take No Prisoners" album, written by Nick Kent. I managed to gather that he did not like it much but there were passages which had me completely baffled, e.g. "It looked like more low rent scum surfer corn". Could you explain 'scum surfer' and the word brainbelled — such a word, I must add, does not appear in the shorter English Oxford Dictionary (should I try the longer?)

There are a few other gems but I think by now you probably realise what I'm trying to say — if not, I will illucidate — why can't your rock critics write in English instead of some boring public school hip language that typifies rock papers and magazines today.

I'm not just criticising you, but it was, I felt, necessary to make some kind of written gesture to show my perplexity and disgust.

Am I stupid, or are your critics just clever bastards?
Baffled, BFPO 106.
By the way, does CSM stand for company sergeant major or am I just army barmy? Do you think if I send this letter to *The Times* they'll print it?

What do you think? — S.H.

In the absence of *The Times*, Alastair M. Walker, of the given address, would like to inform all his friends that he will not be sending any Christmas Cards but since you probably won't print this letter I might as well send them anyway, which means that this letter is a complete waste of bloody time.
Alastair M. Walker, Coven, near Wolverhampton.
Your paper is becoming boring and predictable, even Julie "Controversy Value" Burchill is just not up to her usual inane self these days. All in all it's hardly worth the swiping anymore.

I realise not all of your readers will be bird fanciers, but some of your readership may be interested to know that I spotted a Nutcracker in my garden the other day. Latin Genus "Nucifraga Caryocatactes", this is rather late in the year for our noisy little friend. I spotted him right at the top of a large Cedar tree in our garden — he paused for several minutes and then off he flew in full cry "Kraak", "Kraak". His presence at this time of the year could indicate a mild winter.

Lionel Harrison Cummings, London W7

Am I first to report not hearing the first Cuckoo of 1979?
Confused ex-Times Reader, Balham Culture Centre.
This is more like it — WILLIAM REES MOGG

Dennis O'Regan, 21?
My arse.
J. Thorpe (no relation), Westminster.

I have sadly observed over the last couple of years your ever decreasing credibility, and now you have finally blown it. The Communist Party rewrote the History of the Soviet Union without mentioning Trotsky.

You have just issued an alleged History of Modern Music which includes no mention of Rod Stewart.

I look forward to the *NME* Book of the Blues, which will no doubt manage to avoid reference to Bessie Smith and Muddy Waters.
W.G.B. Bradford, Bradford, Bradford
This letter has been severely edited to save the reader valuable time. — ED.
Oh, come on! Own up time — you must know, deep down, that Rod Stewart and Muddy Waters are just like *that*. — WILLIAM HICKEY

If Ian Penman understood any of his babbling in his review of the Devo concert (issue Dec 9th), then he can take ten points and go to the top of the class.
Somebody who doesn't pretend to understand it.
Pardon? — S.H.
Wow. — I.P.

Here is out non-existent Howard Devoto interview. Whatever you feel about Howard Devoto, this is a load of rubbish. We'll do nothing for money, no less.
Int: Did you go to school?
Dev: I think so.
Int: Amazing. Who first expressed an interest in your work?
Dev: Gerard Manley Hopkins.
Int: Does he do interviews, too?
Dev: Can't remember.
Int: You claim you don't know what 'existentialism' is.
Dev: Do you?
Int: At this point, to my relief, the tape ran out.
Dev: Turn it over. If you don't, I'll be intelligent. And by the way, don't you realise how pretentious we are?
Int: Now you come to mention it, no I don't.
Dev: Join the club.
Courtesy of Dumb Inc., Bullshit Boulevard, Shitsville, Useless A. Get stuffed.

I keep thinking that rock is a form of music played with a rhythmic emphasis on the off beat. Worse still, I even find myself believing that it can be judged as 'good' or 'bad' music. From a regular reading of *NME* I realise that rock is a style of dress and behaviour.

Should I cut my other ear off?
Venial Van Gobb, London
P.S. Friends say that if I do cut off my other ear, I can be a rock critic — is this true?
What did he say? — A ROCK CRITIC (believed to be Paul Morley)

You did not print the letter I sent you last week.
The Archbishop of Wogga-Wogga (alias Charlie).
We're not printing it next week either. — S.H.

Looking lovingly at my *NME* "Greatest Hits" annual of 1975, it occurred to me that recent great articles, reviews 'n' interviews must not be left for only their authors to pore over ego-maniacally as they survey their careers when old and grey and slavering for £20 tickets to see Public Image at Earls Court in 1980.

Solace indeed for Mr Parsons when he returns to the gin distillery disillusioned with Everything bar his Bruce Springsteen appreciation? And O! what ecstasy to have the following gems bound for glory — Charles Shaar on Hendrix; various staff members on the Million Dollar Dylan Bashes of this halcyon summer; Nick Kent's revealing Costello interviews, etc.

Oh yeah — and how about an update of 1974's Greatest Albums Of All Time? How much New Wave would gain admittance to the Hall Of Fame eh? "Marquee Moon", "This Year's Model", ". . . Bollocks"???

S'trivia I know — but I can't afford to buy elpees now — I just lust after reading about 'em.
Doting Dave, Nottingham.

Dummy record token winner — DUMMY SANTA CLAUS

By inserting the number 5336.338 into a pocket calculator and inverting the calculator you can spell 'Bee Gees'. Similar operations cannot be carried out to form the word 'Grease'.
Monster, Ipswich.
Shame. — S.H.

Sid Vicious wasn't a virgin when he met Nancy.
Alphonsus XIII
Great. — DESMOND MORRIS

Look at it this way, The Clash have sold out, Johnny Rotten's sold out, The Ramones have sold out, the Buzzcocks have sold out, 999 have sold out, the Stranglers sold out when they formed, The Jam have sold out, X-Ray Spex have sold out, The Lurkers have sold out, Wire have sold out, the Sect have sold out, The Cortinas tried to sell out, the Banshees have certainly sold out, The Adverts have sold out, Sham have sold out, Patti Smith is rot, the Boomtowns always were a sell out, The Slits are ruined without Palmolive, the Heartbreakers have split — what we got left then, apart from Chelsea?

Michael Fallout, The Barbican, London.
Thankyou for your support, but it's far too late. — KEN SHELLITO

Ah, I remember the time: Nick Kent on BBC 2 with Joe Strummer, discussing, in such intellectual fashion, the *real* punk rock scene with a load of old fogeys. Then, reviewing the first TRB album he paraphrases Oscar Wilde (The Importance Of Being Seen To Be Well-Educated) — remember him? The sweet dandy of the upper class society Kent fashions himself on.

Now we have his review of the Public Image album. Kent says of its lyrics: "Pure over-the-top bilge". Who the hell are you to criticise in this context? Viz. his sleeve notes to the 13th Floor Elevators EP — e.g. one of their songs (not actually on the EP) "Represents only a fragmentary shard of the Elevators' sound aesthetic. The aesthetic itself was to be viewed later as a mind-scrambling precursor to the mind-expansion games that came to be filed under the term 'psychedelic'."

This pseudo-intellectual shit has to be seen to be believed, old pal. I declare the Nick Kent backlash well-and-truly open.
Pedro Unthank, Norwich.
Mr Kent suffers from the widespread disease we call 'bullingitup'. He does get paid by the word, after all, and so do I. — A DOCTOR

Has anyone else noticed that Jimmy Pursey mentions Hersham about as often as Michael Parkinson mentions Barnsley?
Steve (Hersham's 2nd biggest loser), Hersham, Surrey.
No. — GEOFF BOYCOTT

The implications of The Clash album cover terrify me. The implications of the N.F. and their left wing counterparts terrify me (although you only ever tell me about those right wing people).

The only things that have kept me sane are The Jam concert at Pompey and the superb "All Mod Cons".
Someone still with long hair (who wasn't even threatened at The Jam gig)
Will you please stop writing to the Bag, Phil McNeill? What do you think this is, open house? — S.H.

Re: last week's interview with Eric Clapton in *Melody Maker (There musht be shome mishtake here. — Spirit of Christmas Ed.)*—

Does Mr. Clapton object to the thousands of white Rhodesian racists now coming into the country? No — I don't suppose he thought of that, either.
Iain Pirie, Inverness.

If you hadn't disqualified me from the *NME* Poll, I would have won the most wonderful human being award like last year.
Me, Fulwood, Preston.

Penelope Fortesque-Swithins is a genius. She has an IQ of 180 and bloody great boobs. I want to leap on top of her and . . . *(Thank you.—Ed.)*
A Filthy Pervert, England.

Do you like eating chocolate eclairs? I do. I am eating one now. My friend Mandy also likes eating them. We have just bought a bag between us. Do you want one? You can't have one anyway because we've eaten them all.

Baa Baa Black Sheep. Have you any wool?

No, try next door.
The Phantom Baa Baa Black Sheep.
Are these people on drugs? — MARGARET THATCHER.

Please will you consider my application for the post of *Gasbag* editor. I think that you will find me to be suitably qualified as I have a diploma in bee keeping and am well schooled in the art of Olde Thyme Irish Dancing.

Also, my mum says I have a way with words.
R.Sole, Salisbury, Rhodesia.
You start on Monday. — NEIL SPENCER.

Illustration by RAYMONDO LOWRY and his Punch-drunk Pinkos

Illustration courtesy of CHARLES SCHULZ and United Feature Syndicate Inc

Letters sort of sorted by Santa's Helper

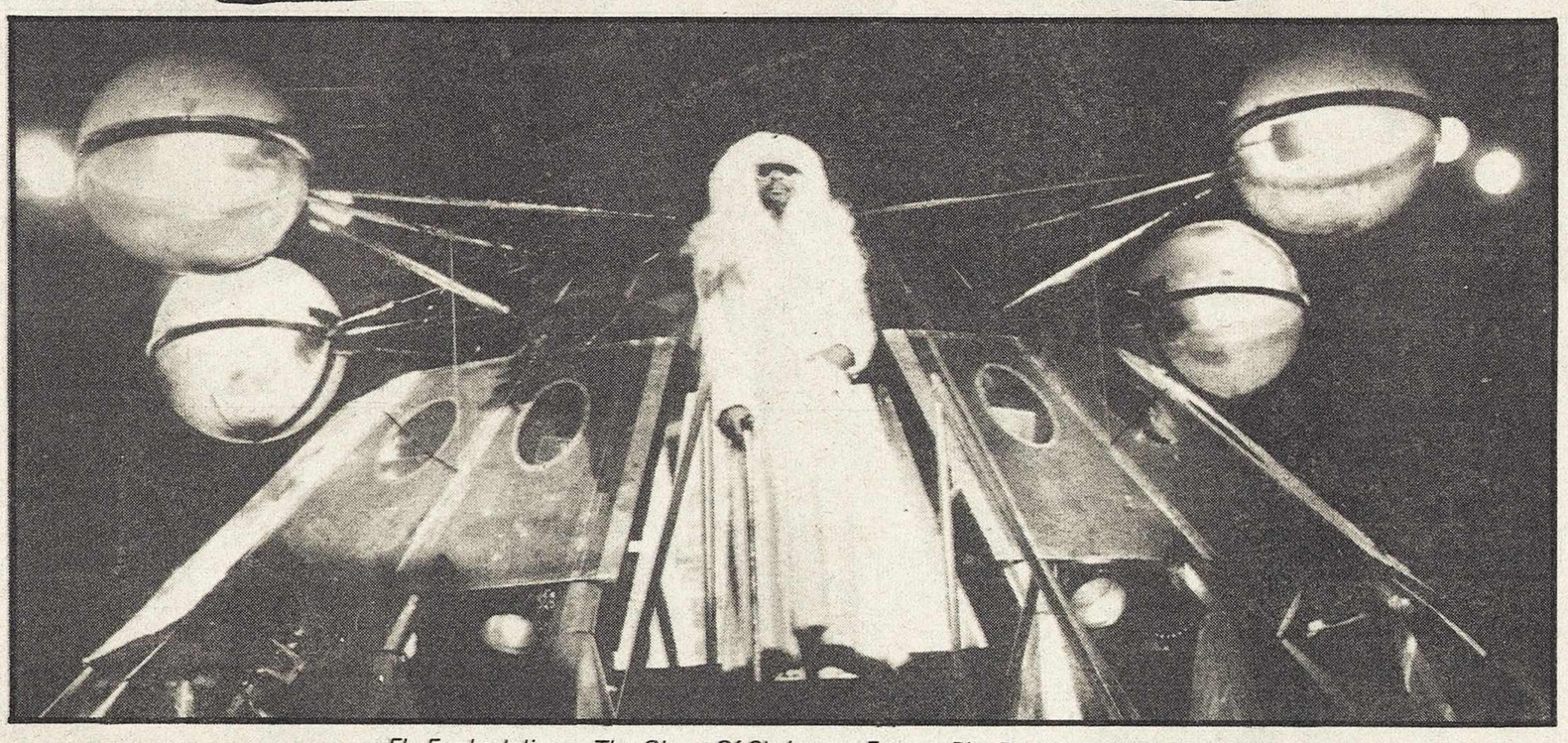
PLUS!

Lotsa special guest stars

If you must, write to G. Bag, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1

T-ZERS

GETS SPACED OUT FOR XMAS



Fly Funkadelic . . . The Ghost Of Christmas Future. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Oh ho ho ho ho! Oh ho *ho* ho ho! Oh ho *ho ho ho!!!* (God, you don't half get a stitch doing this) oh ho ho ho ho . . . hi, I'm **Santa Claus,** the **Public Reindeer** belong to me and this is a seasonable *T-Zerz* in which we heckle **the Dolls** with bawls of "Wally!" *(pity you didn't think of that joke five years ago — Ed),* fight under the mistletoe, let dogs soil the pavement and generally o'erdose with Yuletide smears.

Yea! 'Tis the festering season once again and let's get things off to a cheery start with the news that the fine city of Cleveland (that's in Ohio, which is in the USA, which is one of those big bits that you see as you're coming round the moon, etc, etc) has been the first American city to declare itself formally bankrupt since the days of the Great Depression (i.e. before **The Ramones**). They can't claim that **Pere Ubu** didn't try to warn them, though . . .

In no danger of going bankrupt is mumbling thespian **Marlon Brando** *(Phew! That's a relief — the entire planet of Krypton).* Not content with the lavish sum of $3,700,000 against a percentage of the movie's profits for his fortnight's labour, Marlon is now suing the producers of *Superman* for his percentage. The movie opened a week ago . . .

And once again tragedy strikes the West Coast: hardly any time at all after a similar calamity befell **Linda Ronstadt, Neil Young** found himself in an ongoing house-burning-down situation, along with **The Band's Garth Hudson.** Also struck by vengeful flames was the Shangri-La recording studio, and The Band's **Rick Danko** distinguished himself by risking immolation when he entered the blazing studio to salvage assorted **Dylan** and Band master-tapes . . .

Lovely Christmas so far, innit? We've just heard from **The Boys** to assure us that they've not split up and that once a few contractual problems are sorted out they'll be gigging again as per normal (whatever that means), but on the other hand we've got news of an almost supernaturally unlikely event: a party at which **Steve Jones** was not present. 'Twas **The Boomtown Rats'** post-gig end-of-tour jamboree on Friday night after their Rainbow concert and even though it really couldn't have been a party (in the proper sense, anyway) without Sturdy Steve there, **Paul Cook, Phil Lynott, Billy Idol, Midge Ure, Steve New, Rusty Egan, Jimmy Pursey** and assorted others did their best to make the occasion appropriately joyful. Call us shamelessly biased *(yawn . . . oh all right. You're shamelessly biased — Ed)* but for us the highlight of the entire party was **Bob Geldof's** half-hour harangue about how *NME* has neglected and ignored The Boomtown Rats in 1978. Well, we'll try and put you on the cover more than twice next year, Bob. In the meantime, try paying us as much for coverage as **Bob Dylan** does, awright? *(I remember Bob Geldof when he was rational — Ed)* . . .

More carnage luckily averted: Miraculously, no injuries sustained when a lighting tower fell into the audience at **Eddie and the Hot Rods'** gig at Camden's Electric Ballroom on Sunday night and — even more miraculously — no injuries were sustained despite the Rods' brainmelting volume and as-of-yore mondo distorto sound. Highlight pre-gig was **Graeme Douglas'** harangue about how *NME* has neglected and ignored Eddie and the Hot Rods in 1978 . . .

Oh, by the way: the *Thrill* about the new **Stranglers'** album in last week's model of this rag was a j-o-k-e. A s-a-t-i-r-e. A p-i-s-s-t-a-k-e. In other words, don't go to your local record shop trying to buy it. Incidentally (1) we're told that The Stranglers themselves enjoyed it, and United Artists (their label) were somewhat less than amused. *(They were probably first in the queue to buy the thing — Ed).* Incidentally (2); the graphic that accompanied the piece was by the very wonderful **Serge Clerc** . . .

Upcoming collaboration of more than little interest: Ian 'Untah is recording his new album with **Mick Ronson** on lead guitar and assorted members of **Bronze Springsteen's E Street Band** as backup unit. In that company, if the album is anything less than astonishing, there'll be no-one to blame but the Old Bastard hisself . . .

One **PIL** makes you larger (and one PIL makes you small): supporting **Public Image** for the holiday gigs at the Rainbow will be **Linton Kwesi Johnson's Poet And The Roots,** plus **Basement Fire** (described by their manager **Don Letts** as "an experimental stage in new reggae . . . sort of thing"). PIL — as it 'appens — will be playing a semi-secret warmup gig in Paris to get them in shape for the Rainbow gigs, and Letts' *Punk Rock Movie* will have a week of latenite showings at Islington's Screen On The Green cinema starting Thursday December 28 . . .

Soul giants back in the fray: **Steve Wonder's** noo elpee, the soundtrack from *The Secret Life Of Plants,* is being scheduled for release by Motown next January (which presumably means that it will actually be released in about a year's time), while **Sly Stone** is in the throes of negotiations with the Brothers Warner over a new contract. We hope that he's been remembering to show up for the meetings . . .

Home, home on the range (one-two-t'ree-faw): **Tommy Erdelyi** (formerly **Tommy Ramone)** producing an album for country singer **Marshall Chapman,** who, incidentally, is a girl which is more than can be said for **The Slits'** new drummer **Budgie** (and no, they're not changing their name to Three Slits And A Prong) . . .

Times get no easier for **The Clash** (own up, could this be *T-Zerz* without at least one paragraph of The Life And Hard Times Of The Last Gang In Town): as publicist **Tony Brainsby** is added to their payroll at £150 a week at the instigation of their new managerial consultant **Caroline Coon** and the Clash/CBS relationship becomes a little more strained, London Weekend Television's studied harassment of the proposed **Sid Vicious** benefit at the Music Machine is — how you say — not helping a lot. As *T-Zerz* continues apace, more news as it breaks . . .

Silly item: ginger-haired, hangover-prone drummer **Alan Platt (of Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders)** achieved his highest moment of glory after a Bristol gig last week when (after a bizarre and complicated series of events) genial Al was mistaken for Bristol's dreaded and notorious (not to mention reprehensible) **Clifton Rapist** — Clifton being a particular area of Bristol. To get into an ongoing cutting-a-long-story-short situation, Al had been invited to a party by a backstage ligger, and having got there and decided it was less than enthralling, he did what any reasonable human-being type person would have done under the same circumstances: he went to sleep. Upon awakening later that a.m. he did what any reasonable etc etc; he got up and went home. Imagine his surprise when **Her Majesty's** plods got in touch with him back in London to check out his qualifications for being said Clifton rapist. The exonerating factor proved to be the fact that he was wearing a very unrapistlike garment; to wit, a black leather jacket. A doctor states: Wilko Johnson is 42 . . .

So who's minding the store? RCA Records' press office has just vanished. **Jonathan Morrish** is now looking after the Epic label and the dorklike duo of **Buzz Carter** and **Robin Eggar** are now managing **The Members.** So who's left to forget to send out the next **Bowie** album? . . .

Okay, the Late News Division swings into action once more: Heavy scenes were immineatly expected at the Music Machine for Tuesday's Clash/Vicious affair, as the GLC decided thet the venue's capacity was less than the number of tickets issued. So several hundred ticket-holders were going to have to be turned away.

The Music Machine have issued a statement apologising to The Clash and their fans, and The Clash have now added an extra Lyceum gig to their tour (January 3, 1979) and anyone who didn't get in to the Music Machine gig can hang on to their tickets and gain admission to the Lyceum gig with them, or else cop a refund on the spot . . .

Joe Strummer, incidentally, was refused admission to a **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders'** gig at Chelsea Art College the other week because the Social Sec was under the impression that The Clash were basically anti-student . . .

In case you've been wondering about the causes of strange fluctuations in the weather lately, it's probably due to the fact that **Steve Harley** is back in the U.K. putting yet another (yawn) band together . . .

Yep, it's been a tough week for **Rod (£10.80) Stewart.** His white Rolls Royce burst a tyre and skidded off the M6 and into a ditch en route to Brum, and he only made it onstage thanks to the intervention of a couple of Plods who whisked him Brumwards with sirens ablaze. Then the poor fellow found himself at the very next table to someone called **Britt Ekland** at some plush disco for people smart enough to earn money but dumb enough not to know how to spend it, and he had to get up and leave when they played "D'Ya Think I'm Sexy" and Britt shook her stuff down in a somewhat pointed manner. Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt . . .

Todd Rundgren is producing **Tom Robinson** because "I think he deserves a larger audience." Does this mean that **Monty Smith** will start going to TRB gigs, we ask ourselves with the faintest hint of trepidation. In search of larger audiences on his own behalf, lean well-hung Rundgren, 27, will be joining **Peter Gabriel** and the aforementioned Robinson onstage for their charity gig at Hammersmith Odeon on Christmas Eve. Try not to look too shocked if **Phil Collins** shows up as well (just look smug) . . .

One of those secret gigs that we always hear about: **Darts** did the Nashville on Friday under the name of **Heavy Badger.** They were a trifle miffola, however, when their 14-minute insert for *Bruce's Big Night* was dropped on account of **Forsyth's** mike failing . . .

Ve like moozik! Ve dig zer disco sound OOOHH! **Frank Farian,** producer of **Money B's** hits, declaring intent to turn **The Drifters** into a multi-million-dollar success story, while The Drifters maintain that they ain't gonna change their sound. Place your bets now . . .

Silver Screen's hot news service reports that **David Bowie** and **Liza Minelli** may be teaming up for a movie provisionally entitled *Backstage* . . .

Preceding **Boney M's** hustle into Russia, black American soul singer **Esther Phillips** played in and at the request of the People's Stalinist Republic of Poland last month (one wonders how popular her "What A Difference A Day Makes" title is in Czechoslovakia) . . . and runour has it . . . wow . . . that **BB King** is due to tour Russia next year . . . (disregard all of the following . . . this has been a classic piece of Soviet disinformation) . . .

And a final Police 5 to getcha into the celebrations: we've just heard that **Todd Rundgren** has lost his voice. Will anybody finding said voice please contact *T-Zerz,* who will be delighted to forward it to the hapless Rundgren with all due alacrity. We reckon that it's his own fault for wearing those silly trousers . . .

Wear were *you* in 1979?

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	PIL	1
2	CLASH POLICE	2
3	THE JAM	5
4	BUZZCOCKS	4
5	SMIRKS AGAINST TRAVOLTA	3
6	LOVE	6
7	BITES	7
8	ALTERNATIVE ULSTER	–
9	X-RAY SPEX	–
10	GANG OF FOUR	–

New Releases

30p Drunk Punk

25p Tapper '76, African Herbsman, What you see it what you are, Gen X45, Rock against Xmas, Merry Wanna.

20p (I want) more rope, Sham 69, Cabaret Voltaire, Prag-Vec, Lightning Raiders, Pink Fairies Love, The Doomed, Spizz Oil, Germ Free, Kraftwerk, Tony Parsons. Julie Burchill, Gauche Siouxsie.

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TEN BEST

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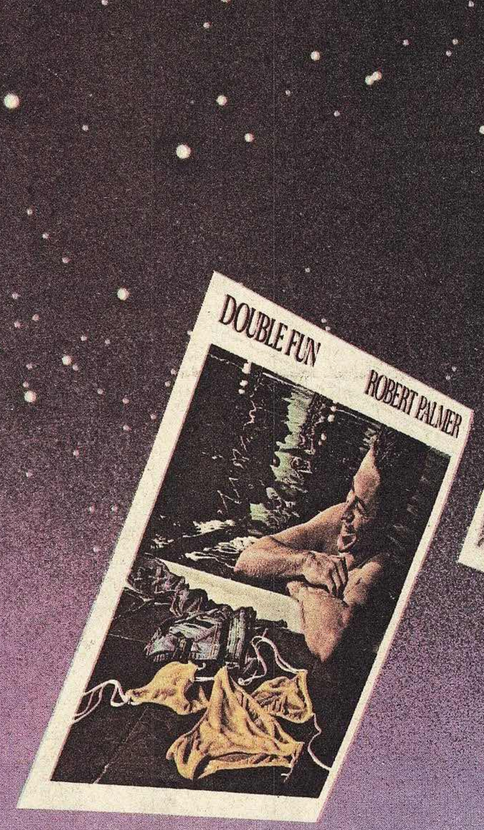
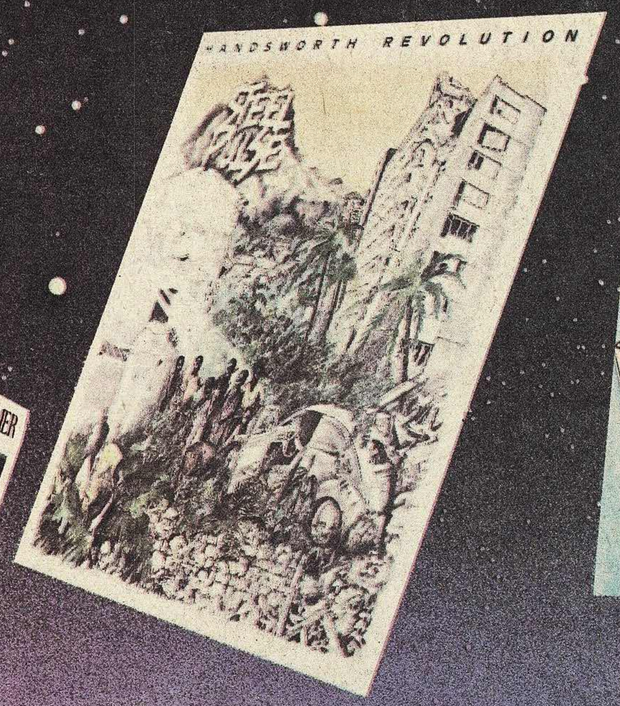
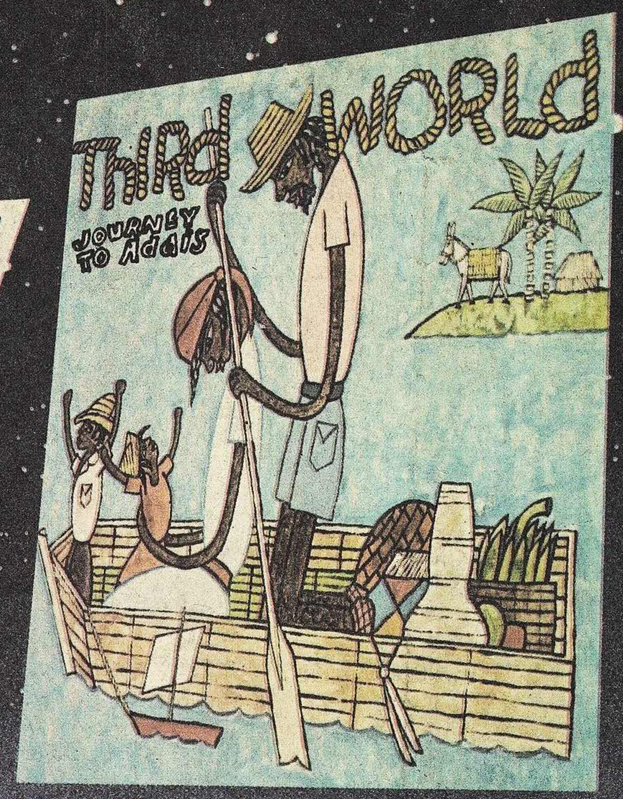
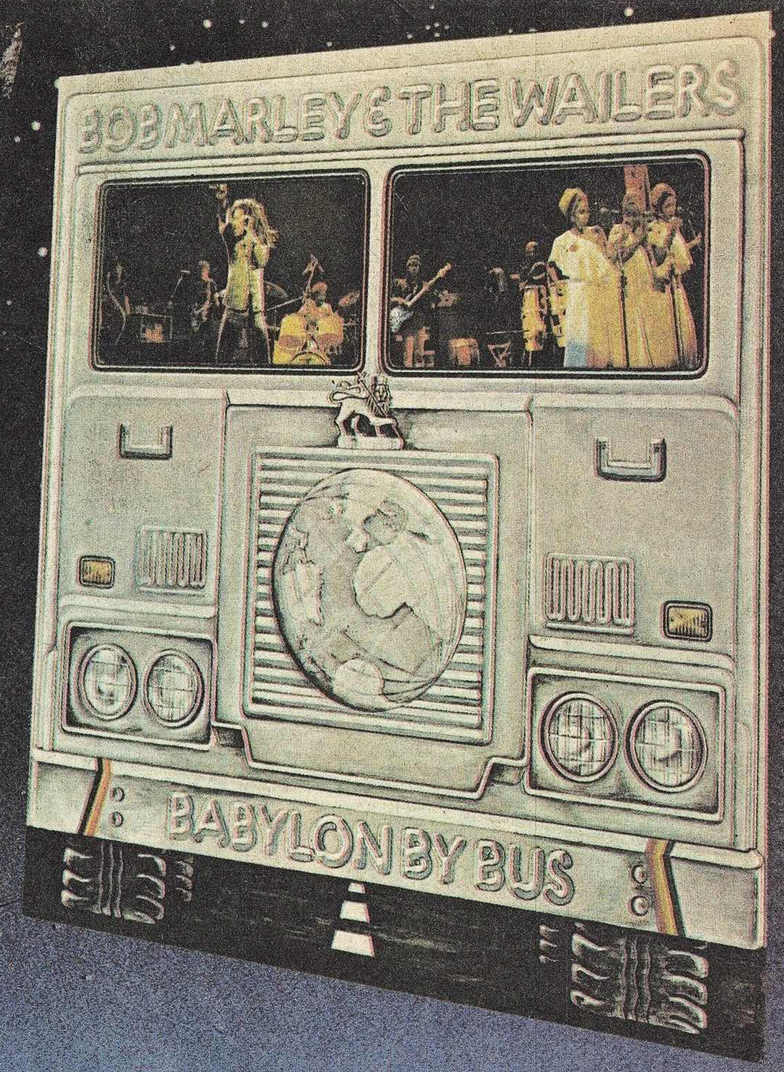
Island's Top Ten ....









BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS · BABYLON BY BUS ISLD 11 KAYA ILPS 9517 EXODUS ILPS 9498 STEEL PULSE · HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION ILPS 9502 ULTRAVOX · SYSTEMS OF ROMANCE ILPS 9555
CAT STEVENS · BACK TO EARTH ILPS 9565 GREATEST HITS ILPS 9310 THIRD WORLD · JOURNEY TO ADDIS ILPS 9554 HI TENSION · HI TENSION ILPS 9564 ROBERT PALMER · DOUBLE FUN ILPS 9476 ISLAND